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DUMPTY HUMPTY;

OR,

Der Velocipeder.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY GUS PHILLIPS.

It vas New Year's, und all round de town
 Efery person, shord und dall,
Vas goin round fon house do house
 For do make dot New Year's call,
Und eferyding vas lifely gay
 Und all vas feelin fine,
Und some vas in dot vay dot comes
 Ven you dook a gread deal Vine.

Und von dere vas dot vas oud dot day
 Hese name vas Mikey Breet,
Und hese veight vas a hunert und dirty pouns
 Dot is in hese stockings feet—
In size of heighd he vas not qwite high,
 He vos oney bout dree foot den,
Bud dot vas on count hese back vos broke
 Und he hat der Crecian Bend.

Vell Mikey vas oud dot New Year's day
 Makin syverial calls,
Und of course vas puddin avay some cakes
 Along mit some Cordial Balls—
Und he vas feelin chust as fine
 As a glass boy mit a bully eye,
Und he kind of dought dot he vas den
 Boud elefen or eighd feet high.

Dot Mikey he hat a German frend,
 Dot leefed in der Bowery shtreed,
He vas Endry-clerk in a Barber's shtore
 Und he owned a Verlousypede—
So Mikey he dinked mitin hese mind
 Dot he'd go saw hese frend,
Und avay he vent mit all his mighd
 Und all hese Crecian Bend.

He found hese frend hat chust gone oud,
 Bud vood be beck in a hour or dree,
So he sit him down glose by der stofe
 As wallcome as dot can be.
Along by der stofe, in der nice und varm
 Sot dot Mikey Breet,
Ven all of a suddend he happen do look
 Und he see dot Verlousypede.

You see der Shop vas radder shmall,
 Mach shmaller don der Rent,
Und do gif der Verlousypede plandy of room
 Dey shtood it up on der end,
Und Mike dougnd it was a Sissors-grind
 Und he says to der Barber's vife:—
"Of you blease can I use dot masheen?"
 "I vood like to make sharp my knife."

Und der Barber's boy he laffed oud loud—
 Mike vas der creenest he efer hat seed—
Und he says (und hese nose vas full mit kinks):
 "Vy dots a Verlousypede."
"A Verlousypede! un vat is dot?"
 Dot Mikey Breet replied—
"Vy a Verlousypede dots a dwo-veeled cart"
 "For a person do dook a ride."

"For a person do dook a ride—vell, vell,"
 "Und how does dot go, mit shteam?"
"No, no, you vork dot mit your feet
 "Chust like a Sewing masheen."
"Vell, I never see someding like dot before,"
 "By Crashus I am a dunce,"
"Chust dook it oud by der front of der shtore"
 "Und kind of shpin dot vonce."

So dey dook it oud on der level valk
 Un der boy got in der seat,
Und bein a Verlousypeder
 He vent shinin down der shtreet;
Und Mikey he coodent make dot out
 How der boy can go so shmart—
Den der boy got off und Mike chumped on
 For do dry dot dwo-veeled cart.

Und der boy he gif him a awful bush,
 Und der veels vent shpinnin round,
Und Mikey dumped face ofer head
 Und lanted on der cround.
He shtopped his nose on a big curbshtone
 As he fell oud of hese blace,
Und hese nose dot gracked like a leather gaide
 Und he broke in all hese face.

Und der Verlousypede dot keeped ride on
 Dill it got do der Cendral Bark,
Vere dwo boleesmans dook it in
 For bein oud afder dark—
Und der Crowner he come und sot on Mike
 Und der Chury dey dit dycide
"Dot he didn't haf no balance, cause
 Hese Hump dot vas all von side."

Und der Barber he vent und selled hese lease
 Und der pisiness dot vent do vaste,
Und now hese in Hy-mersly shtreet
 A makin dot Chew-chew baste—
Und der big feet boy dot gif der bush
 Run of mit der Barber's vife.
Den cut hese droat from his ear to hese eye
 Mit der Barber's best shaving knife.

THE GAMBLER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

THE HOPE OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XVII.

A BORROWED ANGEL.

"Ye'll no see yet, sir, what I'm driving at, maybe," said Duncan, after a pause; "but I'll soon tell ye."

"Indeed I don't, my good friend, or what interest you can take in me or my work."

"A great ane, sir—the interest that's a' gathered round the grave o' ane dearer than a' the warld to me. Ye only heard the hisses, ye say; I wish ye could hae heard oor applause, and seen the tears that fell frae my wife's een. I have nae seen her shed ony before for mony a long year."

"If I could have known that there was only *one* in all that dreadful, disapproving crowd to whose heart the story I told in the play went home, it would have taken off some of the bitterness," said Eugene, speaking half to himself; "but I stood alone—a mark for all their jeers, all their scoffing disapprobation."

"There was Miss Alice, Mrs. Stanley I should say, forbye us," Duncan returned. "She was with ye, sir, heart and soul. I didna see her there, but I saw her after, and her bonny een were a' red wi' the tears she had shed."

"Aye, she is always good, always kind; but go on, Duncan, go on."

"Weel, sir, ye mind the scene in the play where the deein' bairn sends its faither to the garden to fetch it a wee bit posy that it may feel the smell o' the roses afore it gangs awa."

"Remember. Aye, I thought that would have touched them, it touched me to write it; but I was wrong, Duncan, I was wrong, it was too natural; a horrible murder in a filthy den, or a scene from the heathen mythology, where shameless women could have shown themselves as nearly naked as the police rgulations would permit, would have pleased the refined audience much better. Bah! it's sickening to think of it."

"You're wrong, Mr. Dubois, and time will show that ye are. Weel, that scene touched oor vera hearts, for the same words as your pen put intae the bonnie mou o' that little player child were ance spoken to me by my ain deein' bairn."

Duncan's face twitched as he spoke, and he drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes before he went on.

"Ye see me and my missis growing auld oor lane," he said; "but there was a time when oor silent house echoed wi' the sound o' a bairn's pattering feet and lightsome noise, and at night by the ingle neuk there sat a bonnie wee creature wi' golden hair and bright blue een. She was oor only ane. Providence saw fit to gie us nae mair, and it's only them that has but ane that can tell how we lo'ed our little Jeanie. You'll ken something o' oor love, Mr. Dubois, when you look at your bonnie boy!"

Eugene sighed as he thought of little Stanley. The love that he saw beaming out of every lineament of this poor gardener's face when he spoke of his dead child lived on in his heart for his only son. He was proud of him, and in his way he loved him, but not with a love like this. Wild ambition first, and bitter and scornful disappointment afterwards, had taken the place of the natural affection which he should have given to those dependent upon him, and Duncan's words woke him to a sense of it. He did not speak, and the gardener went on:—

"But it wasna the wull o' Heaven that we should keep oor treasure. I've often thought sin' that time that she wasna oors at a', but just ane o' God's angels that he'd lent us for a wee while to brighten oor hame and mak' oor path through life mair pleasant. She was mair like an angel than onything belonging to earth, and the time came at last when He who gave her wanted his ain again, and she went. It was a sair time for us," Duncan went on, drawing his hand once more across his eyes. "We hoped and hoped on, seeing her aye sae calm and happy, for she didna seem to suffer. It was just a fading out o' this world to brighten in the the next, nae mair; and it was sae gradual that we couldna see the steps she made towards the grave. At length it came. One sunny summer's day, when the roses were in full bloom, and the sun was shining and the birds singing, and every breath o' the sweet air that came in through the window was loaded wi' the scent o' a' the flowers outside, as though the summer breezes were happy spirits waiting to bear her innocent soul awa' to its proper hame. We'd been beside her a' the nicht—her mother and I, for we could feel that the end was near; she'd been sleeping a guid bit, and in the morning, about eleven o'clock or thereabouts, she waked up, bright and clear. 'It's almost good-bye now, father,' says she, looking out o' the window as though she saw afar off the new country she was going to. We could only cry and kiss her. We were in sore grief; but she was happy. Then she lay still a long time, and after a bit she starts up a little and looks at me:—'Faither,' she says in her pretty voice, that I should so soon hear nae mair. 'What is it, my darling?' 'Gae down to the garden and pu' me a flower,' she says, just as the bairn in the play did, 'and bring it here for me to see; I shall never see anither i' this warld.' I went and pu'd the finest and sweetest I could find, and took them to her wet with my tears. She lookit at them, and smelt them, and says—'Faither, dear, is the dew nae aff them yet?' Then she saw what the dew was, and drew me down to kiss her. 'Kiss me too, mither,' says she, 'and perhaps God Almighty'll let me come back again and comfort you sometime; wha kens?'

"Naebody kens, Mr. Dubois; but mony a time when we've felt comforted in our loneliness, it has seemed to us as though the little angel spirit that we cae'd oor Jeanie for so short a time was hovering near us and putting comfortable thoughts into our hearts. Weel, she died; those flowers were the last she ever did see, and they lay on her pillow when this world's light died out o' her een in the shadow o' the valley which bars the passage to the next, and we put them in her coffin. Ye can guess and feel now what it was to my wife and me to sit and see what your play showed us. I tell you we cried like twa babies, and when we went hame Elsie and me could dae nought but speak o't. 'I feel,' says she, 'as though yon man had just raised an everlasting monument to our darling's memory. I'd like to do something for him in our dead child's name.' 'Weel,' says I, 'I'll think o't, Elsie, and if I can dae ony thing for him, for his puir, ailing wife, or his wee bit bairn;' and sae I cam' here."

"But you can do nothing, my good friends," Eugene broke in, thoroughly touched by Duncan's story. "I thank you for what you have said to me. If ever an honest man's words could wake up a struggling spirit into fresh energy, yours will mine. You have made me feel that the world is not all heartless, since you have shown me that true appreciation you have for my humble efforts. You are very kind, and I thank you heartily; but as for helping me, you cannot do that, I must try and extricate myself from the difficulties that have come upon me the best way I can—God knows how."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I think I hae dune something, and I hope in a way that'll nae offend ye when ye come to think it ower. It was my wife's plan; she's a wise heid, has my Elsie; and the doctor told her that rest o' mind wad dae mair for your lady than even rest o' body, and we baith thocht that she couldna hae muckle o' that, wi' tradesmen coming continually spiering for you, and making their business public property, and a servant lass ganging here and there aboot the village boasting o' her fidelity tae her mistress when she got naething for it (she'll nae dae that again, I'm thinking); and sae, sir, me and my wife resolved to try, for the sake o' our dead bairn, to mak' things a wee bit smooth for ye."

"But I do not understand," said Eugene, in bewilderment. "I cannot accept help from you, Duncan; it would be a rascally thing on my part under present circumstances. What do you mean?"

"I've something here as'll tell ye, sir; ye needna be feared o' ony ane kenning aught about it. I've dune a' in your name, as ye'll find. Tak' this wee bundle o' papers, and think they are a gift from the dead and gane bairn, whose memory you recalled sae pleasantly, to the puir wife up stairs and the bonny boy out yonder."

He thrust the roll of bills into Eugene's hands and went off abruptly without another word. The door had closed behind him, and he had reached the garden gate before the master of Fairy Villa had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to look at what he held, and when he did his astonishment knew no bounds. Receipted bills from his tradesmen and paid by Duncan M'Shee! His first impulse was one of bitter mortification and rage; but when he came to consider calmly, and to remember the old man's manner when speaking, he could not attribute the generous act to any but the actual motive which prompted it—a desire to serve him.

"He shall be paid," he murmured, as he looked over the bills and found no trace of Duncan's interference among them—"paid, noble heart, if I work my life away to do it."

Every account was endorsed "Received of Mr. Dubois," and Eugene soon felt the fact that the helping hand and heart which had stepped in between him and the tradespeople's threats had gone about their mission with tact and delicacy. The shopkeepers called for orders, in many cases with apologies for having sent in their small accounts, and once more he held up his head among his fellows, at least before all but Duncan M'Shee. He could not meet the man who had helped him with the spirit of one of nature's noblemen without shame and humiliation, knowing that the restored comfort of his home, the attention of his servant and the brighter looks of his wife and child were all due to the aid of this humble gardener. He fancied that every one could read his secret, and he took to writing furiously in the hope that he would produce something which would hit the taste of the public and repay him for the months of misery he had gone through since he had ceased to keep his Pegasus in sufficient harness. But his efforts lacked spirit and his success was but small. What seemed lively sketches and brilliant satires in MS. proved, when read, only bitter sarcasms and pointed personalities, and more than one reviewer advised him to give up authorship, at least for a time, and try whether resting on his oars would not give him energies for fresh work.

"Rest on my oars," he said bitterly, after reading one of these, "while the grass grows, etc. How easy it is to talk when nothing is known."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRETARY.

FLORENCE, December 2d, 18—.

"MY DEAR DUBOIS.—Authorized by my father, and instigated also by Alice, I once more write to you. We have heard —no matter how—of how affairs are going with you, and we have one more suggestion to offer you to help to mend them. Will you take the post of librarian and secretary to Lord St. Aubyn? We can settle terms when we return, and you can enter upon the duties of the situation at once. I fancy it will be work suited to you, and the library at Stanley Hope sadly wants a hand like yours to put it in order. We quite count upon your acceptance of the offer, and therefore enclose a cheque in case you need money. Drop me a line per return to the Pitti Hotel, and let us know how Marie is. We expect to return in March. Alice is beginning to long to get home, and we may have many things to see to when we arrive. My wife and mother both desire to be remembered to Marie, and Sir Marcus, who is in Florence just now, makes particular inquiries after the boy. I think he would like to adopt him, and you might do worse than let him have his whim; he is rich enough. Believe me, yours truly, "GERALD STANLEY."

"E. Dubois, Esq., Fairy Villa."

This letter was put into Eugene's hand as he sat by the bedside of his dying wife—for dying she undoubtedly was now—and he read it to her.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Do! Oh, take it; it will be bread for you and the boy, and I shall not mind—I will not mind, dear Eugene. I am dying, and it will not matter to me."

"You will not mind! What do you mean, Marie?"

"I will not mind your going there, to the house where *she* lives. You love her, and you only pity me."

"My dear Marie, what has put such a thing in your head?"

"Yourself. I heard you tell her that your love was hers—only hers; and that I—oh, God forgive me! I hated her that night, good as she has been to me; she could not help it—perhaps you could not. I am glad I am dying; you will not long be troubled with your unloved wife."

He could say nothing to soften her grief; she had seen and heard for herself, and the sting was too deeply planted to be uprooted easily.

He could only strive to show his repentance by every attention to her wishes—every little thing that he thought would please her; and Marie would smile and thank him, but when she was alone she would clasp her boy, and weep over him passionately, wishing they could die together and rest in the same quiet grave, where sorrow could never touch them more. Eugene took the offered post, and found the servants of Stanley Hope prepared to submit the library to his care and inspection, and even their readiness galled him.

"They were sure of their servant, my lord and his son," he said bitterly, when he had been installed in the grand old room. "I fancy I can hear them discussing my folly and my wasted life over their wine. How shall I bear their patronage—their insolent condescension? I trust they'll give me some time to myself—some place where I can now and then be alone."

All the drawbacks and discomforts of his position existed in himself; his mind was warped and unstrung, and he could see good in nothing. When the families returned, and he was treated with the old cordiality, he was cold and stiff, and they were hurt, and ceased to make any overtures. Outside the house it was currently reported that he was going, what the villagers called, "wrong in his head," his demeanor changed so much.

Lord St. Aubyn had no reason to find fault with the manner in which he performed his duties, and treated him with proper courtesy, though with a slight degree of hauteur, evoked by the new secretary's own stiff and absent manner. Gerald rarely visited the library or met his former friend, and when he did only gave him a passing greeting. Alice was as gentle and as kind as ever. Her lovely, girlish face and manner had taken the slightly chastened tinge which marks the change from a girl to a woman; but she looked inexpressibly happy, and her very happiness was a source of misery to the wretched, self-tortured Eugene. He went moodily backward and forward, day after day, till at length Lord St. Aubyn, who seldom noticed him except on matters of business, remarked upon the change in him to Gerald.

"I do believe he has ridden his Pegasus till it has fairly bolted with him; I shouldn't be surprised at his going crazy. Poor fellow, he was a fine lad, too."

"I haven't patience with him," Gerald replied, as indeed he had not. "He has brought all his troubles on himself. Look at his neglected home; look at that fine boy utterly lost for want of proper care; at his wife, poor soul."

"Oh, he won't be troubled with her long. Maybe her death will rouse him into a sense of duty to his child and the rest of the world; however, it's no business of ours as long as he does his work here."

"But he doesn't do it. I caught him scribbling poetry yesterday. Bah! it was more like the raving of a maniac than anything else, and he looked as bewildered over it as a lunatic, and maundered out something about my having broken the thread. What business had he with any threads of rhyme or rubbish when he ought to have been about his work?"

"You are hard upon your old friend, my boy."

"Hard! Oh, if you only knew. But I don't want to do him harm. Only let him keep to his place; that's all."

"Knew what?"

"Something I once saw and heard. I don't want to to say or think ill of Eugene; but I can't forget it. You don't understand, father. Sometime I will explain all; tell you everything."

Lord St. Aubyn was puzzled, but he did not press Gerald's confidence. He left it to time. But the knowledge of his son's concealed enmity towards the man he once regarded with such warm friendship acted upon him and made him colder than ever towards Eugene. The secretary made no move towards any renewal of his former footing in the family. He seemed desirous to be entirely a servant, and nothing more. He attended to his duties with scrupulous regularity, never missing a moment or shirking any of his work. Yet, with all this, he was not a satisfactory secretary, his temper was unequal and uncertain and his handwriting sometimes clear and distinct, sometimes almost illegible. One morning his employer took occasion to speak to him sharply, and was surprised to find his remarks received with a dull apathy very unlike the usual fiery temper of Eugene. The evening of the same day they learned from Duncan M'Shee that Marie was dying—that she could not live through the night—and his lordship expressed his regret that he had spoken to him as he had done.

"Poor fellow!" he said to Gerald. "His grief has made him stupid; I was selfish not to think of that."

"His grief!" was the reply. "He will not grieve much for Marie, father."

"Not grieve for his wife! Why, what do you mean, Gerald? Would you not grieve if Alice were to die."

"I don't love another man's wife; he does."

"Love another man's wife!"

"Yes—mine; now you have my secret. Eugene loves Alice and had the audacity to tell her so. I heard it—poor Marie heard: it has killed her, for she lost all that made life happy to her. It did not hurt me—I have still Alice and happiness; but my friendship for him died out from that hour."

"But why did you not speak of this before—why consent to his being taken into the house?"

"Because I would not seem to doubt my wife; Alice behaved like an angel and has ever since. I have no need to dread Eugene—I only hate him."

"Does Alice know that you have heard anything?"

"No."

"Tell her, my boy. Have no secrets from our darling. There may be less in it than we think."

"I *saw* and *heard*—it was no fancy; but we will tell Alice if you like."

So the young wife was told the secret that was weighing down her husband with such a load of care, and she told her story in return—save that once Eugene had never spoken a disrespectful word to her, and she attributed even that to the circumstances of the evening and to their mutual excitement. She admitted that she had kept away from the library as much as possible since his arrival, more for Gerald's sake than her own; but she was more glad than she could tell that they knew all about it, for the secret had been heavy to her as well as to her husband. Somehow or other her artless story lifted a great load from Gerald's heart, and he was prepared to receive Eugene the next day with more cordiality than he had felt towards him for a long time. They were going to town shortly; Alice would have her round of duties as a leader of fashion, and Eugene would have his at Stanley Hope, and would go well, he trusted. He little thought that before four-and-twenty hours had passed over their heads there would come a terrible ending to all his self inflicted fears. Eugene was late the next morning, very late, and Lord St. Aubyn having important letters to answer, and an appointment besides, was proportionately aggrieved. An hour after his usual time he went to the library, and was surprised to hear a voice through the open door before he entered. It was so harsh and unlike Eugene's that he paused before entering and listened.

"Take off your cap," he heard him say. "This is a *lord's* house. You stood bareheaded just now in the presence of *death*. You mustn't wear your cap in the library of a *lord*. Ha! ha! I cannot smirk nor flatter; I'll teach you the art. So you shall do well and prosper, boy; so you shall thrive."

"Who is he talking to, I wonder?" said the peer to himself, peering cautiously through the door, and seeing Eugene seated in his customary chair, with his little son standing on the floor before him, and gazing at him with wondering eyes.

He looked haggard and worn, as though he had been up all night, and his usually neat linen was soiled and crumpled. His eyes were bloodshot and his face unshaven, while his hands shook, so that the little cap he held quivered like the leaves of a tree in the wind.

"He must have been drinking," was Lord St. Aubyn's first thought as he looked at him, and he entered the room with a reproach on his lips which made his first words sound harsh and unfeeling.

For the moment he had forgotten Marie, or he might have spoken kindly to the stricken man before him.

"You are very late, Mr. Dubois," he said. "I must request you to be more attentive. If that is your child may I beg you to ring and have him sent home; we have important business to transact."

Eugene clutched the child closer to him and glared at his employer.

"Wild beasts take care of their children," he said, "I must take care of mine. I will work out the hour; I am late, my lord. I will be your most humble, submissive servant now. Do you wish to know what has made me late this morning? You have a right, you know; I only waited to close my dead wife's eyes; I did not even stay to see her in her shroud before I came here to work. Ha! ha! to work."

He burst into a fit of laughter so wild and unnatural that the terrified child vainly strove to shrink out of his arms and cried with fear, and Lord St. Aubyn started back aghast.

"I did not know—I had no idea," he began in confusion. "Pray forgive me, my boy, and go home at once. Leave the child here and go back and rest."

"Rest for me, a servant! No, my lord, my work, if you please. I'll do it; I'm strong, well, clear headed. See!" He took up a pen and began to write hastily, but the words scrawled off into unreadable scribblings and his head sank upon the table.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAD.

Lord St. Aubyn was seriously alarmed at the aspect of his secretary and the utter despair in which he seemed to be plunged.

"You are ill, Eugene," he said—"very ill; and I was harsh. You must go home immediately; but first you must take something. I have wine here."

He rose to reach it from a buffet near; but, as he did so, a servant appeared at the door, announcing a gentleman on particular business.

"I will be back in a minute," he said, turning to Eugene, who still sat with his head upon his hands. "Take a glass of wine and try to compose yourself while I am gone. James, set it on the table."

The man did as he was bid, his heart full of pity for the forlorn husband and the pretty, motherless child; for the news that Marie was dead had followed her husband to the house. He ventured to speak a few words, but there was no reply, and he closed the door softly and reverently on a sorrow he could do nothing to soothe. Little did the peer foresee the consequences of his leaving his secretary alone only for the short time his absence lasted. What occurred after he returned made a regret for him which he carried to his grave, and laid a weight of sorrow and remorse on Gerald which shadowed his happiness for many a long year. Some of the servants carried the tidings to Alice that Marie was dead and Eugene in the library, and, thinking only of how she might console and help him, she hurried thither. She had no idea that her father-in-law was not there, and it was only when she reached the door that she perceived that Eugene was alone, save the child. She paused a moment in the doorway. The thought of the past flashed into her mind; but he was in great sorrow, and no thought of harm or wrong ever entered her pure heart. Great sorrow, truly. His own over-wrought brain was trembling in the balance between sanity and madness and needed only a feather weight to turn the scale. She only saw the grief, the drooping head, the nerveless attitude, and like a ministering angel she drew close to his side. Very lovely she looked in her soft, white morning dress, standing amid the old oak furniture of the antique room, a thing of light and life and loveliness, whose very presence would bring hope and comfort with it. She came up to where he sat, laid her soft hand—the one where glittered her wedding ring—upon his shoulder.

"Eugene," she said. "Mr. Dubois, will you not speak to me?"

He raised his white drawn face, and answered mechanically:—"Yes, my Lord. I—I—beg your pardon."

"It is not my lord," she returned, in a pitying tone; "it is I—Mrs. Stanley—Alice. I came to tell you how sorry we are, and to see if we could do anything for you. Give me your little boy, and let me keep him for a few days till you are settled again."

"Settled!" he exclaimed, with a fierce laugh; "when? where? I beg your pardon, Mrs. Stanley, you asked for the boy. Take him, and welcome; take him, and welcome."

"I am sorry to see you like this," she said, drawing the frightened child towards her; "very sorry."

"Thank you," he said hastily, before she could say any more. "Sorrow is easily expressed from the lips—more easily, a great deal, than from the heart."

"But we feel it—we do not only speak it—believe me, we do."

"*We!* Who? *You* do, for you are an angel, and angels can pity suffering humanity, but they cannot feel. My lord with his pride, and the other—he who has ever looked, of all men, the coldest on my best efforts—he who might have cheered, but only scorned; who, when one gentle line of friendly and judicious praise would have helped and inspired me to fresh exertions, only held me up to public ridicule, and made the anonymous pages of a newspaper the masked battery from behind the friendly shelter of which he could shoot his arrows to my heart in fancied security. But *I* knew—I recognized the *friendly* hand that aimed the shaft, and its point has rankled here to drive me mad—mad!"

"What do you mean—of whom do you speak?" cried Alice, in horror at his wild words and wilder looks. "I do not understand you."

"Perhaps not; but you shall. The man who did this was your husband, my friend, Gerald Stanley—he who stole *you* from me—my love to all eternity—my wife that should have been!"

Terrified almost to fainting at his glaring looks and vehement actions, Alice looked round for some way to escape, but he seized her hand ere she could make a step towards the door.

"You and I need never part now, Alice," he said, in a low, hissing whisper that chilled her very blood. "We'll die, as everything does on earth. *She's* dead, the laurel tree is withering, and we'll have our turn. You don't love *him*—you can't; it was never meant you should. But we'll begin life again in another world—the eternity that parsons rave about, and you shall be mine, all mine, and the pain and the waiting and the longing shall be his forever and ever."

He was drawing her slowly but surely closer to him as he spoke thus wildly, and she felt both strength and courage going. She dared not scream lest she should drive him to some desperate act, and she strove in vain to still the trembling that shook every limb. He felt her shaking, and threw his arm round her waist, holding her so tightly that she could scarcely breathe, and went on speaking in the terribly unnatural tone that was so dreadful to hear.

"Have no fear, my darling—it would be only a moment—just one little second, and then bliss beyond all time. He will fret, but we shall be happy, and all will be well, for I shall only take my own—take back the jewel he stole from me."

She could feel that he put his hand in his pocket, and in a moment she saw the flashing gleam of something bright as he raised his hand to strike at her. She could not scream, her terror was too great—her voice died in her throat in a gurgling gasp, and she shut her eyes that she might not see the descending blow. But he made a pause, and that moment saved her life.

"One moment more, my darling," he whispered; "one last kiss upon earth before we go."

He bent his head to her cold face, and pressed passionate kisses on her lips, just as Lord St. Aubyn entered the library. Alice just saw her husband's face, white with fury, felt herself roughly whirled away, stretched her hands out to save herself from falling, struck her forehead sharply against something hard, and knew no more. When his lordship left Eugene alone in the library he dispatched his visitor as quickly as he could, and then sought his son.

"I wish you would come with me to poor Dubois," he said, "I am really concerned about him. He came straight from that poor girl's death-bed here, and I do believe he is going out of his senses."

"You had better send him home, sir."

"I told him to go and made James set out some wine for him; he looks really pitiable and I was very harsh with him, not knowing of his trouble."

"Well, I'll come, though I don't see what I can do for him beyond persuading him to go home quietly. Where's Alice? I hope she won't take any romantic notions into her head about comforting him and so forth. Women do such insane things sometimes."

"She couldn't do any harm if she did say a word to him now; but I think you may make yourself easy on that score; I don't suppose she knows he's here."

They went to the library with no feeling but kindness and pity in their hearts towards Eugene, so that the effect of what they saw upon them both can be better imagined than described. To spring upon what they deemed the guilty pair was the work of a moment. With no gentle hand Gerald seized his terrified wife, and tearing her from the arms of the man whom one moment had made him believe her lover, he threw her from him, scarce caring where she fell. His father, with a grip of iron, and all the wild energy of his youth returning, held the collar of Eugene, and, shaking him as though he had been a child, threw him on the floor at his feet.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "Ungrateful, heartless wretch! Is this the return for all our kindness and care? Out of my house this instant, and never let me look upon your face again. You are beneath the punishment of a gentleman, and only fit to receive the penalty of a midnight thief or assassin."

The suddenness of the shock seemed in some measure to restore the faculties of Eugene, just as an unexpected incident will sober a drunken man, and he rose feebly and put his hand to his head as though endeavoring to remember. Lord St. Aubyn watched him with a sardonic smile on his face. He thought it was all a piece of acting, this bewilderment, and it was only when the miserable man made a step towards the insensible Alice, whom her husband had made no attempt to raise from the ground, that he interposed.

"Not again, sir," he said, sternly staying Eugene with his stick. "You have outraged us quite enough. We came to this room in pity and sympathy for your sorrow; we thought you crazed by misfortune, but instead of the fool we find the knave, who assumes madness to hide his own wicked purposes—the false serpent that stings the hand that fed him."

Still no word from Eugene—he stood staring at Alice, and apparently not hearing aught that they said to him, nor taking any notice of the little boy, who clung helplessly crying to his legs. After a pause, Gerald spoke; it was a mighty effort, and the words came deadened and hoarse from his white lips.

"As *her* husband I ought to shoot you," he said, "and take your vile life in reparation of the honor you have soiled and the home you have forever made wretched; but your punishment shall be worse than death. If I had the power to make you live forever, with the remembrance of your black ingratitude to weigh you down, I would do it! Coward!—poltroon!—hound! Begone!"

"She's gone!" murmured the wretched maniac, still looking at the inanimate form on the floor; "but with him—by *his* hand, not mine. Will that be the same, I wonder? It would be no heaven if they came too, and there were blows and stripes and revilings, or aught but Alice and love!"

"Will you go?" shouted Gerald, springing at him, but held back by his father, who saw more clearly than his son's rage would let him the glitter of the eyes, the quivering of the nostrils, and the nervous twitching of the thin fingers, saddest and surest tokens of insanity.

"Let him alone, Gerald," he said, "he will go."

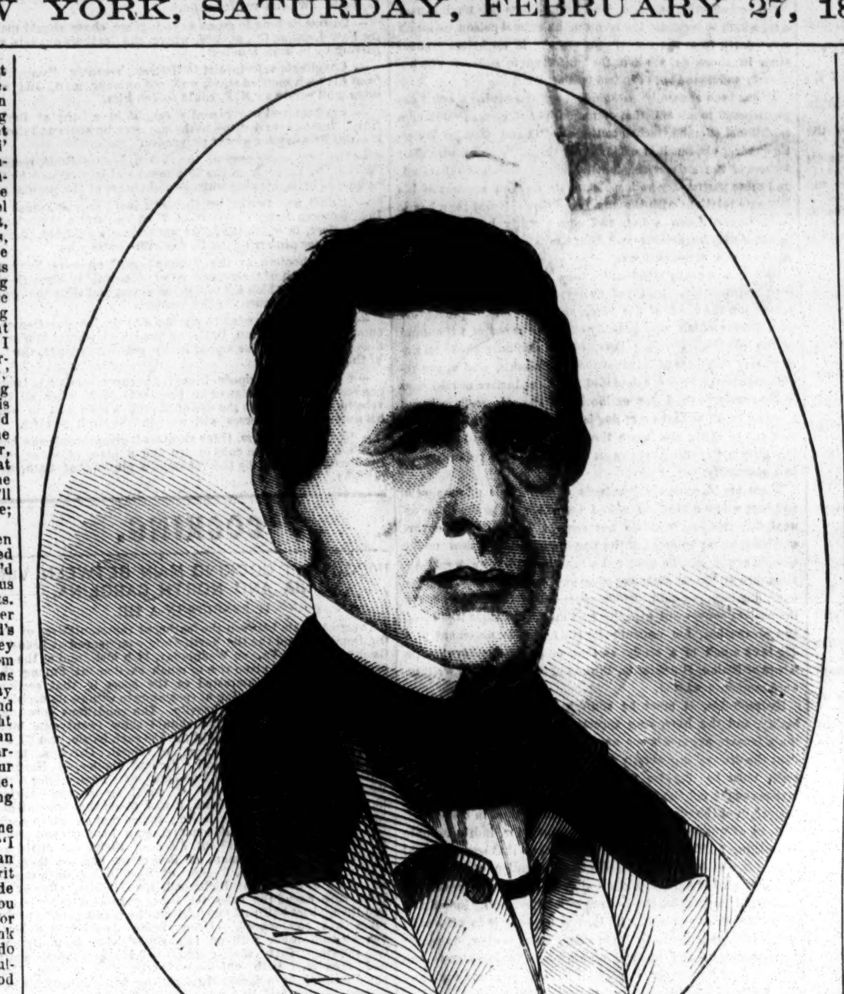
"Yes, I'll go—I'll go—all life and happiness have died out of the world—Marie is waiting for me, there, there; but it's cold, wife, cold and dark, give me your hand, so, so."

And groping like a blind man, and stumbling wearily, as though following some one against his will, he went slowly out of the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JINKS AS A TRAVELER.—A man entered a restaurant up town last week and called for a number of viands. After he had devoured all that was placed before him he demanded the amount of his bill. "One dollar and a half," was the reply. "You know me," said he, with a conciliatory smile. "No, I do not," said the attendant. "Well, I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," said the Jeremy Diddler, walking off before the young man could collect himself.

KEEPING SUNDAY.—A sea captain, trading regularly to the African coast, was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday!" he replied; "yes, and every other darned thing they can lay their hands on."



THE LATE SOL. SMITH, Veteran Actor and Manager.

For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE LATE SOL SMITH,

THE VETERAN ACTOR AND MANAGER.

Solomon F. Smith died in St. Louis, Mo., after a short illness, at his residence, at half-past ten o'clock, Sunday morning, Feb. 14th, in the 68th year of his age. Mr. Smith was born at Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y., April 20th, 1801. His father, Levi Smith, was a piper in a volunteer company in the Revolutionary War in his early days. At the close of the war he learned the trade of a goldsmith, married and settled on a military tract of forty acres of land, in Solon, Courtland County, N. Y. Sol. Smith, at nine years of age, went to work on a neighboring farm, where he remained for four years. From thence he went to Boston, where he was taken into his brother Silas' store, but his stay there was brief, for he was of a roving disposition. In 1814 he visited Albany, N. Y., where he became clerk in another brother's store. For three years he contented himself with this place, studying Shakespeare all the time, and finally became a "super" at the Albany Theatre. One night, having bedaubed his face with burnt cork for the play of "Three Fingered Jack," he forgot to wash his face, and in that condition went home and went to bed, black as he was, and in the morning was so discovered by the family, which stopped his play acting at once; he then ran away, bringing up in Troy, but failing in his design he continued his journey, on foot, to Schenectady, Cincinnati and Louisville, in all of which places he failed to obtain a hearing. In the last named place he engaged on the *Herald* as an apprentice to the printing business, working at the case and carrying the papers. His next move was to Vincennes, Ind., where, for a week, he worked on a farm, hoeing corn for twenty-five cents a day, which he gave up with blistered hands, arms and back, and once more engaged as a typo on the *Western Sun*, as an apprentice. He had not been there long before he was made foreman of the establishment. Here it was that he joined a Thespian society, making his *debut* in 1819. His first prominent parts were Dan, in "John Bull," and Numpo, in "'Tis All a Farce." The destruction of the printing office, by fire, caused Sol to move "on to Nashville," where he continued the printing business, but soon retraced his steps to Cincinnati, walking the entire distance of three hundred miles. In the "Queen City" he joined a Thespian society, and his greatest effort was Young Norval. The following year he returned to Vincennes, Ind., and joined Alexander Drake's dramatic company at six dollars a week. As there were but four men, two ladies and two children in the company, a performance of a five act tragedy must have been very interesting, as the following cast of "Pizarro" will show:—"Pizarro, Ataliba, S. Drake; Rolla, Las Cassas, Palmer Fisher; Alonzo, Orozembo, Alex. Drake; High Priest, Almagro, Blind Man, Sentinel, Valverde, Guards, Sol Smith; Peruvian Boy, Miss Fisher; Elvira, Priestess of the Sun, Mrs. Fisher; Cora, Mrs. Mongin; Child, Miss Fisher.

Thus Sam Drake (as Pizarro), after planning an attack on the Peruvians while engaged in worship, and assigning his generals their several posts, in the next act is seen (as Ataliba) leading the Indian warriors to battle. He is victorious, and goes to offer up thanks to the gods therefor—when presto, on came the same man again (as Pizarro) smarting from defeat. Sam Drake, after being killed in the last scene, was obliged to fall far enough off the stage to play slow music as the curtain descended.

At the expiration of eight weeks Sol. Smith revisited Cincinnati and commenced to study law, also engaging at the theatre as prompter for the season of 1822. At the close of the season he withdrew from the company and was married, with four dollars and sixty-two cents in his pocket, which he gave the minister. He then started a singing school, and on the 4th of July, 1822, issued a paper called the *Independent Press*, and was one of the first two editors that raised the standard of General Jackson in Ohio. During this season Edwin Forrest appeared at the theatre, and Sol. wrote a piece called "Tailor in Distress," in which Forrest played a negro. At the expiration of a year he sold out his paper and went into the country on a collecting tour. At Lexington he met Drake, who wished to dispose of his dramatic company, and Sol. concluded to become a manager. Edwin Forrest, who was engaged to go with Caldwell, was desirous of going with Sol., but having more honor than is always found among managers now-a-days in that respect, he refused to take him. In an angry mind Forrest engaged with a circus company as *rider* and *tumbler*, at twelve dollars a week, and when Sol. Smith called to see him he found him turning flip-flaps. Sol. persuaded him from going with the circus, and saw him off to New Orleans. Sol. proceeded to Cincinnati in 1822, and opened in the Globe Theatre with the following company:—Henderson, L. Smith, Davis, Sweeney, G. Rowe, Eberle, Joey Williams, Sturdevant, Mrs. Riddle, Miss Fenton, Miss Riddle and Miss E. Riddle. The season was a failure, and with a loss of $11.50 he proceeded to Wheeling, Va. He traveled with his company, giving dramatic performances and concerts in the Ohio river towns, and places of sufficient importance in the interior, with varying success. First appeared in Philadelphia at the Tivoli Garden, at very short notice, playing Sheepface in the "Village Lawyer," the Mock Doctor and one other character. At the expiration of the first week, on going for his salary, he was told that he could not play all the best parts and expect to be paid for it. He then went to the Vauxhall Gardens, in the same city, at eight dollars a week, and on salary day received two hundred and sixty-six tickets for drinks at the bar, this being the only payment made by the manager to any of the male members of his company. In 1828 he resided in New Brunswick, N. J., where he played the organ in the Episcopal church, and had a singing school, after which he started on a traveling tour through the west with a dramatic company, during which tour his wife made her *debut* on the stage as Norah in the "Poor Soldier." Mr. Smith made his bow in New Orleans in the fall of 1827, at the American Theatre, Camp street, as Billy Lackaday in "Sweethearts and Wives," and his wife as Diana Vernon in "Rob Roy." At the close of the season he traversed the waters of the Mississippi and Ohio, appearing at the principal towns season after season until the spring of 1835, when he bent his steps towards the gay metropolis once more, appearing as Mawworm in "The Hypocrite," at the Park Theatre, New York, in September, 1835. On the 15th of the same month he opened in Philadelphia at the Walnut Street Theatre as Mawworm.

In 1853 he abandoned theatrical management and all connection with the stage, and turned his attention to the practice of law in St. Louis. In 1861 he was elected a member of the Missouri State Convention, as an unconditional Union man, and in that body bore a part in erecting a provisional government for the State. As an actor he enjoyed a reputation second to none in America, his *forte* being low comedy. To witness his illustration of those characters for which he was so deservedly celebrated, was an event in the life of any man. There was something so peculiarly remarkable in the formation of his features—in the expression of his laughter—loving eye, and in the curve of his mouth, that arrested the attention and riveted upon himself the gaze of almost every individual he met. It is said that he never padded or laced, although he might have been suspected of doing both, for he was extremely particular about his personal appearance on or off the stage; proud of his hair and his nails, and, when he laughed, you could count every tooth he had in his head. As a social companion his temperament was genial, and he possessed a most kindly disposition. As a humorist he was of no mean pretensions, as his contributions to the press are widely known and greatly relished. In [illegible], as a recreation, he prepared and published a volume of autobiographical character, entitled "Sol Smith's Theatrical Apprenticeship;" also, one entitled "The Theatrical Journey Work and Anecdotal Recollections of Sol Smith," which were republished in 1854. About three months ago Harper and Brothers also published a large volume containing anecdotes and reminiscences of his. Sol has two sons at present on the stage in this city—Marcus, the stage manager at Booth's Theatre, a careful, conscientious actor, and Sol Smith, Jr., an eccentric comedian of Wood's Museum. Before dying he prepared an epitaph to be engraved upon a plain stone in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis. It is as follows:—

SOL SMITH,
Retired Actor.
1801—1869.
"Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."
"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."
EXIT SOL!

The funeral took place on the morning of the 16th inst., from his late residence on Chouteau avenue, between Eighth and Ninth streets, St. Louis. A large concourse of people was assembled at ten o'clock, for the purpose of testifying their respect to the memory of the distinguished theatrical manager and [illegible]. The obsequies were celebrated according to the rites and ceremonies of the Order of Odd Fellows, of which the deceased was a conspicuous member. Rev. [illegible] Eliot, of the Unitarian Church, [illegible]

livered an impressive discourse. The body was enclosed in a metallic casket, suitably inscribed, and was borne to Bellefontaine Cemetery in a hearse drawn by a pair of black horses. There were seven sons of the deceased present, all of whom acted as pall-bearers. The funeral *cortege* left the house at half-past ten o'clock.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

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To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3 860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

D. and H.—We have considered the matter carefully, and have also consulted several parties on the subject, and while a few admit that Gen. Grant had *not* more majority in the electoral college than Seymour had votes in the same, others again, and the majority, too, insist that he *had*. Grant's vote was 214, while Seymour's was but 80, showing a majority over Seymour of 134; if, however, Grant's majority does not count until he had secured half the number of votes polled—necessary to a choice—then he would not have a majority equal to Seymour's vote. One party, no doubt, made the bet under a misapprehension of what was to be considered a majority, while the other was "on the catch." While not offering to decide the bet, our opinion is that the wager should be drawn.

Mary, Wheeling.—We should not advise you to allow your son to go, being, as you say, a boy unused to hard work and exposure, which he will certainly have to endure before the summer is over. It is a hard life for a new beginner. Although the sleeping of the company in the canvas is sometimes resorted to by managers, it is not customary for all managers to do it. We know nothing about the responsibility of the manager, but he has been on the road before. Neither do we know whether his director is a kind man or not.

J. K., Peterboro.—1. The Showman's Guide of 1868 gives a list of nearly all the dramatic stars and traveling shows in this country. 2. He is with the Carncross and Dixey's Minstrels in Philadelphia, and is a good banjoist. 3. He was in South America at last advices. 4. W. P. Collins, A. Nish, J. Spider, Joe Brown, Crocker, and Pony Moore are the principal members. 5. Campbell's Minstrels are defunct. 9. David Wambold and Aynesly Scott are among the best in the business.

Pot Pourri, Washington.—The cast was as follows:—Florence, Laura Keene; Mary Meredith, Jennie Gourley; Lady Chessington, Mrs. Mazzy; Asa Trenchard, Harry Hawk; Abel, John Dyott; Coyle, J. C. McCollom; Binney, Mrs Evans. 2. The averages of the clubs you mention were not published in the Clipper this year.

Chip, Chicago, Ill.—Jack Randall was born Nov. 25, 1794, and weighs 146 pounds. He defeated Leonard, Jack Payne, Walton, G. Dodd, Ugly Boruk, Westcountry Dick, H. Holt, Abby Belasco, Burke (gloves), Parish, McCarthy (turn-up), Burke, Turner, Martin (twice), and Jem Hood, "for love." He died March 12, 1848.

New Yorker.—1. The fastest one mile walking time upon record is 6 minutes 42 seconds, by Boyd, the "North Star." 2. The fastest running time for the same distance, level, is 4 min. 17¼ seconds, by Lang and Richards in a dead heat, and 4 min. 2 sec., *down hill*, by Lang.

I Am Struck, Washington.—The fact of your being struck no doubt prevented you from seeing your questions answered in our last issue. The lady is not married, but we think she should be insulted if you should act as you desire. Is twenty-one years of age.

L. G. B., Washington.—1. Dexter never made 2:12 either in public or private. His best recorded time is 2:17¼. 2. Time made publicly on a public track, and timed by regularly appointed timers, will go on the record, even if the exhibition was for a charitable purpose.

C. G. G., Washington.—The traps in question are marked H and T, *i. e.*, Heads and Tails; the birds are put into the traps and the shooter tosses up heads or tails, which trap he shoots his bird from. If the coin comes "head," he shoots from the H trap; if "tail," the other.

J. W. A., Boston.—"At cribbage, A plays an ace, B a deuce, and C a tray, making a sequence of three. Then D plays another tray. How many points is he entitled to therefor?" ......Only two points for a pair. It makes no sequence, as you supposed.

Sport, Pittsburgh, Pa.—"1. In a game of billiards if the cue ball is 'froze,' and the player plays for safety without moving or touching any of the other balls, does it count one for his opponent? 2. Is there any forfeiture for misses in the French game?"......1. No. 2. No.

A Chap, Ellsworth, Kansas.—Let us know the number of points made by the party being discounted, the number scored by the party discounting, together with the amount of forfeitures incurred by the latter, and we will "give you figures to show" how many points discount was equal to in that game.

D. L., St. Louis.—Having taken up the trump and declared to go alone, the other player could not go alone against you. Your three tricks count you one point; had he gained three tricks, he would have euchred you, and this would have entitled him to two points.

T. S., Brooklyn.—"T. S. and P. K. are throwing dice, three highest raffles; T. S. bets P. K. that said P. K. will beat 30. P. K. throws 30. Which wins?"......P. K. having failed to *beat* 30, T. S. loses the wager.

A Stakeholder, 27th Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.—There is no such performance upon record, nor is it possible for any man to do so. Jack Howard cleared 29ft. 7in. from a board slightly beveled.

Oil City.—1. To the best of our knowledge Philadelphia has the greater number of miles of track. 2. The Continental ranks as one of the best in the country. 3. Population of Newark, N. J., was 72,000 in 1860.

S. R. H., Savannah, Ga.—By winning eight strings his profits were $80; by losing two his loss was $20. Consequently, by deducting the latter from the former, it is plain that W.'s gross winnings were $60.

Themistocles, Brooklyn.—1. Such performers very seldom accept engagements, as they travel under their own management. 2. He has gifts in his entertainment. 3. The professor says so, but we doubt it.

Klu, Louisville.—Joseph Jefferson is a married man and has one or two children. 2. Edwin Booth was born at Bel Air, Md. 3. From $45 to $60. 4. It is a more laborious profession, but does not require as much talent as the legal profession.

Subscriber, Louisville.—Jennie and Annie Smith are living in this city, so are Maggie and Ada. They have all left the stage and are learning trades. Maggie has married and got one child.

Amateurs, Water Valley, Miss.—1. "Double act" is the only name given them. 2. Write to W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place, this city. 3. The middle man generally fills that position. 4. Mr. Wemyss can furnish you with such a book.

Anonymous, Washington.—1. Mr. Austin is considered the better of the two. 2. She is not married. See last week's Clipper. 3. Christine ranks first class. 4 They are respectively nine and twelve years of age.

Constant Carrol, Dover, Ohio.—1. The score of the first game was 32 to 19, and the second 14 to 13. 2. Wolters. 3. The Mohawk Club, of Brooklyn, scored 52 to 0 in a game played July 4th, 1867.

Green Hill.—In some localities a straight flush beat four of a kind, but this point must be agreed upon before commencing the game. The custom of the place in which you are playing will decide your dispute.

Constant Reader, Fort Wallace.—"At cribbage, A plays a 2, B a 3, A a 4 and claims a sequence of three; B plays a 5 and claims a sequence of four; A then plays a 2 and claims another sequence of 4. Is A correct in his last claim?"......Yes.

D. H. E.—1. State your price and perhaps we can find you a customer. 2. We cannot answer your torchlight question, as it took place too long since.

Frank M., Chicago, Ill.—It would do no good to publish your letter at this late day. Too much has been said about that affair already; better let it drop.

G. C., Washington.—The dealer is not obliged to tell how many cards each of the other players has drawn. Each player must look out for himself.

Leroy, Dubuque.—1. The advertisement will cost 75 cents for each insertion. 2. The best paste for showmen is made of Kingford's best starch.

Green Point.—McCoole did not knock Coburn down in their fight. The first knock down blow was delivered by Joe in the 49th round.

Geo. Kemball, Champaign, Ill.—We have only two of the numbers you require, No. 32, Vol. 15, and No. 37, Vol. 16. It is customary to bind the year's issue in one volume.

Boxer.—Charley Gallagher was born in Coburg, C. W., May 10th, 1845, stands 6ft. 1½in. in his stockings, and weighs 180lbs.

S. B. I.—The company, in our opinion, are liable for whatever damages may have been incurred through the ignorance or carelessness of their operatives.

E. S. G., Boston.—The cards must be run, in consequence of the beggar having begged. His deficient eyesight and resulting mistake of the trump card is no excuse.

S. and J., Youngstown.—1. J. is wrong. There is no such rule as treating the company for throwing five aces. 2. Four fives and a deuce beat four fives and an ace.

Aquatic.—[illegible] regard it as probable that the Hamill brothers will be [illegible] with a four oared crew to compete for the [illegible] coming season.

[illegible], Mass.—Lang and Richards, in a dead heat, [illegible] one mile time upon record, viz., 4 minutes, [illegible] slight difference, eh?

[illegible]—He is residing in St. Louis, Mo., with a [illegible] the show business. His precise address [illegible]

[illegible]bury.—By many J. H. Taylor is considered [illegible] ever seen in this country, his facial acting being wonderful.

Brooklynite.—1. Thompson and Riggs, dramatic agents, prepare persons for the stage. 2. It is in Chicago. 3. An advertisement of five lines for two weeks will cost you $1.50.

Old Reader, Ottawa.—1. It is impossible for us to inform you the gross receipts of traveling magicians. 2. An assistant gets about $12 a week and expenses. 3. About $1,000.

T. W., Memphis.—The U. S. license is $100 for the year, the county license is different in each State. In this city $500. The other cities vary.

W. N. Williamsport.—He was traveling through the far west the last we heard of him. A letter sent to this office will, no doubt, reach him.

No Name, Troy, N. Y.—1. Rogers was murdered about half past 7 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 1, '69. 2. Craver is equal to Radcliffe or Mills.

G. M. H., Ypsilanti, Mich.—If you can make a living at anything else you had better attend to it, as there is too much fraud in the line you speak of for you to accomplish anything.

J. H. B., Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.—We are unable to give you the present location of that regiment. Write to the War Department.

Perusco.—1. We believe them both to be O. K. 2. John Hogan, who advertises in another column, publishes such a work.

Dennis O'Flaherty.—1. She is in California. 2. She is a fair actress, and "her age might be on the sunny side of thirty."

A Constant Reader, Indianapolis, Ind.—Not upon record yet.

C. W., St. Louis, Mo.—1. The best recorded standing jump is 12 feet 8¾ inches by Bob Way, which we believe was accomplished with weights. 2. Not upon record.

J. H. Towns, Kingston, N. Y.—Bill Poole was shot between 12 and 1 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 25, 1855.

F. S., Quincy.—Perhaps you had better not give yourself any further trouble in the matter.

H. B., Muscatine.—Our advertising columns may give you the information.

Soldier in Blue.—The Duke of Wellington was about 5 feet, 8¼ inches in height.

R. M. S., Newark, N. J.—Scott, the American diver, lost his life on Waterloo Bridge Jan. 11, 1841.

S. E. P., Boston.—William loses the bet. No horse ever ran a mile in one minute.

A New Reader, Philadelphia.—It will cost A $15 to see his own blind of $5, and C's straddle of $10.

W. W. H., Troy.—He cannot throw the three dice again on the third throw; he can only throw one die.

N. L., Phila.—How can we decide the bet when you forget to state how much money each party had in his pocket?

Novice.—Your letter of Sunday, 14th, has not come to hand up to this date.

B. G., Toledo, O.—We have no means of obtaining the information you desire.

J. J.—Drop a note, stating what you wish, to Currier & Ives, corner Nassau and Spruce streets, this city.

Oshkosh, Pittsburgh.—The parties must throw again before the bet is decided.

Dot, Cambridge.—The mission to Russia is a first class mission.

Pertinax.—It was not fair on the part of B., and the bet should be drawn.

J. L.—We do not consider that A. has a right to play alone under the circumstances.

Olbercus, Dayton, O.—We have every reason to believe the gentleman to be an honorable man.

Anxious.—James W. Wallack, Sen., died in this city Dec. 25, 1864.

Magoosler, Washington.—Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia, March 9, 1806.

J. H. P., Boston.—1. She has been on the stage four years. 2. From $15 to $25 a week.

J. B. C., New Orleans.—Lotta has passed her twenty-first birth day. She is not married.

L. M., Circleville.—We have not heard of him since he was out with a dramatic company of his own.

Harrison, Providence.—It is pronounced as if spelled El-ease.

Elias, Boston.—A biography of L. R. Shewell appeared in the Clipper of Dec. 7th, 1861. He was born in 1833.

F. W. O., Buffalo.—They receive a certain per cent. of the gross receipts, or a share after the expenses are deducted.

L. F. A., Frankford.—Forty dollars a week in a first class located party.

Clipper Readers, Des Moines, Iowa.—Sam Collyer was the winner of his first fight with Barney Aaron.

James, Chicago, Ill.—O'Baldwin and Wormald never fought in England.

J. M., Philadelphia.—1. He is at present residing in this city. 2. John Grindell was in Philadelphia at last advices.

J. J. M., Norfolk, Va.—Thanks for attention. We will be pleased to hear from you at any time.

Stanwix, Rome.—Dexter's best time was 2:17¼, made in harness, at Buffalo, Sept, 17, 1869.

Greenville, Pa.—The best one hundred mile time was made by Conqueror, in harness, in 8h. 55min. 53sec.

J. O. F., Fort Russell.—Charles Kean was born in Waterford, Ireland.

Bessie Lynn, Frankfort, Pa.—Bessie, dear, your lines are not quite up to our standard. Try again.

J. H. D.—Smith and Ferguson both played the position last season.

Iron Mask.—J. W. Wallack appeared in the "Iron Mask" at Wallack's during the summer season of 1865.

C. E., Rockford, Ill.—George Wright will play with the Cincinnati Club this season.

Gold Beater, Boston, Mass.—Yankee Sullivan's right name was said to be Frank Ambrose.

J. M. R., Springfield.—Flora Temple's time was never beaten by Ethan Allen, or any other horse, except Dexter.

J. R. M., Newark, N. J.—The longest standing jump upon record is 12 feet 8¾ inches, by Bob Way, at Chicago, Ill.

Cribbage.—There is no hand at cribbage that will count nineteen.

Mike Edwards, Milford, Mass.—A letter addressed to the care of this office will reach him.

Diogenes.—He left no property, but his mother, who still lives in New Jersey, owns some little property.

J. G. T., Wilmington.—Plummer did not appear, and that ended it.

Sawdust, Cincinnati.—It is a matter of opinion. We cannot decide for you.

Revoke.—Nineteen cannot be held, but the other hands we have no time to calculate on. Do it yourself.

M. A. F., Harrisburg.—About nine words to the line, except the first, which averages four.

Brookfield.—A won, as a Democratic majority of over 20,000 was given in New York city and State.

Copelas, Dayton, O.—Washington did not die in the last year of the 18th century.

J. K.—The longest four-oared boat we have any knowledge of was that rowed by the Biglins at Worcester, viz.: fifty feet.

J. E. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. The letter was not for you. 2. Johnny Mackey's present address is Detroit, Mich.

Jerry, Norfolk.—We sent you the letter the past week.

R. J. V., Goshen.—The bet is a draw.

W. D., Calais, Me.—The Jack counts.

W. G.—See answer to J. H. Towns.

J. F., Hunter's Point.—In his twenty-eighth year.

J. B. S.—Patti was born in Madrid, Spain.

An End Man, Honesdale.—The music is the same.

Dock.—In cutting with a euchre pack Jack is the highest.

J. M., Oswego, N. Y.—Indian clubs or dumb bells.

Bowling Green, Ky.—B's low goes out first.

Ye Docter.—He continues the manager of the establishment.

J. H. Whittemore & Co.—$1.50 received.

EXIT SOL. SMITH.

The grave of the most celebrated of French actors bears upon its tombstone, by way of motto, merely the words, "*Cigit Le Kain.*" A translation of the pregnant phrase might appropriately be placed upon the headstone of the famed Sol Smith, who died recently in St. Louis at an advanced term of life, and could with propriety be called the father of the western and southern stage. Many of those who now tread the boards in the elevated walks of the drama, were brought forward, as it were, under his wing, or passed a considerable portion of their lives in connection with him, and although in this city he had no local fame, his name was as well known throughout the profession as that of any of his contemporaries. In the earlier days of the great southwest, theatres were shabby affairs at best, and, in fact, it is only of late years that they have begun to vie with the more perfect establishments of the kind at the north. When Sol. Smith made his first managerial ventures, theatres in that section were, for the most part, "barns," or were temporary buildings constructed of the plainest materials, and the scenery, costumes and accessories were but a faint foreshadowing of the glories that were to come, historical accuracy being a thing not especially aimed at. The principal object of theatrical purveyors was to amuse, and the severe rules of the art were rather disregarded, unless indeed in such cases as that of the elder Booth, with whom the southwestern states were a favorite stamping ground. Sol. Smith, himself an actor as well as manager, has left many reminiscences behind him, and anecdotes of the spiciest character are still current among his former familiars, which in consequence of his demise are once more going the rounds. No man ever lived who was fonder of a practical joke than "Sol.," whose freaks, however, were always of a kind calculated to provoke honest mirth, while they did no harm to living thing. One who was himself the subject of the joke tells in irresistible style the story of his first introduction to the stage through the medium of this veteran manager. It was at a time when the St. Louis Theatre was at its lowest depression; all sorts of things, from heavy tragedy to Van Amburgh and his lions, had been tried without effect, and the reputation of Sol. Smith, as a caterer for the playgoing public, bade fair speedily to wane, when the narrator, flushed with the honors of a college novitiate, but green as the cottonwoods that were just assuming their early vestment of leaves on the Mississippi's banks, presented himself before the arbiter of histrionic fates in his private office. The paternal fiat had gone forth that the young man must become a tradesman, but with a soul that spurned the tempting lures of trade, he fled his *alma mater* and the paternal rule together, and resolved to devote himself to the stage. Some friend had injudiciously praised his delivery of Cato's soliloquy at a college exhibition, and thus the immortal fire was kindled within him. Mr. Smith was in one of his cynical moods, and, placing his thumbs in his waistcoat, and tilting back his chair, grimly requested the applicant to favor him with his specimens. The aspirant, nothing daunted, proceeded to fulminate, but, having never witnessed anything better than the ravings of a third rate melodramatic actor, bad at that, mouthed what he had to deliver in the most harrowing style. Smith pursed his mouth, felt his chin, and listened with solemn gravity while the "embryon" continued to bore him with whole lengths of stilted verse, occasionally rousing from a brown study and warmly applauding. When the applicant had exhausted his ready supply, which included "Marco Bozzaris" and "You'd Scarce Expect one of my Age," the manager started from his chair, and seizing the neophyte by the hand, gave it a shake that almost dislocated his shoulder. "Sir," he said, "you have astonished me! Such declamatory forces, such oratorical perfection are rare indeed. Name your own night and pieces. We shall take the town by storm." The "stage struck" was overwhelmed, but he could not live upon praise, for he was out at elbows and his passage up river had made away with his last picayune. He hesitated. "If not too bold, might I ask what price you usually pay for acting?" "Oh," replied Sol., who was fomenting a scheme of revenge against the ungrateful public of St. Louis, "we leave that entirely with our actors themselves; they ask whatever they please and pay their own expenses." This delighted the applicant beyond measure, but he was obliged to sacrifice his dignity by borrowing a quarter, and thus terminated the interview. The *debut* was made, and prodigious was the *fanfaronade* created by the would-be tragedian, who struggled through two stormy acts with the courage of a martyr, but being roused to frenzy by repeated taunts in the third, flung aside all precedents and abandoned himself to the flood of passion which swayed him. The piece, which it had been intended to curtail, was carried to the close, and the curtain fell amid prolonged applause. Sol. paid the *debutant's* expenses, posted him in the ways of the stage and took him to New Orleans, where, for a time, he wore the toga gracefully, but he could never get over his first semi-disgrace, and has since avenged himself as a lawyer by plunging St. Louis into a constant turmoil of litigation. Another subject tells us that, once, having applied to have a play of his own produced, Sol. invited him to a private reading. He opened his manuscript on the appointed evening, became wrapped in his subject as he perceived that Sol. paid the most earnest attention, and was getting bravely through the fourth act, when his ears were appalled by a terrific snore. Human nature is weak, and Sol. had gone fast asleep! The names of many of the drama's most eminent lights were interwoven with that of Sol. Smith, whose favorites included such names as Tom Placide, Joe Jefferson, John Dunn, the Chapman Family, and at one time Ben DeBar. In all his relations he is believed to have been irreproachable.

HYDROPHOBIA.

An alarm, and to some extent needless, has been created through the death of a couple of individuals from the terrible disease of hydrophobia, whereupon many of the public press are engaged in rummaging the files of exchanges for the purpose of concocting a formidable array of similar victims, seemingly to excite direful vengeance against the canine race. Indeed, so nervous have the female owners of heretofore petted animals become, in consequence of journalistic comments upon the recent death of a gentleman in Brooklyn, that animated dog flesh may be fairly quoted as below par among inmates of our over crowded residences. Furthermore, should the advice of more than one newspaper philosopher be put to a practical use, long before the advent of Sirius dog days will be a thing of the past.

It is certainly singular that two fatal cases of hydrophobia should have occurred simultaneously and at a season of the year when canines are popularly regarded as exempt from rabidness, yet so far from constituting a cause for general alarm they should be accepted as proof-positive of the utter fallacy of popular ideas with respect to a disease which has thus far baffled the efforts of medical science. From the opinion of eminent physicians in these recent cases it is observable either that the profession fail to comprehend the nature of the distemper communicated to human beings from rabid animals, or care not to bestow on it that scientific investigation it assuredly deserves. The advance of scientific research in every other branch of medicine has yielded a comparative remedy against diseases heretofore regarded as positively fatal, and still in the case of hydrophobia the best instructed physicians seemingly abandon their patients to a certain destruction. The deadliest of poisons, now a days, are supplied with well defined and effective antidotes, and nevertheless this terrible malady, which is certainly the result of an animal poison, as much so as death from the venom of a serpent, is no better treated than in those days when the unfortunate sufferer was humanely suffocated between two feather beds.

It has been generally presumed that the canine species are predisposed to an affliction of mania, possibly on account of a traditional stigma attached to these useful and faithful domestic quadrupeds, but it is evident that they only share with their fellows of the animal kingdom a malady common to them all, and more particulary noticeable in the dog, on account of his intimate relations with the human family. Every man has it in his power to own a dog, and consequently he can become familiar with his actions and habits of life, and yet how many persons can conscientiously declare that they ever saw the spectacle of a really rabid canine with the power of inoculating with hydrophobia. And yet nearly every municipality sets a price upon the head of the race, avowedly for the prevention of a disease which may possibly exist in one out of a thousand of the species. The dog laws, which annually cause an unnecessary slaughter of many valuable animals, and whose requirements are better calculated to be productive of rabidness in the survivors than for extinction of the disease, are based upon assumption that every dog is more or less mad from the moment of birth, and hence they propagate a dread of danger in reality not existing save as an exception to the rule regarded as a generality.

There are doubtlessly hundreds of thousands of mongrels and curs whose extinction would be a benefit to the common weal, but the dog laws do not seem even to decimate this worthless mass; whereas, if the keeping of a dog, unless under specific conditions, be rendered a taxable luxury, we would almost directly divest ourselves of an expensive nuisance. Moreover, dog owners would, while appreciating their value, make themselves conversant with the best manner of their treatment and prevention, for undoubtedly the proper management of a dog is as much of a study as that of a horse, otherwise the labors of Blaine, Hutchinson, Dinks and other practical writers, were moments wasted.

Hydrophobia, it must be confessed, exists in its terrible reality, and the harrowing spectacle of the manner of its victim's decease augments our natural aversion to a frightful end. That the disease is generally traceable to an animal in a rabid state must be likewise admitted, and under these circumstances ought not the municipality stimulate investigation into the origin of the disease and its proper method in treatment, instead of wasting, annually, large sums for indiscriminate dog killing? We are thoroughly convinced that some rational means can be devised for the effectual prevention of hydrophobia in the rabid animal, and of alleviating, should prevention be found impossible, the horrors of a human being inoculated with the subtle poison. All that is requisite is to offer sufficient encouragement, in a pecuniary point of view, to veterinary surgeons and medical practitioners to investigate the subject and to devote to it that time and patience bestowed upon other diseases.

The State owes a duty to the citizen to provide a remedy for his every affliction. In the case of epidemics, such as the yellow fever, the cholera and other once dreaded visitors, the experience of offering premiums for elaborate essays proved of incalculable value in divesting the novel destroyers of their prior terrors. But ravages of these diseases were generally, almost universally, felt during their earlier visitations, and hydrophobia, an equally deadly malady, is of signally exceptional occurrence, and it would pay no medical man to treat it as his professional specialty. Even consumption has lost its ghastly horrors, and more than one eminent physician has earned honor, repute and large pecuniary rewards through having mastered the secret workings of an insidious complaint. But, in the instance of hydrophobia, a disease no practitioner would be required to treat more than once in his lifetime, private individuals can offer no inducement for a competent surgeon or physician to throw away even six months' active existence in investigation of a subject which may never afford him a week's remuneration.

Some years ago there was published to the world the statement that a physician of Lyons, in France, had accidentally discovered a successful method of treating hydrophobia, and demonstrated the accuracy of his theory by experiencing its application to his own person. Having become inoculated with the poisonous *virus* from a patient dying through hydrophobia in the worst of forms, this Lyons surgeon, experiencing all preliminary symptoms, and apprehending his own death to be inevitable, conceived the idea of benefiting science by subjecting himself to the operation of a vapor bath. He courted death as the sole means of avoiding the terrible convulsions which he believed to be fast approaching; consequently, he resolved to note down the various changes in his physical condition, induced by a high degree of temperature. To his astonishment, so far from accomplishing suicide, he discovered that with the increase of heat, until it attained a degree he had considered to be unendurable, all the symptoms of hydrophobia imperceptibly vanished, and he emerged from the heated chamber perfectly free from all vestige of the disease.

As this narrative was extensively circulated at the time, and its authenticity apparently guaranteed, we would suppose that it had become familiar to the medical profession to such a degree that in the event of the occurrence of a well defined case of hydrophobia, the experiment of its efficacy could be tested upon the person of some unfortunate victim to that malady, at present deemed incurable. At all events, without the ability of expressing an opinion as to the medical truth of the alleged cure, it would have been in our estimation an act of charity to have applied any means, however desperate, which might be imagined for the relief of men professionally doomed to death. But it unfortunately chances that of all learned professions practitioners of medicine are the most exemplary and persistent routineists, seemingly determined to oppose all innovations upon established usages and predetermined conclusions. In this matter of hydrophobia, a resort to any species of plausible quackery can be accompanied with no more barren results than follows the practice of the most celebrated and reliable of thoroughbred professors.

Not The Cheese.—It is told that the members of the Wisconsin Legislature had an invitation to visit the capital of Minnesota, which they accepted; but when they got there they found that they were to have no liquor at the feast provided for them, at which they were heartily disgusted. It will be hard to make them believe, after this, that the fellows at that *capital* are *capital* fellows.

All Right!—Women's Rights advocates are delighted to hear that Russia has taken a long step in their direction. A woman applied to one of the medical institutions for a diploma, the proposition to grant it was put before the *faculty*, and her *faculty* for the profession being indisputable, the proposition was *carried*, and she was *carried* in a chair by the students who were favorable to her.

What Next?—An exchange says:—"The sewing machine war, the piano war, and the dictionary war have died out. We wonder what will come next." Why the velocipede war is next *in order*, *in order* to settle whose machine can go the *longest* distance in the *shortest* time, and whose machine has the most substantial wheel. *We'll* let them fight it out; so they fight *fair* it is no af-*fair* of our's.

22d February It is a dismal day for the anniversary of Washington's birthday, yet soldiers are making the most of it, and in the lower part of the city business is generally suspended. *Matinees* are given at several of the theatres, and aside from the weather, the city wears a holiday appearance.

Gone Out.—We learn that a clerk was recently turned out of office who had been in it sixty years. Serving in that *capacity* so long, his *capacities* for business—or office—must have been extraordinary. We do not see why he could not have *stayed*, as he was evidently a *staid* old man.

A Grand Velocipede Tournament, for the United States championship, open to all competitors, is announced to take place at the Philadelphia Skating Rink, on March 11th and 12th. Parties wishing to enter should read the card in our advertising columns.

Oh Ally!—We see it stated in a cotemporary that before murderers are executed in Utah they are made to read aloud a chapter from the New Testament. This would be worse punishment to some of *our* murderers.

Doing The New President.—Some person has sent Gen Grant a box of stockings with the request that he will wear a pair at the inauguration. Can the far-seeing General be thus induced to "put his foot in it?"

Sporting Squibs.

— Green peas are up four inches in Norfolk, Va. Good. Let us have peas.

— 100 miles in 24 hours, the last in 15 minutes, was recently walked by R. T. Leonard, St. Joseph, Mo.

— A velocipedist was deposited in a shop window at Providence, R. I., the other day by his mettled racer.

— Bear steak from Russia is now one of the *recherche* dishes in Paris. How can they bear it?

— There are nine velocipede schools in operation in Boston. The modern Athens was always considered a fast place.

— The wolf bounty in Minnesota has been reduced from $10 to $3 per head.

— A blue violet in full bloom was picked in a garden at Jewett City, Ct., on the 14th inst.

— 106,270 cod fish were brought into Gloucester, Mass., by one vessel recently, the largest fare landed at that port.

— A large mastadon's remains were exhumed recently near Petaluma, Cal.

— "Theology Bouffe" is the name given to the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, by the *Freeman's Journal*.

— The first piano for Japan was recently exported by a New Haven manufacturer.

— The first velocipede in Minneapolis was trotted out on the 16th inst., and caused considerable excitement.

— "You lie!" was a recent exclamation by a culprit to a judge in Dubuque, whereupon his honor left the bench and had a "set-to" with the unruly cuss.

— Velocipedes were all the go in England thirty years ago, and Michael Farraday, a London chemist, was one of the most expert jockies.

— Snow was eight feet deep in Montreal, C. E., last week. We lost sight of our two feet in the same condiment on the 18th.

— A boy of 13 accidentally shot his little sister of 8 years with a gun they were playing with, on the 16th inst., at upper New Rochelle. What a toy for children!

— Parties wishing to go on a wild goose chase should make for New London, Ct., at once, where the feathery quakers are passing by in large numbers.

— A pugilistic velocipedist in Detroit, recently dismounted from his high mettled steed, walloped another man, and was up and off before an M. P. could snatch him.

— A red squirrel was recently caught in a barn at Berlin, N. H., that had carried two bushels of corn up stairs and stowed it carefully away for winter provender.

— The first steamboat of the season, Walter Brett, reached Fishkill, N. Y., early on the 19th inst., and was saluted by the ringing of bells, blowing whistles and cheers of the populace.

— A duel was fought on the 18th inst., near Bladensburg, Ind., between Judge Harrison, of West Va., and a Confederate army officer, in which the latter was seriously wounded. Served him right for preferring deadly to nature's weapons.

— Duck shooters at the "Dumplings," opposite Newport, R. I., lose much of their game after shooting it through the action of seals, which are numerous there, and seize the game before it can be secured by the gunner.

— The big ox, intended to give *eclat* to the inauguration ceremonies at Washington, D. C., on the 4th of March, is now in that city, awaiting, like a good many politicians there, the fall of the axe.

—A five wheel velocipede, intended to carry from six to twelve persons, has been designed in England. Well, after all this velocipede talk, what's the use of them if a man has to work his own passage. Horses will win in the end, you bet.

— One keg of oysters, three sheets of gingerbread, one bowl of clam chowder, two cups of tea and a glass of water were swallowed for supper by the "champion glutton" of Bath, Me., recently.

COCKING.

IMPORTANT COCKING MAIN BETWEEN VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

IT RESULTS IN A TIE.

The great main between the feathered representatives of the Old Dominion and the Old North State commenced at Lesner's Garden, Norfolk, Va., on Wednesday, 17th inst., and as the expected contest had given rise to much excitement among the fanciers and others interested in the sport in that section, there was a large gathering of spectators to witness its decision, who backed their favorites heavily. The conditions governing the main were that each side should show twenty-one birds and fight all that fell in weight for $50 each battle, and $1,000 the odd, Col. Willis Johnson, of North Carolina, backing the "tar heels," and Richard Dudley, of Norfolk, putting up the requisite amount of money for the Virginia birds. The process of weighing in and pairing having been gone through with, it was found that ten matches had been made, each party having shown but seventeen cocks instead of twenty-one. Gideon Arrington handled and pitted for North Carolina, while Robt. Allen, of Richmond, pitted for Virginia, and Pat Spillman, of Baltimore, handled therefor. The judges were J. M. S. Rogers, of Norfolk, for North Carolina, and J J. Brown, of Richmond, for Virginia, after which Thos. Turner read the rules for the government of the main, and then, about half past two o'clock, the opening battle of the main was commenced. Upon being dropped the birds flew at each other with an intensity of determination plainly showing that the conflict would be short, sharp and decisive. Both chickens fought with a vim, but the Virginian by a thrust through the head, caused his opponent to turn tail, and was awarded the battle.

Both before and after the main battle there was a hack-fight between matched chickens. The first fight was between a white North Carolina chicken for $25, pitted and backed by Gid Arrington, and a red chicken pitted and backed by Robert Allen. Each chicken weighed five pounds, thirteen ounces This fight being the commencement of proceedings, considerable money was staked, and although a hack-fight, each chicken showed game and fought desperately; but the North Carolina came off triumphant, leaving his adversary a "dead cock in the pit." The second hack-fight was after the main battle. Robert Allen matched a red and grey chicken against a white North Carolina chicken for $50 a side, each weighing five pounds, eight ounces. Both birds fought well and long. The fight was in doubt several times, until at last the white chicken "turned tail," and the little red was awarded the fight, while bleeding from every pore.

An adjournment was now had until the day following, when the concourse of lookers on was considerably larger, and the betting "fast and furious." The first four fights were captured, after desperate contests, by North Carolina, causing the Virginians, who had been in high glee upon the termination of the previous day's fighting, to feel somewhat glum, though they wagered their money quite as freely as before.

In the fifth battle the two chickens pitted were game to the backbone, and they fought desperately for one hour and a half, the Virginia chicken fighting the last half hour stone blind. It was a noble fowl, a black bottom gray, with a low round comb and tit on his gills. His opponent was a ginger red, with blueish legs and right toe nail turned out. These two game birds fought until each were exhausted, when they would rally and go at each other with desperate vim, until, at last, the game Virginia bird fell exhausted, bleeding from every pore and unable to stand to the scratch, when judgment was called and awarded by the judge to North Carolina.

The seventh battle was also a desperate one, but unfortunately the North Carolina chicken, a noble white cock, had his left wing pierced, on the first fly, by the gaff of his opponent, but notwithstanding, the gallant "Arrington bird" fought long and nobly. But fate, not pluck, was against him, and he lost the battle.

This gave the Virginia boys resolution. They won the two next battles, leaving Virginia one ahead, and the score stood, Virginia five and North Carolina four. In the tenth battle Arrington put in one of his best, a little black chicken, with straight comb and blue legs. He was a perfect little hornet, and went at his opponent from the first like "poison," crowing as he stood over him with exultation and defiance. It was not long before little black won his fight, thereby making it a draw main.

The chickens shown by the North Carolinians were raised by J. G. Arrington and Col. Willis Johnson, a breed noted for indomitable fighting qualities and endurance; but they found in the Virginia chickens foemen worthy of their gaffs. Thus ended a hotly contested main, showing conclusively that each party did their "level best" on their matching to carry off the palm of victory as a matter of State pride. We give a summary below:

Fight.	Virginia.	North Carolina.	Won by
1......	Blue Red, 5lbs. 13oz......	White, 5lbs. 14oz......	Virginia
2......	Dark Red, 4lbs. 15oz......	Black Red, 4lbs. 14oz......	Virginia
3......	Black Red, 5lbs......	Black Red, 5lbs. 2oz......	N. C.
4......	Black Red, 5lbs......	Grey, 5lbs. 2oz......	N. C.
5......	Ginger Red, 5lbs. 1oz......	Black Grey, 5lbs. 12oz......	N. C.
6......	Blue Muff, 5lbs. 3oz......	Black Red, 5lbs. 3oz......	N. C.
7......	Brown Red, 5lbs. 6oz......	White, 5lbs. 5oz......	Virginia
8......	Blue Red, 5lbs. 6oz......	Black Red, 5lbs. 6oz......	Virginia
9......	Ginger Red, 5lbs. 13oz......	Blue Red, 5lbs. 7oz......	Virginia
10......	Ginger Red, 5lbs. 14oz......	Black, 5lbs. 13oz......	N. C.

INAUGURATION OF A NEW CLUB HOUSE FOR THE PATRONS OF COCKING.

A GALA DAY OF SPORT AND AMUSEMENT.

The opening of an elegant and commodious new club house for the enjoyment of this exciting sport attracted a large and highly influential attendance of its leading patrons from New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Paterson and other places, to witness the amusement provided and do honor to the occasion. The time was Friday, 19th inst., and the place a beautiful locality in New Jersey, opposite the wooded hills of Staten Island, and commanding a splendid panoramic prospect of "Long Island's seagirt shore" and New York's wide-spreading bay, dotted with the white sails of ships. The hotel in question has been newly erected, and the pit freshly fitted up for the sport with every accessory to the comfort and convenience of the spectators. It is on the ground floor, well lighted and ventilated and of considerable extent, being 35 feet in length by 25 feet in breadth. A large refreshment room adjoins it, while above is the club room belonging to the members of the newly organized "Game Cock Club." The object of the club is to afford those belonging to it an opportunity of testing the special qualities and merits of their game fowls in the pit, and in friendly social rivalry among each other, and the day above named was devoted to this object. The members enjoy the right of handling and heeling their own birds, and the indulgence in this privilege is productive of additional amusement to the excitement of the fighting itself. Many of the fowls shown on this occasion belonged to private gentlemen, amateur fanciers of the sport, and were distinguished by their beauty and game.

First Fight.—This was between two five pounders, one owned by a well known sporting landlord on the road, famous for his love of all descriptions of sport, from pigeon shooting to trotting and horse racing, and the other to a highly popular and jovial representative of the people, the very "prince of good fellows" and well known among the fire laddies of Jersey City. The latter showed a black red of the Derby blood and the former a grey, the betting being ten to six on the black red. The fight was short, sharp and decisive, as in nine minutes the grey lay dead in the pit. Much rejoicing among the friends of the senator.

Second Fight.—Weights, three pounds fifteen ounces; colors a pile from Staten Island and a black red from Poughkeepsie; handled by professionals. Betting ten to eight on the pile, but the layers came to grief; at the second fly the black red sent his spur through his head. Time, 30 seconds.

Third Fight.—The victor in the preceding fight was again brought in to do battle with a full brother of himself, and like him, a black red. The betting was thirty to twenty on the new comer, as he was fresh and vigorous. The battle was an excellent one, but the victor in the previous fight was the vanquished in this, for his fresher relative and foe killed him by a brain blow in four minutes.

Fourth Fight.—Weights, four pounds eight ounces; colors, a grey duckwing and a brown red Sefton. A well known knight of the trigger and genuine sport handled the grey, and his brother, who had been successful in the first battle, the brown red bird. The betting commenced at evens, but as it was quickly apparent that the grey was out-fighting the other, long odds were offered on the duckwing. After a sharp contest of twelve minutes, the brown red was withdrawn defeated.

Fifth Fight.—The victorious grey in the last fight was again showed to do battle with a five pound brother of the brown red he had just whipped. The grey was the favorite in the betting, although he had just fought a quick and hard contested battle. It was a remarkably game fight, but condition and superior weight told its tale, and the grey was defeated in eleven minutes.

Sixth Fight.—Weights, four pounds five ounces. A black red "blinker," and a Spanish blue red; the former the favorite at ten to eight. After a good fight of twenty minutes the Spaniard won.

Seventh Fight.—Four pounds one ounce. A ginger from Staten Island, and a Derby black red After eighteen minutes' poor fighting the ginger commenced to travel, being the first shown that had displayed the white feather. Time, eighteen minutes.

The programme of sport arranged by the Club House being now over, a large company sat down to an elegant dinner provided by the host, after which several other private matches were arranged and fought. The entire affair gave satisfaction to the participants of the sport furnished.

Schenectady vs. Rotterdam.—The return main between fowls from the above places was fought at Schenectady on the night of the 16th inst., and was probably the best ever witnessed in that vicinity. The conditions of the main were to show eleven cocks upon either side, between 4lbs. 6oz., and 6lb. 8oz., and fight all that fell in for $25 each battle, and $200 a side the odd. A great deal of interest was taken in the event, and the betting was quite spirited, the Schenectady warriors having the call at odds of $100 to $80 at the start. They were badly whipped, however, as the appended summary shows:—

Schenectady.	Rotterdam.	Weight. lbs.	oz.	Won by.
1..White pile.........	Blue red.............	4	10	Schenectady.
2..Blue pile.........	Blue red.............	5	4	Rotterdam.
3..White pile.........	Blue red.............	4	6	Rotterdam.
4..Black pile.........	Blue red.............	4	13	Rotterdam.
5..Black pile.........	Blue red.............	5	1	Rotterdam.
6..White pile.........	Blue red.............	4	14	Rotterdam.
7..Blue red.........	Blue red.............	5	4	Rotterdam.
8..Blue red.........	Grey.............	5	8	Schenectady.
9..Grey.........	Red pile.............	5	....	Rotterdam.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ONE HUNDRED MILE FEAT.

A young man named R. F. Leonard, is reported to have concluded an attempt to walk 100 miles inside of 24 hours at St. Joseph, Mo. on the 17th inst., leaving off with 21 minutes to spare. He is a young man about 28 years old, 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs about 180 pounds. He began his efforts at midnight, in a discouraging rain, with mud and darkness too thick to be fathomed or penetrated by ordinary pedestrians. He started on the east side of Second street, at the corner of Faraon, and walked down Second street nine blocks to the corner of Isabella street, a distance of exactly half a mile. He commenced walking, with a lantern in his hand, and a rubber cape over his shoulders, and thus traveled for three hours, when the rain ceased. His route lay over an uneven, rough, brick sidewalk, very slipperry and muddy, till 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 17th, when sawdust was sprinkled on the track, improving it materially. Going to the corner of Isabella street, he turned and retraced his steps. The attempt was to walk over that route two hundred times in twenty-four consecutive hours; for which a purse was raised of twenty dollars, but which was swollen to a very respectable figure before noon.

For this walk he made no preparation, had no regular trainer and never walked a match before, but has twice walked to Savannah and return, a distance of about twenty-eight miles in all, just to test his pedestrian capabilities. He is an Indian boy, was sergeant in Capt. Coffee's company, Fortieth Missouri Infantry, which was attached to the Sixteenth Army Corps and went to Louisiana and Alabama. After the war he worked on the farm of Judge Culver. He walks with a most peculiar rolling gait, with his head dropped forward and his arms swinging rapidly from side to side. From the start his expression was that of a man very much fatigued and the impression which lookers-on obtained of his weariness was intensified by his uncertain and peculiar motion. He walked his first mile in thirteen minutes. A large crowd of people began to collect in that vicinity before daylight, and by nine o'clock hundreds were on the ground.

The tenth mile was made in thirteen minutes and a quarter. He did not stop in the forenoon for refreshments, but carried some crackers in his hands, which he ate on the road, and drank, in the same manner, a cup of tea. The fifteenth mile was overcome in twelve minutes. At noon he had walked fifty-six miles, making the fifty-fourth in fourteen minutes, the fifty fifth in fifteen minutes and the fifty-sixth in fourteen minutes. The sixty-sixth mile he walked in ten minutes, thirteen seconds. The eighty-third and eighty-fourth miles were walked in about fourteen minutes each, and the eighty fifth in fourteen minutes and fifteen seconds. About once in six hours he stopped to bathe his feet, which did not appear swollen and caused him no pain. He thus rested 41 minutes during the 24 hours. About 2 o'clock P. M. he walked with a whip in his hand, with which he occasionally whipped his legs smartly. Later in the day this whip was carried and used vigorously by another person who followed close behind him. At 6 P. M. he gave slight indications of fatigue, but physicians and others who saw him then, and in the morning of the 17th, declared that he exhibited but little more signs of being tired than were shown twelve hours before. At 10½ o'clock on the night of the 17th he had 2½ miles to walk, and the crowd in attendance was immense. A man then preceded him, one followed behind, and one walked each side of him. He was then quite tired, but would occasionally start out and walk a few rods at a tearing pace, then drop back into a heavy, lugging, rolling gait. The 83d mile was made in 14¼ minutes, 84th in 14¼, the 85th in 14¼, the 86th in 14¼, the 87th in 14, the 88th in 17, the 89th in 16, the 90th in 17, the 91st in 14¼, the 92d in 17, the 93d in 18, the 94th in 19, the 95th in 16¼, the 96th in 16½, the 97th in 17, the 98th in 19, the 99th in 22, minutes, and the 100th mile in 13 minutes and 22 seconds, thus concluding twenty-one minutes ahead of time. As he took the last step of the one hundredth mile, he was lifted from the ground by the hurrahing crowd and carried on their shoulders in triumph to the Farmers' House. When taken up by the crowd, he appeared to give way to the reaction which overcame him, and dropped together, limp, listless and apparently exhausted.

SNOW SHOE RACING IN CANADA.

The snow shoe races given annually under the auspices of the Grand Trunk Company, took place at Montreal, C. E., on the 13th inst., in presence of over one thousand spectators, among them many ladies, whose smiling faces gave additional incitement to those seeking the laurel. A broad, half mile course, marked out on the field to the south of the workshops, had been opened throughout its whole length with the snow plough, thus giving competitors an advantage not often had in such contests, of being able to range two or three abreast and spurt for places at any time. To add to the interest of the occasion the band of the Grand Trunk Brigade was in attendance and rendered a programme of appropriate music during the afternoon. We subjoin summaries of the different events:—

Indian Race.—Two miles. First prize, $20; second prize, $10. Six entries.

1st. Keronanone, 2m. 56s., 3m. 13s. 3m. 17⅛s., [illegible] total, 12m. 52½s. 2d. [illegible] Daillebout, 12m. 54s.

Hurdle Race.—Over four hurdles, two heats.

1st. J. D. Armstrong, 23s.; 21s.; 2d. E. Irwin.

Boy's Race.—Half mile—first prize, $5; second prize, [illegible] third prize, $3.

1st. Wm. Roy, 3m. 17s.; 2d. F. W. Newman, 3m. [illegible] 3d. R. Elliot.

Green Club Race.—Half mile. Silver Cup. Eight entries.

1st. Sam McDonald, 3m. 7⅛s.; 2d. J. Davey; 3d. [illegible] Brand.

Garrison Race.—Half mile—first prize, $8; second prize, [illegible] third prize, $3. Four competitors.

1st. J. Durkin, 13th, 3m. 13⅛s.; 2d. J. Holton, 60th; 3d. G. Anderson.

One Hundred Yards Race.—Three heats.—J. D. Armstrong's name is again written as the winner of the race, although on this occasion his good fortune came from a successful protest rather than a fair shoulder to shoulder victory. He scored one on the first heat, and took a second place in the two following, both of which were well won and with apparent ease, by C. Rose. The latter had, however, cast his shoes in the leading spurt, and failed to walk over the course. The remissness cost him a successful protest. Joseph Hickson, in order to give fair test of the fleetness of the two competitors, subsequently offered a special prize in the contest, for which Rose dashed over his ground at a pace that Armstrong failed in matching.

One Mile Race.—(Indians excluded)—first prize, $15; second prize, $10. 15 entries.

1st. Wm. Harper, 2m. 59s., 3m. 14s.—total, 6m. 13s.; 2d. W. Maltby, 6m. 24s.; 3d. Telfer.

Club Race.—Boys under 17—half mile—first prize, $5; second prize; $3 third prize, $2. Seven entries.

1st. H. G. Young, 3m. 1⅛s.; 2d. W. Newmarsh, 3m. 32s.; 3d. N. Emond.

Soldiers' Race.—Half mile—first prize, $6; second prize, $4; third prize, $2. Three entries.

1st. Durkin, 3m. 8s.; 2d. Holton, 3m. 21s.; 3d. Anderson.

It is fair to state that Holton led until within a few yards of the goal, when he cast a snow-shoe, and gave way to Durkin, who had ere then made dangerous attempts to take the lead.

Consolation Race.—1st. J A. Stevenson; 2d. H. Jones; 3d. S. C. Stevenson.

WILLIAM RICHARDS TO STRICKLAND.

HE POSTS $100 FOR A RACE.

The wide-sweeping challenge recently thrown out by William Strickland, of Lowell, Mass., a runner of much repute, and which barred no one, has brought the subjoined business-like communication from Bill Richards, and, to clinch the argument and prove whether the New Englander means it, he sends on one hundred dollars with the acceptance. His propositions are fair, and now is the time for Strickland to come forward and plank for a race which, should he win, will gain for him a very enviable reputation. Let William of the second part toe the mark at once, and afford the public an opportunity of witnessing a contest in which, partaking as it would of an international character, great interest would be centred. Read Richards' card:—

Akron, O., Feb. 18th, 1869.

Frank Queen.—Dear Sir.—I see a challenge from Stricland to run any man in the country for $100 or $500 a side, you to hold a forfeit. I will run him that distance—half a mile—for $500 or $1,000 a side, and will give him $100 for traveling expenses to run here, or will take the same amount and run in Paterson, N. J.; the race to come off on the first (1st) day of May, if good day and track; if not, the next good day and track. Enclosed you will find $100 as forfeit, the balance of the stakes to be made good the day before the race. If we run in Paterson the Clipper to be final stakeholder; if here, we will find a stakeholder at Akron. To prevent any misunderstanding in regard to expenses, it might as well be understood that the man who travels puts up $100 less than the other. Yours truly,

Wm. Richards.

P. S.—If this money is not covered in two weeks, please return it.

W. R.

Race Between Bird and Hindle.—Upwards of fifteen hundred persons gathered at Hyde Park, near Sheffield, Eng., on the 1st instant, to witness the half mile race for £25 a side between A. E. Bird, of Sheffield, and R. Hindle, of Paisley. The performances of both men, though so young, have been of no mean order. Bird has the advantage of seniority over his opponent, being twenty-two years of age, though he made his *debut* later. Hindle has just attained his majority, stands 5ft. 6½in., weighs 10st., and is a fine, well made young fellow. Bird strips lighter than Hindle, his weight being a stone less, but a more beautiful stepper we have rarely seen. He is an inch and a half less than his opponent, but his stride is fully as long. Bird has now been before the public about two years. Rain fell heavily on Sunday night and at intervals during the day, and in consequence the course was anything but good going. There was also a smart breeze blowing. When the pedestrians made their appearance, shortly after the appointed time, "the knights of the pencil" were loud in their offers of 2 to 1 on Hindle, who was very much fancied. The backers of Bird were not many, and there were very few who could believe in the good things in store for them. Bird, who had won the inside place, was very anxious to be on the move, two breaks away ensuing prior to the start. At the third attempt they got off, the Sheffielder with about a yard the best of it, and showing the way at a good pace. In this order they ran during the first lap, at the termination of which the offers rose to 5 to 2 on Hindle, who appeared to be playing a waiting game. Hindle commenced to draw up with his opponent on rising the hill, at the top of which they were on even terms. Here arose shouts of "Hindle wins!" but Bird, in a most gallant manner, answering the call of his friends, again rushed to the front, and looked all over a winner half way down the straight. Here Hindle pulled up dead beaten and just as Bird was putting on another grand spurt. Without turning his head to look at his defeated antagonist, he ran in a winner by forty yards. Time, 2 min. Mr. T. Worthington officiated as referee. Bird was hailed with loud applause by his friends as he left the enclosure.

De Witt Answers Goulding.—In relation to the propositions lately made through our columns by Jack Goulding, who is now in Georgia, the Chicago pedestrian, De Witt, writes as follows:—

Chicago, Feb. 20, 1869.

John Goulding.—Dear Sir.—Your challenge, inviting me to try conclusions with you on a long walk of endurance, has been read by me. As soon as I am able to make arrangements for backers, either here or elsewhere, to walk you for one thousand dollars or more, you will again hear from me through the Clipper.

Yours truly, John De Witt.

The Members of the Montreal C. E. Snow Shoe Club have become infected with the Velocipede mania and are already busily engaged in the organization of a velocipede club, for which they have prospected a number of races for the coming summer.

Accident to a Velocipedist.—A terrible accident occurred at a velocipede riding school, located in the fourth story of a building on Seventh street, Cincinnati, on the 17th inst. A young man named Greer lost the control of his machine, and it made for a large hatchway in the middle of the room. Going at full speed, it ran against the wooden guard around the opening, crashed through the boarding, and precipitated the rider to the cellar of the building, four stories and a half beneath. His fall was somewhat broken by the velocipede, which, it seems, struck the ground first, with him clinging to it; but notwithstanding this favorable circumstance he received injuries which, it is feared, may prove fatal.

A Velocipedic Novelty.—An elderly gentleman has invented a one-wheeled velocipede, which is quite a novelty. It does away with seat, pedals, brakes, and all. There is a crank attached to the axle on each side of the wheel; you sit between the spokes, and turn the cranks with your hands. The rider goes round with the wheel, turning a somerset at each revolution. The sensation is therefore peculiar, and the ride is much more exciting than on the ordinary velocipede. The objection to this style is, they can never be used by ladies.

Velocipeding in the Hoosier State.—On the evening of Monday, 15th inst., W. A. Wensworth, George Thudium, A. Igo, F. Pierson, Col. McVey and Ella Eugene displayed their skill in velocipede propulsion in competition for a gold goblet, offered as a prize for a mile race by the officers of the rink at Indianapolis, Ind. Eleven circuits were requisite to accomplish the distance, and Thudium won in 3 min. 6 secs., Igo second in 3:35, Pierson third in 3:37, Wensworth fourth in 3:39½, McVey fifth in 4:24 and Eugene sixth in 4:36.

Colored Pedalism.—George K. Washington, an amateur pedestrian "ob culiah," is said to have completed, at midnight of the 19th inst., the feat of walking 150 hours, with only three and one half hours sleep, at Richardson's Hall, Hartford, Con., for a wager of $500. Geo. H. Richardson informs us that there were two sworn watches with him all the time, and says that he is prepared to back Washington to walk against time, or "any other man," for one thousand dollars.

Velocipede vs. Time.—Dr. H. W. Libbey, of Cleveland, O., is at present engaged in the construction of a velocipede for which he has obtained a patent, and upon which he proposes to start on or about April 15th, with baggage, for Boston, Mass., by way of New York. He is to compete with Father Time, and endeavor to propel the machine one hundred miles every twenty-four hours over State roads, up hill and down, rain or shine, mud or no mud.

William J. Craycraft, of Shelbyville, Ind., has invented a four wheeled velocipede, propelled by spring power, the rider having simply to guide it. It can be very easily started and stopped, and a very high rate of speed be obtained. One is now in course of construction in Cincinnati and there seems no doubt of the machine working successfully.

Velocipede Club.—The Velocipedestrians of this city have formed a club, with Frank Swift as President, C. Stearns, Secretary and M. D. Sutton Treasurer. Their headquarters are in Tenth street, corner Fourth avenue.

CURLING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CURLING MATCH.

NEW YORK VICTORIOUS.

The important contest between the champion rinks of the east and west, which for weeks has been looked forward to with more than ordinary interest by those addicted to the ancient Scottish sport of curling, was decided at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 19th inst. The prize competed for, in addition to the championship laurels, was the elegant silver medal presented by Robert Gordon, of New York, and the rinks opposed to each other upon the occasion were one belonging to the New York Club and one from the Caledonian Club, of Buffalo, who had vanquished all competitors in the series of preliminary contests with clubs of their section. The medal is valued at $100 and bears the following inscription:—"The Champion Rink of the Grand National Curling Club of the United States. The gift of Robert Gordon, New York, 1868." It is surmounted by miniature silver American and Scottish flags, and at the foot are curling brooms and a silver handled stane of Scottish pebble There was quite a large assemblage of spectators at the rink, and the ice was in admirable order, being hard and smooth. Play commenced at 10 o'clock, A. M., the Buffalonians taking the lead, but being quickly overhauled by their opponents, in whose favor the score stood 14 to 7, when an adjournment for refreshments was in order. The Caledonians failed to play up to their accustomed standard, seeming discouraged by the advantage the New Yorkers had obtained during the morning; consequently they added but four to their score, while the Eastern rink increased theirs rapidly by a magnificent exhibition of skill and eventually won by a tally of 39 to 11, after five hours play. We give the score:

New York.	Buffalo.
Jas. Gibson.	Geo. McNoe.
J. C. McQuhae.	Jno. Wall.
Jas. Adie.	J. E. Thompson.
W. Kellock, skip.............39	D. Bell, skip.............11

J. D. Bothwell, of Cleveland, acted as umpire. In the evening the Caledonians entertained the New York Rink and the Burns Club, of Cleveland, in a handsome manner at Bloomer's. Mr. Bell, the skip of the Buffalo Rink, made the presentation speech. His remarks were warmly applauded and responded to in a fitting manner by Mr. Kellock. During the flow of generous rosy-red wine which followed, toasts were drank to Mr. Gordon and the Cleveland curlers, the latter being felicitously replied to by Mr. Bothwell. These were followed by other toasts, and what with speeches, jest, *repartee* and song, a most enjoyable evening was passed which will long live in the memories of those participating.

National Medal Match.—The concluding game of the tourney between the curling clubs of the west took place at the rink of the Caledonian Club, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 18th inst., the contestants being the club above mentioned and the Burns' Club, of Cleveland, O. The ice was excellent and the game very well contested, the Buffalonians leading from the commencement and ultimately proving victorious by the score below given:

Buffalo.	Cleveland.
Geo. McNoe,	Geo. Cleveland,
Jno. Wall,	Jno. Forester,
J. E. Thompson,	Wm. Proudfoot,
David Bell, skip.............35	Jas. Proudfoot, skip.............21

Curling in Canada.—The last annual competition for the "Ogilvie Snuff Box" between the members of the Caledonian Curling Club, of Montreal, C. E., took place on the 17th inst., and was won by Jas. Reid, with the handsome score of 15, the average being 10¼. The names previously on the box are:—[illegible], Alexander Murray; 1866, M. Hutchinson; 1867, A. A. Stevenson; 1868, A. Murray, and the conditions being, the member's name appearing thereon the greatest number of times in five years to be the final owner. It will be seen that Mr. Murray is the fortunate individual. David Mair, of the Thistle Club, acted as umpire.

Cleveland vs. Buffalo.—On the 19th inst., the Burns' Club, of Cleveland, and the Queen City Club were opponents in a curling match at Buffalo, N. Y., the former winning by a score of [illegible] to 9.

The New York Club defeated the Queen City, of Buffalo, [illegible] the latter place, on the 18th inst., by a score of 26

BILLIARDS.

Dion and Foster.—The probabilities are that the decisive contest between Joseph Dion and Melvin Foster will take place in Montreal on either the 22d, 23d or 24th of March. In consideration of Foster's having accompanied him to Quebec, Dion expresses a willingness to grant that player the privilege of naming some reasonable time. Foster has suggested the dates given above; and if a hall can be procured, the match will doubtless take place before the 25th.

Foster and Daniels. Some two weeks ago it came to the ears of Foster that Edward Daniels, Champion of Massachusetts, desired to play him the push-barred game, on a four-pocket table, in Boston, for $500 a side. On the 16th inst., Foster telegraphed to his informant to make the match, and he would play it in two weeks' time. An answer to the dispatch was requested. No answer having been made up to the 22d, Foster concluded that no match had been or could be made, and so entered into other arrangements which will preclude his meeting Daniels until after his contest with Dion.

Exhibitions out West.—Joseph Vermeulen, of Chicago, and Adam Kleser, of Fond du Lac, have been giving exhibitions in Oshkosh, Green Bay, Janesville and Milwaukee.

Dissolution of Partnership.—Melvin Foster and Peter Marin have dissolved partnership. Tim Flynn takes Foster's place.

Cyrille Dion and J. W. Crown.—These experts will probably play a match for $250 a side at Belleville, Canada, on the 25th of Feb.

The Game in Connecticut.—On the 9th ult., at Danielsonville, Conn., M. H. Hewins, champion of that state, and Michael Kennedy, gave an exhibition, playing a game of 1,600 points, which Hewins won by 297.

Fitch and Wicks.—Frank Fitch and William Wicks have each a forfeit of $250 up, to bind a match between them for $500 a side.

An Average above Sixty.—Last week Joseph Dion began practising for his match with Foster, and in a game of 750 points, playing without the push shot, while his brother played with it, Joseph averaged 62½, and won by about 400.

A Billiard Match between Ackerman, the Ohio champion, and Joseph Gustel, 500 points up, caroms, was played at Lexington, Ky., on the 19th inst., at the opening of a new saloon. Ackerman was the winner.

A Billiard Saloon, with all its appointments new, neat and complete, has been made one of the chief attractions to Carpenter's Hotel, Morrisania, N. Y. The grand opening takes place on the evening of Wednesday, 24th inst., when we are sure Boss Carpenter will make his guests at home.

A Protracted Cue-pedalistic Coup.—W. D. Benjamin and Geo Munson played billiards at St. Paul, Minn., on the 12th inst., for twenty hours, without eating or sleeping. We should think that after that time the modern rule of "rest barred" was out of order.

SKATING.

The Ball is Down.—The freaks of the Clerk of the Weather are past finding out. The singular conduct of the old chap in putting a stop to the popular winter amusement of skating is, just now, the subject of conversation among the devotees of the art in this vicinity. The rink and pond managers are at their wits' ends. They are like the chap that drew a white elephant in a lottery. They have their large buildings and necessarily expensive attendants thrown on their hands, and the "ball" is down. Artificial ice is talked of by the rinkists, while the proprietors of the Fifth avenue, Capitoline and other ponds talk of opening swimming baths.

Since our last the weather has undergone very little change, and the situation remains about the same as it did ten days ago. On the 19th and 20th inst., the wind shifted to the northwest, and the Park and Fifth avenue ponds were skimmed over with about half an inch of ice. A sudden veering round of the wind to the south, however, destroyed what little hope that might have been formed in the breasts of the more enthusiastic devotees of the art.

Match at Rochester.—On Friday evening, 19th inst., a contest came off at the Rochester rink, which attracted considerable attention. The principals were the well known lady artists, Miss Nellie Dean, of Chicago, and Miss Maggie Elwood, of Brockville, C. W. The New York Club programme, with the usual exceptions made in contests between ladies, was gone through with. The result was a tie, and Manager Hervey announced that the match would be skated again at the Buffalo rink.

The Championship.—It is impossible to say when the Swift-Goodrich match will be pulled off. The present extreme mild weather has used up the ice at all the rinks. A cold snap of forty-eight hours' duration would make ice sufficient to pull off this important event. Swift is in town at present, and is about opening a velocipede school. Goodrich has gone West.

Presentation to a "Rinkist."—At the Buffalo Rink, on the 18th inst., Manager Hervey was the recipient of an elegant meerschaum pipe. The presentation was made on behalf of the employees of the institution by Mr. George Smith. The pipe bears the initials of each of the donors and the full name of the recipient.

Brief Mention.—Miss Carrie Augusta Moore, with her agent, Mr. Chas. E. Lovett, was in town last week......A tournament was announced at the Buffalo rink on the evening of the 20th......Mr. J. H. Craig, whose gossipping letter from Paris about American skaters appeared in last week's Clipper, is spoken of by other letter writers as a skatist of considerable merit, who had attracted the attention of the Emperor and Empress.

[illegible] Tournament was announced to take place at the rink, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 20th inst., providing the ice was suitable.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Approaching Trotting Season.

THE BOSTON, NARRAGANSETT, BUFFALO AND LONG ISLAND MEETINGS.

The trotting season of 1869 gives promise of unusual activity all over the country, and the amount of money in purses at the different meetings at Boston, Buffalo, Narragansett, Prospect Park and the Union Course, L. I., is unprecedentedly large, amounting to nearly $100,000 in the aggregate. The newly organized Boston Trotting Association, which is composed of some of the leading merchants of that city, offers $20,000 in premiums, to be competed for at their first meeting, which is fixed for June 15th, and three following days over the Mystic Park, Medford. On the first day are two purses of $2,000 and $3,000, respectively, for horses that never beat 3 minutes and 2:25. On the second day two purses of $2,000 each, for 2:40 horses and double teams. On the third day two purses of $2,000 and $3,000, for 2:50 and 2:30 horses respectively. On the last day a purse of $2,000, for 2:35 horses, and a purse of $4,000 for all horses without exception. All these purses are divided proportionately into premiums for first, second and third horses; and a horse distancing the field will be entitled to the first, second and third money. At Prospect Park, Long Island, the Fair Ground Association has allotted $18,000 for their trotting meeting, which is held on May 25th, 27th, and 29th; their programme of purses, however, is not yet issued. On the Union Course, Long Island, Mr. Shaw offers a four days trotting meeting, on the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th of June, when he will give close on $7,000 to be trotted for, divided into seven purses. The Narragansett Park Summer Trotting Meeting will be held on June 22d, 23d and 24th; and the October meeting on the 19th, 20th and 21st of that month, but the programmes are not yet issued. The Annual Trotting Meeting of the Buffalo Park Association is announced for August 10th and three following days, when, as heretofore, large and liberal premiums will be given. It is doubtful whether we shall have any trotting on the Fashion Course, L. I., as its manager proposes to devote it to running and not trotting purposes during the coming season. Mr. Perkins, the proprietor of the Riverside Park, Boston, has fixed the time of his first trotting meeting for the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of June, when he offers premiums amounting to $10,000 to be competed for. With such attractions, in the shape of rich and liberal purses all over the country, the owners and trainers of fast horses may well congratulate themselves on the bright prospect before them of a brilliant and profitable trotting season.

Trotting Match on the Union Course, L. I.

THE FIRST EVENT OF THE SEASON.

The first trotting contest of the year on Long Island came off on Tuesday, 16th inst., on the Union Course. It was a match between two well known Brooklyn road horses, and is not to be regarded as the first trot of the legitimate season. The mildness of the weather for the early season of the year, and the desire to witness their favorite sport, attracted a good attendance of the *habitues* of the trotting track, and the personal friends of the respective owners of the contesting horses. These were Mr. Thompson's brown gelding Bob, in harness, and Mr. Nelson's bay gelding Andy Johnson, to wagon; mile heats, best three in five, for $200. The track was in pretty fair order for the time of the year, being free from mud, although rather holding. In the pools sold before the start Bob was decidedly the favorite, as he brought $20 to Andy Johnson's $10. The advantage he possessed in going in harness to his opponent's rig to wagon caused him to be most fancied.

FIRST HEAT.—They got away well together, but before they had rounded the upper turn, Andy Johnson, outtrotting the brown gelding, had drawn ahead, and increasing his lead steadily, was six lengths in front at the quarter pole, and double that distance at the half mile pole. From this point Andy kept widening the gap all the way home, winning the heat by twenty lengths in 3:12½.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting now changed to $20 to $10 on Andy Johnson; and the friends of Bob took these odds under the impression he would do better in the next heat. The word was given when Andy was on a break, and Bob took advantage of this to open a gap of two lengths, but as soon as Nelson got the favorite steady to a square trot, he showed such a gait that before rounding the upper turn he had not only closed the gap, but passed the brown gelding, and led him six clear lengths to the quarter pole. At the half mile pole he had increased his lead to ten lengths, and never losing this advantage, he came home the easiest of winners in 3:06½.

THIRD HEAT.—The betting was now $20 to $5 on Andy Johnson, without takers. The heat was a mere repetition of the two preceding, the favorite plainly out-trotting the brown gelding, and winning the heat and race easily in 3:04. Summary:—

UNION COURSE, L. I., Feb. 16.—Match $200, mile heats, best three in five.

Mr. Nelson's br g, Andy Johnson, to wagon	1	1	1
Owner's b g, Bob, in harness	2	2	2

Time, 3:12½; 3:06½; 3:04.

TURF PROSPECTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—From the arrangements already announced there is every prospect that the approaching trotting season in the vicinity of Boston will be unusually prolific of sport. Mr. Nat Perkins, proprietor of Riverside Park, offers $20,000 in purses to be trotted for during the second week in June—one premium of $4,000 to be awarded to horses that never beat 2:30—and Messrs. Morrison & Doe, of Mystic Park, also propose to offer liberal inducements to attract fast horses thither.

RUNNING MATCH FOR FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS BETWEEN TWO YEAR OLDS.—Mr. R. W. Cameron, of this city, has matched his two year old bay filly, by imported Leamington, out of Jerusalem, against Mr. Francis Morris' two year old chestnut filly, by imported Eclipse, out of Mollie Jackson, a dash of one mile, for $2,000 a side. It will be run on Saturday, July 31st, at Saratoga, on the match day preceeding the regular Summer Meeting.

A TROT ON THE ICE took place at Tivoli, on the Hudson River, on the afternoon of the 18th inst., in the presence of hundreds of spectators. It was for a purse of $500, mile heats, best two in three. The entries were Dr. Barton's chestnut stallion Paul, and J. F. Washburne's bay mare Betsey. The latter won in two straight heats, though Paul was close up in each heat. Time, 2:48; 2:47.

TROT UPON ICE.—A race for a purse of $200, mile heats, best two in three, on the ice, took place at Tivoli, N. Y., on the 19th inst., between Young Burger and Cribbons. The former won, his quickest time being 2:53.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Commencement of the Racing Season.

THE SUDBURY SPRING MEETING—TURF REFORMS—FAST TIME MADE ON THE AUSTRALIAN TURF—GLENCOE, THE MELBOURNE CUP WINNER—LATEST BETTING ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP—CHESTER CUP—GRAND NATIONAL—TWO THOUSAND AND DERBY.

The first race meeting of the year was the Sudbury Spring, held in the vicinity of the metropolis on the 2d and 3d inst. Although the legitimate turf season is usually regarded as commencing with the Lincoln Spring Meeting, which opened on the 16th inst., yet the Sudbury gathering attracted an immense attendance, and was patronized by the principal bookmakers. Four out of the fifteen horses entered for the Trial Stakes came to the post, and the winner turned up in Col. P., a three year old by Thormanby, who, although engaged in most of the great races of the year, was sold at Tattersall's a short time ago for a mere trifle, as a cast off from Abe Taylor's stable. He won very cleverly, but the issue might have been different had not the favorite, Little Coates, bolted. He was ridden by the accomplished light weight jockey, Butler, who had commenced the season auspiciously by winning his first mount. The two year old plate was won by the appropriately named "Mousetrap," a smart, wiry filly, by Vedette, out of Monser, beating three opponents in a canter; she changed owners after the race for fifty-five guineas. The Sudbury handicap was an exciting affair, resulting in a dispute and double objection. A five-year-old mare named Nannie, North Lincoln, was made the favorite, seven starting, and after a slashing race with Polexze, she won by a head; but after the race it was found that the horses had not run the advertised distance, two miles, having been started from the wrong post, and had consequently only run about one mile and five furlongs. After passing the winning post, the jockeys of Vision and LaSorrentine, two of the contestants, kept their horses going, and made another circuit of the course; Vision passing the judge's post first. The judge, however, had vacated his box, under the impression that the race was over, and he, therefore, did not see her do the last round, and when the owner claimed the stake on the ground that his mare had gone the proper distance and passed the post first. The owner of another of the contestants also objected to the race on similar grounds, and a scene of the greatest confusion arose; but as no stewards were present no decision could be arrived at, and the race remains in abeyance. The Sweepstakes Plate handicap was won by Flash, a clever shaped filly by Thunderbolt, who was made the favorite, and beat her antagonists cleverly; Butler again having the mount on the winner. Medford, with the odds of 6 to 4 on him, won the hurdle race plate in a canter. The result of the second day's racing has not yet reached us.

The abuses and evils which exist on the English turf are just now exciting the attention of the sporting journals. The system so long in vogue which has sanctioned the excessive training and running of race horses at two years old for the sake of quick pecuniary returns, and to satisfy the gambling mania which pervades society, and which results in the utter destruction or waste of staying capability and partial loss of stamina at five or six years old, is meeting with general condemnation from the press. It is being generally acknowledged that Sir Joseph Hawley's proposed legislation through the Jockey Club to prevent the running of two year olds at so early a period as hitherto, is a step in the right direction, even if the time for their first appearance on the turf is fixed at the 1st of May, as Colonel Forrester proposes, instead of the 1st of July, as Sir Joseph originally proposed. His measure to prohibit the running off a dead heat between two year olds finds universal support, and is certain to be adopted by the Jockey Club.

A short time ago we gave the telegraphic result of the race for the Melbourne Cup, the principal event on the Australian turf, and which was won by the four year old Glencoe by Lord of The Hills, carrying the steadying weight of 127lbs. From later details received we learn some interesting particulars of this great race of the southern hemisphere. It was instituted in 1861, on which occasion Archer, 5 years, carrying 133lbs., won it, beating sixteen others; distance two miles; time, 3min. 52sec. In 1862 Archer, 6 years, won again, carrying 142lbs., and beating a field of twenty; time, 3min. 47sec. In 1863 Banker, 3 years, 47lbs., won, beating a field of six; time, 3min. 44sec. In 1864 nineteen started, and Lantern, 3 years, 85lbs., won; time, 3min. 50secs. In 1865 Toryboy beat a field of twenty-three; time, 3min. 44sec. In 1866 The Barb, 3 years, 95lbs, beat twenty-seven starters in the fast time of 3min. 45secs.; and in 1867 this time was beaten by Tim Whiffler, 5 years, carrying 121lbs., who won in 3min. 39secs. In 1868 there were sixty-eight horses nominated; fifty-six of them accepted, and twenty-five came to the post. The racing cracks of New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, Adelaide and Victoria were all entered. The betting at the start was 5 to 2 against Tom Whiffler, the winner of the race the preceding year; 4 to 1 each against Ragpicker and Little Fish, 10 to 1 against Glencoe, 15 to 1 against Shenandoah, and 20 to 1 against Strop. Glencoe won easily by a length, Strop second, Shenandoah third, and the favorite a bad fourth. The race was run in 3m. 42s.; capital time, considering the heavy weight (127lbs.) carried by the winner. Glencoe gave proof of his great merits as a racer by winning the spring handicap next day, one mile and a quarter, in 2m. 17s., carrying 126lbs., and beating fourteen opponents, and immediately afterwards winning a handicap sweepstakes of two miles, carrying the same weight, in 3m. 53s. The day afterwards he came out twice, and won the all aged sweepstakes, 12libs., one mile in 1m. 51s., and the Queen's Plate of 200 sovs., three miles, carrying 130lbs., in 5m. 53s. He thus ran and won five races in two days, at all distances from one to three miles, carrying tremendously heavy weights, and making capital time. Glencoe is therefore entitled to rank as one of the best racers of the Australian turf.

The betting on the approaching spring handicaps has become unusually brisk and animated, and several horses are backed to win very large stakes. For the earliest event, the Lincolnshire handicap, Syces, Typhoeus, Monarch of the Glen, and Lady Coventry, were all backed to win at 100 to 7 each; Typhoeus, having evidently the call over the others. This horse, a four year old, carrying 112lbs., belongs to Count Bathyany, and was a prominent favorite for last year's Derby, for which race he did not start, owing to having gone amiss just before it came off. He ran a good horse for a mile and a quarter in the St. Leger, and in the fall he beat Vale Royal by a dozen lengths over the Rowley mile at Newmarket. His stable have twice won this race before, with Suburban and Vanderveit, and they appear confident of effecting a third victory. Monarch of the Glen has been gradually and steadily backed from the commencement, and at his last quotation, 100 to 7, was supported to win about $30,000; his previous performances do not seem to warrant his present position in the betting, but his light weight for a six year old, 107 pounds, is strongly in his favor. Lady Coventry, a four year old, in Matthew Dawson's stable, with 110 pounds, has been steadily backed from the first, and her public running last year (second for the Oaks and third for the One Thousand Guineas) makes her dangerous over this course of a mile dash. Her stable companion, Silenus, 5 years, 123 pounds, a horse of tremendous speed and at home over this distance, is also backed at 25 to 1, and whichever of the two carries the stable money will be near about winning. Syce, although backed at 100 to 7, is not so firm as she was. Two outsiders, Blacklock and George Osbaldestone, have been introduced into the market at 33 to 1 each, and backed to win a good stake. For the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase, The Colonel continues first favorite, and large commissions are executed in his favor at the odds of 11 to 1. Globule, in Holman's stable, has been recently backed to win $50,000 at prices varying from 20 to 1 to 100 to 7, and his stable companion, Huntsman's Daughter, also finds support at 1,000 to 40. Brick has been knocked out of the market by an offer of 1,000 to 15 against him, and a new outsider in Harcourt has been introduced, and backed for so much money that the odds against him quickly fell from 40 to 1, to 23 to 1, taken freely. This horse is by Stockwell, out of Ellerdale, and, like all great steeple chasers, was comparatively worthless as a flat racer, only winning two races, the Marden Plate at Ascot, and Bibury Stakes at Stockbridge, during his turf career; he is now in the same stable as Alcibiade. Tathwell continues to receive support at 25 to 1; Juryman and the Lamb at 30 to 1, and Alcibiade and The Nun 40 to 1 each. Many changes in the market will doubtless ensue before the day of the race, which is run on Wednesday, March 3d. For the Chester Cup, Pan Jones is daily becoming a better favorite, and has recently been backed to win nearly $100,000 at the odds of 10 to 1. The Palmer is second favorite at 12 to 1, taken to a large amount, and offers are current to bet 500 to 600 that he beats Paul Jones, both to run. St. Mungo and Robespierre are each moderately supported by 20 to 1; Romping Girl and Bracken 40 to 1 each; Blacklock, Cocoa Nut and The Egean, 33 to 1 each; and Knight of the Garter and Fairwind each 25 to 1. Tom Dawson's pair, Mandrake and Good Hope were backed at 1,000 to 40 coupled; and 3,000 to 600 was laid against Paul Jones, with the proviso of a start.

For the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby the betting would be a complete dead letter, were it not for the doubt and uncertainty of the position of Mr. Merry's crack, Belladrum, against whom a strong spirit of hostility prevails among the bookmakers. He has resigned his pride of place in the betting to both Pero Gomez and Wild Oats, and yet no definite authority or justification can be learnt for the opposition he encounters from the knights of the pencil, who, however, are rarely in error in their movements against a favorite. He is represented as being in perfect health, doing good work, and progressing most satisfactorily to his owner and trainer. For the Guineas 1,000 to 400 is offered against Wild Oats; 1,000 to 300 against Belladrum, and 10 to 1 taken about Ethus. For the Derby 5 to 1 is the highest offer against Pero Gomez; 11 to 2 being taken in hundreds; 13 to 2 is taken about Wild Oats; and 7 to 1 taken and offered against Belladrum. There is a disposition to lay against Pretender, whose stable companion, Thorwaldsen, is backed at 3,000 to 120; Ladas at 2,000 to 80, and 5,000 to 75 against the new outsider, brother to General Peel. An offer to bet 500 to 400 against Pero Gomez, Belladrum and Wild Oats combined, was met by the counter offer to accept 600 to 400 One bet of 150 to 50 against Belladrum and Wild Oats was booked.

THE RING.

SPARRING AT THE ALHAMBRA.

PATSY SHEPPARD'S EXHIBITION.

Never since the hall known as the Alhambra, and located at 616 Broadway, was first thrown open to the public as a place of amusement was it so densely crowded as upon the evening of Monday, Feb. 15th, by the sporting fraternity, when the special attraction offered was a boxing show, the proceeds of which were to go into the pockets of that clever light-weight, Patsy Sheppard. We were pleased to see such a gathering of the element, for the previous exhibitions given in this vicinity by Sheppard proved almost dead failures, whereas his abilities as a glove practitioner, his quiet, civil deportment, and his willingness to oblige others at all times when in his power, deserved better things; consequently, this recognition of his claims upon the boys was gratifying. There is no question, however, that the announcement that the wind-up would bring together the beneficiary and Barney Aaron tended greatly to produce this result, for although these men have been once matched and so much rivalry has existed between them since Patsy first appeared in "these parts," they had never yet put up their hands in opposition, so that the public had never had a proper opportunity of forming an estimate of their relative abilities. That in case they did come together, each would call into play all his powers to secure the palm was a certainty, and consequently, everybody expected to witness a sparring bout which in point of science and excitement would equal if not excel anything yet seen upon the metropolitan boards. A large number of those present were new faces, but scattered through the throng we recognized nearly all the "regulars," prominent among them being Christopher Keyburne, Esq., of the Rue de Water, looking considerably thinner and somewhat pale after his protracted and painful illness, but as good as a score or more of dead men yet, though not so full of frolic as usual.

Shortly after eight o'clock the "hers of many battles," Uncle Tovee, who was fistical conductor, introduced the Stenson Brothers, who figure in like manner at nearly all exhibitions in the metrop., and being very smart with their digits, notwithstanding their youth, are always welcomed for the send-off. They are very evenly matched in size, skill and strength, and made a pleasing set-to. Bill Sweeney and Tom Donnelly, a couple of new 'uns, with little pretensions to scientific knowledge, followed in a slogging encounter, leaving off with honors about even, and being succeeded by the "Jack of Clubs," or "Young Richard III," as Tovee calls him, on account of his hunchback, who sang a couple of songs, varied with some heel-and-toe essences, after which he "passed around the hat" and raked in enough stamps to keep up the supply of "West Broadway, brown on top," for several days. The next pair were Teddy McAuliffe, the sturdy butcher boy from up-town, and Jem Frawley, the square-shouldered boxer, who beat Jim Turner and Jim Williams, and had not appeared on the boards for a long time previously. Just before they got to work a sudden rush was made by those farthest from the stage and the occupants of chairs (of which there were about half a dozen rows at a dollar a head) yielding to the pressure, in a trice every inch of space was closed up to the stage, while many occupying seats were forced from them, or obliged to take a "standee," in order to see over the heads of those in front. For a time confusion reigned supreme in Warsaw, the crowding, pushing, squeezing, elbowing and occasional snapping of chair backs and rungs, being added to by cries of "sot down," "down in front," "hats off," and now and then a well rounded exclamation not exactly suited to ears polite, all of which combined to improvise a small sized pandemonium, and brought Tovee to the fore, who exhorted the boys to keep order, reminding them that few places are now open to them, and that if such scenes as this were permitted to occur the Alhambra would also be closed—all of which was as true as anything the old man ever uttered. This exhortation not having the desired effect, the proprietor of the hall faced the footlights, and stated that if these uproarious demonstrations did not cease he would be compelled to turn off the gas and put an end to the show at once. This speech had a good effect, and caused matters to quiet down considerably, though a few wild fellows persisted in acting obstreperously. If this "episode" has not decided the landlord not to let this place for exhibitions hereafter, those securing it will act wisely anu for their own good if they adopt such measures as will ensure order, prevent destruction of furniture, and enable those who pay double price for seats to receive the benefit of such expenditure; common sense ought to teach them this much.

The meeting between Teddy and Jem was both scientific and exciting, each administering with gusto sundry and divers poultices, and both receiving them with a grace. Frawley is the stouter of the twain, but Ted is nimblest upon his pedals, and if either had the best of the engagement, it was in his favor. The next was a very laughable encounter, the parties thereto being "Furlong, of Boston," and "friend," said friend being evidently a chap who had never before had on a pair of boxing gloves, and who, as he mounted the stage, attired in a homespun suit, with his pants stuck in his boots, looked nearly frightened out of his wits, and set the lookers-on in rears of laughter. Furlong, who showed that he had "been there" often before, had everything his own way, of course, and settled the "hay-seed" chap by a couple of facers, which made him look very much as though he "wanted to go home." Ere the merriment created by this bout had subsided, Patsy Lally, an exceedingly clever young 'un, who shows up frequently, came on with young Thompson, smaller than himself. The former was much applauded for the really fine exhibition he made, though it would have been far more interesting had he had some one of equal skill opposed to him; as it was, however, Thompson did quite well, and would have done better had he not acted upon the defensive so persistently. He mustn't be so careful of himself hereafter, but assume the offensive more. Tom Fox and Bill Hogan then went in on their knuckle and fairly made the fur fly by the fierceness of their onsets, the set-to being characterized by very little science, though creating considerable enthusiasm. John Hussey, called 'the Infant,' because of his immense size, and Bill Daly, who went to the other extreme, being a trim-built, slim young fellow, next faced the music. Everybody supposed, from Daly's tackling such a big 'un (who, in very bad taste, stripped his body to the buff), that he was very smart with his hands, but when they put up it was seen that it was "booze," not knowledge of the art, which gave him confidence. A couple of facers made him stop, and then Young Hanley (brother of poor dead and gone Jim) donned the gloves with a little Cockney, though by name McCarty. Manley was the tallest of the pair, but though quite proficient he was scarce a match in skill and artfulness combined for Mac, who had the best of the hitting, although he napped several hot 'uns on the boke, which made his eyes twinkle anything but good humoredly. McCarty was the first to cry "go, however, the Fourth Warder keeping on the mits for sometime after the Englishman had commenced to don his duds.

Not being satisfied yet, Bill Daly again "harnessed up" in company with Omealia. He evidently thought, because the latter was a smaller man, that he would be able to "get hunk" for his meet with Hussey, but he found himself sadly out of his reckoning, for Omealia is one of our most promising young sparrers, possessed of great strength and determination, and as he always goes in with a vim, he quickly opened the optics of William, dropping him twice flat on his spinal column, and causing him to see more stars than a man with half a dozen bottles of Hoddick beneath his vest pattern ever dreamed of. One of the Stensons and Young Gilmartin, a comical genius with a true Milesian physiog., fair, fat and about "sweet (?) six'teen," were the succeeding duo, and a decidedly amusing bout they made of it. Stenson possessed all the skill, but the position and action of the other—who took hard thumps as though they were his special delight, grinning the while "openly," and looking for all the world like a snapping turtle—rather puzzled him at first, making him somewhat nervous, but after he "got the hang of the thing," he propped "Gil" a number of times heavily, though the latter would have kept at it much longer had not Tovee called for the wind-up. Dan Kerrigan and Frank Donnelly, whose skill is well known to our readers, then treated the spectators to a neat display of the beauties of the art, and were loudly applauded as they stepped down. The crowd were now electrified by the advent of Sheppard and Aaron, and those who had felt convinced, from the latter's delay, that he did not intend to show up, were "easy" again. What was their surprise then to see Barney shortly jump down again and elbow his way toward the door, which gave rise to cries of "What's the matter, Barney?" "Ain't you going to set-to?" To these he deigned no reply, but Tovee explained matters by stating that "Aaron was very sorry he could not set-to with Sheppard, but that Mike Noonan had volunteered to take his place." This created intense dissatisfaction, and as no reason for such a course now offered, causing disappointment to so many persons, the belief was expressed upon all sides that Barney was either actuated by petty spite, or else that he had too good an opinion of Patsy's prowess to care about meeting him with the gloves, which appearances would seem to prove. Aaron was certainly injured in the estimation of the fraternity by so doing; had he assigned any plausible reason for declining to set-to it would have been different, but the boys don't like to have their wishes disregarded in this manner. The substitute selected was perhaps the most eligible who could have been obtained, and they made a very pretty set-to, in which the beauties of "stop, job and get away" were well illustrated. Mike is not strong enough, either in muscle or science, to compete with Patsy, the latter's blows being cleanest and delivered with greater force. Taken altogether, however, it was a very good set-to indeed, reflecting great credit upon both men, and winding up the "sports of the evening" as Uncle Tovee invariably puts it, to "one and all," in an agreeable manner.

Jos Cowen took a benefit at the Academy of Music, Sacramento, Cal., on Jan. 22d, and was welcomed by a crowded house.

DEATH OF AARON JONES.

We have received by telegraph, from Louisville, a brief announcement of the death of the widely known boxer, Aaron Jones, which occurred at Leavenworth, Ind., on Tuesday, 16th inst. The deceased, who figured prominently in the annals of pugilism upon both sides of the Atlantic, was born at a village called Pennsylvania, on the Ludlow road, located about ten miles from Shrewsbury, England, March 1st, 1833, stood 5 feet 10¾ inches in his stockings, o' sandy complexion, and in appearance was a fine specimen of physical humanity, while in manner he was civil and unassuming. He was not a Jew, as many have been led to suppose from his Christian name, which was also a Jewish one. Evincing a taste for milling, he tried his hand at that business before he was seventeen years of age in a contest with Harry Orme, for £20 a side, as Jem Burns' Novice. This was Orme's first appearance as well as that of Jones, but he was some seven years the older of the two. The men fought at Frimley on Dec. 18, 1849, when, after contending 40 rounds in 2h. 45 m., Orme was declared the winner. Jones next engagement was on the 24th of September, 1850, his opponent being the veteran Bob Wade, the Dover champion, whom he fought for twenty-five pounds a side, and vanquished in 43m. 60 sin. After this Jones kept out of the business for about two years, and having grown in stature and bulk, concluded to try it on with Harry Orme once more, that worthy, in the interim, having made Nat Langham (the only man who ever defeated Tom Sayers) strike his flag for the first and only time. This time the tables between them was £100 a side. They fought a few rounds at Bourn Bridge and a few at Newmarket, Orme getting the advantage at the former place and Jones at the latter. The referee then named a third place, where the ring was once more pitched, but Jones declined to renew the contest, and Orme was awarded the stakes. The battle in both rings lasted but 33 min., during which time 23r. ensued, on May 10, 1852. Jones' reason for this refusal, said *Bell's Life*, "we have never fathomed. It was at the time set down to a want of heart, but we are more inclined to attribute it to weakness of constitution, as his battles with Paddock and Sayers afterwards proved."

Jones, after this battle, was again on the shelf for a period of two years, and he then came out boldly with a challenge to Tom Paddock, who had previously beaten Nobby Clarke twice, was beaten by Bendigo (foul blow), the Tipton Slasher, and Harry Poulson, and achieved two victories over Poulson afterwards. The challenge was accepted by Paddock, and he and Jones met July 18th, 1854, at Long Reach, for £100 a side, and after as gallant a struggle as was, perhaps, ever witnessed, in which both were severely mauled, Jones became perfectly blind, and his friends gave in for him, after fighting 121 rounds in 2 hours and 24 minutes. So satisfied were his backers on this occasion that they at once expressed their willingness to make a fresh match, and after some little time articles were entered into, and they went into training for the second mill. This affair came off at Mildenhall, July 26th, 1855, and was another display of manly courage and perseverance on both sides. Towards the close, Jones, who for some time had the best of it, fell off very weak, and Paddock, who, like his opponent, was much punished and exhausted, saw that his time was come, and, shaking himself together, he rattled away in style until Jones was once more compelled to cry "a go," after a contest of 61 rounds in 1h. 28 min. Jones after this was matched with the Tipton Slasher, who had defeated Paddock, and been beaten by Charley Freeman, the American Giant, but this intended mill never came to a meeting, as Jones found a difficulty in obtaining his money, and was compelled to forfeit the snug sum of £70 in the early part of 1856. A year or so later, Jones was matched against the gallant Tom Sayers, who was fighting his way up with an eye on the champion belt, who had then defeated Dan Collins, Jack Grant, Harry Poulson and other good men. The amount in dispute was £100 a side, and the battle came off on January 6, 1857, on the banks of the river Medway, when, after a hard struggle of three hours' duration, in which sixty-two rounds were disputed, the approach of darkness caused the referee to proclaim it a draw. Both were severely punished; each had a peeper closed, Jones' right was fast following his left, and his right hand was injured. After several cards between them, it was finally agreed to let the main stake stand, and a bet of £100 was added. They met again a little over a month later, on the 10th of February, in the same vicinity, when, after a gallant struggle of two hours' duration, and 85 rounds, Sayers won. Jones had both eyes closed and was severely handled, while Sayers scarcely had a black eye. Jones' backer, the Marquis of Queensbury, afterwards authorised Nat Langham to make a third match for £200 a side and the championship, Jones not to be named till the second deposit, but this was stopped by the death of the Marquis. From a perusal of his battles it would appear that, after an hour and a half's fighting, Jones invariably fell off weak. This was his last battle in his native country.

On the 2d of September, 1858, Aaron Jones arrived in New York by the Africa, having been sent to superintend Heenan's training for his memorable battle with John Morrissey. After fulfilling his contract and the fight was over and things had settled down a little as far as the Heenan and Morrissey factions were concerned, Jones accompanied Heenan, Cusick, Price and others on a tour, which was not over successful. At almost the same time, John C. Heenan sent on a challenge to fight Tom Sayers, in March, 1859. Aaron Jones, who was then in New Orleans, and not aware of Heenan having done so, also sent a *defi* to his old antagonist, offering to fight Sayers for the championship and $1,000 a side. The sum of $1,000 was sent on with the challenge by Jones' backer, and $250 a side posted for Jones and Sayers to fight, although Tom had no less than three matches on hand—with Bill Benjamin, Bob Brettle and an Unknown. Sayers and Jones were to have fought in six months' time from the last match. Subsequently to this, Heenan's friends paid up the stakes and forfeited the $250 on, to forego his first chance of fighting Sayers in Heenan's favor, Jones holding himself in readiness to meet the English champion, win or lose with Heenan. Nothing, however, came of this, and on Heenan's return, after his fight with Sayers, he was joined by Jones, and, in company with Cusick, Price and others, all went on a tour. At the breaking out of the war, in 1861, Jones was in the southern country, and afterwards in the Confederate army, on Gen. Beauregard's staff. For the next five years, or during the war, he was but little heard of. At the conclusion, about the first of July of this year, Jones, who was then living in Louisville

THE DECLARATION.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JINKS.

I met a maid last Sunday's eve
With wealth of golden hair,
Whose brow was white as ocean foam,
And pure as angels are.

Her voice was like an echo sweet
Adown some flowery dell,
Or like the low sweet spirit tones
Of sadly tolling bell.

And you have seen thro' clouds at eve
A small, bright speck of sky,
Thro' which you looked to heaven afar,
And that was like her eye.

Her smile was like the sunset glow
Upon a crimson shell;
Or like the bright and glowing tinge
Of scarlet pimpernell.

A loveliness almost divine—
To mortals seldom given—
A link within the golden chain
That touches earth and heaven.

Thus hand in hand we wandered on
Till stars came forth on high,
And once methought my hand she pressed
And softly breathed a sigh.

And then we for a moment paused,
Whilst I breathed in her ear,
"I love you, I adore you!
Say, sweet one, did you hear?"

But then I rather think she did,
As from her lips so thin
I heard the words come plainly forth
"*Young man, ye'r hat at the* TEN."

THE ALDERMAN OF THE FOURTH WARD.

BY "THE JUVENILE."

I presume that almost every man, woman and child of this metropolis has, at some one time or the other, heard of the Hon. Mike Walsh, whilom leader of the subterranean democracy, a reckless, harum-scarum politician of decided ability and considerable influence, who flourished as a statesman, an editor and a fellow of infinite mirth. Among his other eccentricities, and they were as numerous as they were harmless, Mike Walsh was an inveterate practical joker—indeed, I may say, the distinguished congressman was never in a more congenial humor than while concocting and carrying out a pleasantry of this nature, as he possessed a natural talent for this style of humor, conjoined to a suavity and plausibility in personal manner, enabling him to indulge in practical jokes of a stupendous character. I will guarantee, however, that not a solitary one of the numerous victims to Mike's confirmed propensity ever found fault with the author of their annoyance, when realizing the truly ludicrous termination invariably accompanying an ebullition of his inventions or misrepresentations.

Of quite a different character was Dennis Mullins, better known as the Alderman of the Fourth Ward, through having attained that municipal dignity at a time when it was presumed the appellation carried with it both dignity and honor. Dennis was a personage of common origin, who, by dint of industry and perseverance, had acquired a handsome property in that district, and, having done so, longed to leave behind him a magisterial reputation. Dennis was ambitious; yet, possessed as he was of native common sense, he was shrewd enough to limit his aspirations within reasonable bounds. The Fourth Ward was the land of his promise, the Canaan he could rule without hindrance or molestation, hence, when he was duly elected to be alderman of that district, Dennis was content at heart, but determined upon being treated by his constituents and tenants with the full share of respect to which he conceived their representative to be entitled.

Mr. Alderman Mullins possessed, however, a palpable weakness, which was observed by everybody save himself, or rather he persistently closed his eyes against possibility of its self observation. The fact was that the worthy alderman conceived himself to be a natural born orator, and, deluded with that idea, insisted upon illuminating the municipal chamber with scintillations of his genius upon all manner of subjects, regardless as to the propriety of time or as to the topic under discussion. Besides, to give due force to his eloquence, Dennis, having mastered the contents of a dictionary, persisted in stringing together the largest number of polysyllables it was possible for the human voice to emit, within a given space of time, without risk of physical exhaustion.

The Mayor of New York, during the period of Dennis' Aldermanship, thought it incumbent upon him to preach a crusade against mock auctioneers and to attempt the serious task of their suppression. About the same time Mike Walsh was in the habit of loitering around the City Hall and of occasionally honoring the aldermanic chamber with his presence, an action on his part which did not escape the eagle eye of Mr. Alderman Mullins, who failed not to denounce the intrusion of the waggish politician as an offence against parliamentary dignity, especially as Mike, although an outsider, frequently prompted the speakers.

Dennis had a grand scheme as well for the suppression of Peter Funks as for the emolument of his constituents. It was simply the hiring of some dozen or so of the most stalwart Fourth Warders of Hibernian origin, and posting them in front of the mock auction establishments, armed with placards upon which was inscribed, in gigantic letters, the legend:—"Strangers, beware of mock auctions." This scheme, after being adopted by the Mayor, was put in practical operation, and a few days thereafter New York witnessed the spectacle of a series of herculean banner bearers, pacing with the regularity of sentries before the numerous suspicious auction stores then existing along Park Row and Chatham street, waving the municipal admonition in the faces of all passers by, despite the scowls, threats and curses of the occupants of the premises in this wise placed beneath the magisterial ban.

Alderman Mullins was jubilant when the jocular genius of Mike Walsh interposed to cast a damper upon his exultation. Mike was standing upon the steps of the City Hall, when there emerged from its portals one of the mayor's retainers, placard upon shoulder, who, from his manner and costume, was evidently a fresh exile from Erin. The man held a card in his hand which, Mike rightly guessed, gave the direction to the post he was ordered to mount guard over.

"Will yer be after letting me know where this is?" enquired the Hibernian, casting a furtive glance at the windows of the Hall, fearing least some of the officials of that establishment might become cognizant of his ignorance of the locality assigned him, for, thinking an admission of his inability to navigate the public streets correctly to his destination might result in the loss of the job, Patrick resolved to trust to luck to accomplish his mission.

"Aint you afraid to go down there with that sign board?" inquired Walsh, as he pointed to the monitorial canvas.

"Devil a bit, as long as I have my hands about me?" responded the Irishman with a knowing wink of the eye.

"What are you going to do when you get there?" remarked Mike.

"I am to walk up and down the front of the store," replied Patrick, as if rehearsing the instructions given him, "until they close it up, without speaking a word to any man."

"But suppose they say anything to you," suggested Mike.

"I'll close their potato trap in mighty short order," and Patrick, as if to demonstrate the sincerity of his intentions, closed his massive fist and made a hostile movement in the air.

"Who gave you this job?" resumed the inquisitive joker.

"Alderman Mullins, sure," replied the Irishman exultantly, "and may God's blessing be with him."

"Well, as the alderman's a particular friend of mine," quoth Mike with due seriousness, "just to oblige him I'll take you down to the place myself; you see somebody may impose on you."

The gentleman from Ireland was all thankfulness, and, with Walsh leading the way, trudged merrily down to the lower part of the city, to the great astonishment of the denizens of a section of the town hitherto believed to have remained unvisited by the disciples of Peter Funk—at least in the auction line.

"There you are, Patrick," observed Mike Walsh confidentially, as he pointed out a large store, from which a red flag hung out prominently; "now don't leave your post without a fight, say what they will to you; if you do, the alderman will never give you another job. So mind your eye and keep your fists handy."

"God bless your honor," and Patrick bowed as well as the weight of the placard would allow him. Then, mounting aloft his signal board, so as to render it visible with greater distinctness, he crossed the street and commenced his guardian walk.

The singular exhibition of the Mayor's warning paraded thus ostentatiously before the door of one of the most reputable and responsible of wholesale auctioning houses, especially at a time of an extensive sale, which had been advertised largely to attract the attention of western merchants, then in town, proved a source of amusement with those cognizant of the firm's standing, but the proprietors did not regard the affair in so ludicrous a light. A messenger was dispatched to the standard bearer to inform him of his error, but Patrick, true to instructions, could be induced neither to open his mouth in explanation or to discontinue his obnoxious parade, while the crowd of laughing merchants, among whom knowledge of the joke speedily circulated, augmented to enjoy the perplexities of their neighbors to an inconvenient extent.

Finally, one of the most irate of the firm gave positive orders to the store porter forcibly to dispossess Patrick of the offending sign board.

"Be jabbers! Alderman Mullins sent me here," at length ejaculated the trusty placard bearer, "and I won't give in without a fight."

Then, as the porter attempted to carry out his orders, the Hibernian converted the handle of his ensign into an impromptu shillelah and laid about him with such a good will as to force his assailant to a precipitate retreat. However, the alderman's champion soon found himself out-numbered by the arrival of a body of police, who, by main force, carried off the bellicose son of Erin and conveyed him before a magistrate. This dignitary, perceiving the well meaning fellow to be the victim of a practical joke, discharged him from custody to go forth and lay his wrongs before the aldermanic representative of the old Fourth Ward.

Great was the anger of Alderman Dennis Mullins when he discovered authorship of the indignity imposed upon his humble subordinate, and he vowed condign punishment upon the incorrigible Mike whenever he could be caught transgressing upon the dignity of an aldermanic worthy, within the limits of the Fourth Ward especially. In fact, he made no secret of his intentions, but delivered himself, at the next meeting of the Board, of an oration to that effect, which eclipsed all his prior efforts as to the fierceness of language used, and the superior length of words employed.

Mike Walsh was, shortly after the discomfiture of Dennis' man, discussing the impossibility of extinguishing Peter Funkism by the placard movement, and asserting his own power of closing up mock auction shops on a system peculiar to himself, when a bystander, listening to his remarks at the Pewter Mug, offered to bet drinks for the crowd that the eminent gentleman could do nothing of the kind. The wager was speedily taken up, and the crowd, converted into interested jurors as to the fact, sallied out to pay, some dozen in number, an experimental visit to one of the most noted of victimizers of that particular genius whose store was, luckily for the purposes of a habitually dry party, located but a short distance thence along the line of Park row, near Tammany Hall.

When Mike and his companions entered the shop, the mock auctioneer and his attendant train of Peter Funks were taken thoroughly aback, as they were evidently doing a thriving business, having succeeded in roping in two or three egregious flats from out of town, at the moment engaged in competing for purchase of a glittering watch, held forth temptingly as the knight of the hammer rattled off the bidding.

"Poor widow's watch—last gift of a dying husband—must be sold to pay rent, due twelve this day," quoth the auctioneer, seeming not to notice the accumulation of customers. "What shall I say? Going—going. Warranted pure gold. Going at ten—at—"

"Ten dollars," interposed a countryman, somewhat nervously.

"Only ten dollars. Is that your bid?" resumed the auctioneer. "Only ten dollars. Going at ten—at ten—at ten—dolls—doll—doll—"

"Eleven," interrupted a Peter Funk, dressed as a seedy spectator.

"And a half," continued the countryman, after an inspection of the article.

"Eleven and a half is dirt cheap," went on the auctioneer. "'Leven and harf—'leven and a harf. Going—going. 'Leven and harf—"

"Twelve," interposed a second Peter, garnished with imitation diamond breast pin.

"Twelve—twelve. Going at twelve," and the auctioneer looked imploringly at the gentleman from the rural district. "At twelve—at twelve. Going at twelve. Why, it's robbing the poor woman."

"So it is," remarked Mike, speaking for the first time; "I'll give fifty."

"Twelve—twelve—twelve," continued the auctioneer, in his rattling method.

"I bid fifty," interrupted Walsh, in that clear, sharp tone of voice which was wont to ring through the souls of the unterrified democracy.

"Fif-fif-fifty," gasped out the auctioneer, in abjectness of despair, as the unwelcome sound grated upon his practiced ear; "fi-fif-fifty. Gone at fifty. What is your name, sir?"

"Cash," coolly responded Mike; "put that aside for me and put up another article, and I'll pay for all I buy in one lot."

Reluctant as was the auctioneer to comply with this suggestion, he found himself compelled either to acquiesce or to leave off selling, as the verdant individuals, whom he expected to victimize, would be frightened off the track, had their suspicions been aroused as to the real character of the establishment. Consequently he put up in succession a number of trumpery articles, trusting to disgust his unwelcome visitor, or to weary out his patience, but for all of which the imperturbable Mike Walsh overbid even the extravagant offers of the professional attendants of the concern, who now began to comprehend the tactics inaugurated for their annoyance, and which, if persisted in, would preclude possibility of receiving a genuine offer. At last, the customers from the rural sections, perceiving themselves overbid on all sides, without understanding the motives for a constant rivalry, tranquilly withdrew to seek auction bargains elsewhere, as their time they regarded as evidently precious.

"Sale closed until two o'clock," shouted the auctioneer, descending from his desk and darting a look of intense fury upon the annihilator of the work of a day, opening with much promise.

"Thank you, I'll be here again about that hour," observed Walsh with the coolest of assurance; "meantime, make out my bill, or if you choose you can send those things to——"

"To the devil!" interrupted the mock auctioneer, his tone of voice sufficiently indicating the anger doubtlessly consuming him.

The procession of jurors, highly elated at the success of Mike's ingenious system of over-purchase as a means of closing mock auctioneers, retraced their steps to the Pewter Mug and there gave their decision adverse to the skeptical bystander. But no sooner had the wager been cleverly disposed of than one of the party reported that the obdurate auctioneer, having succeeded in entrapping another bevy of greenhorns, had reopened his store and resumed operations, apparently with show of better pecuniary results.

"His watch may be a little fast," observed Mike with a smile, and then turning to the crowd, added, "suppose we patronize him again."

The report of the auctioneer's violation of faith, as to the closing of his sale, proved thoroughly true, as the friends of Mike saw with their own eyes upon returning to the establishment, which, at the time of the reappearance, was tolerably well filled with a lot of Californians, freshly landed from the steamer. In fact, as Mike was thoroughly aware, he and his companions had scarcely disappeared from sight, than the shop had been reopened and the entire machinery of the establishment set again in motion.

"I thought I'd buy some more," observed Walsh as he reentered, and then, casting a glance upon the Californians, remarked, "but 'twernt hardly fair not to give me a fair show for my money."

The first visit of Mike had excited the anger of the discomfited auctioneer to its utmost, but the re-intrusion of the inveterate joker at this precise juncture, when a golden harvest absolutely stared him in the face, drove the man to a desperation uncontrollable.

"Get out of this, you infernal loafer!" shouted Peter, vehemently.

"Suppose I don't," answered Mike, with annoying coolness.

"Then I'll make you," and the auctioneer, relying upon the co-operation of his satellites, reached down beneath the counter and armed himself with an iron bar some four feet in length, a blow from which he dealt at the person of his annoyer. Mike was keen eyed, lithe and active, so, watching every movement of the auctioneer, he jumped back out of reach of his assailant, who, from the force of his own blow, lost his balance and fell sprawling upon the counter, with his face downward and his head and shoulders projecting over the side fronting Mike and the startled customers.

"Oh! that's your gait, is it?" inquired Mike, mildly, but before his antagonist could recover an upright position he closed upon him, and, throwing an arm around the neck, held his head with the tenacity of a vice, while with the other he plied vigorously upon the exposed face of the imprisoned wight a series of scientific upper-cuts.

"Murder!" shouted the auctioneer, dropping his weapon and employing both hands in a fruitless endeavor to extricate himself.

Perceiving the embarrassment of their employer, the band of stipendiaries of the establishment rushed manfully to his rescue, and, as the friends of Mike were of the subterranean species and traveled naturally upon their muscle, a general free fight ensued, resulting in the ejectment of the proprietor, of his host of Peter Funks, and of a great proportion of his pinchbeck jewelry into the street, and in a regular smash of the concern.

As a matter of course, although the row was of short duration, a good-sized crowd congregated upon the scene of action, who, upon learning the cause of the commotion, added their quota of kicks and cuffs to the dismayed and defeated gang of victimizers. Among the assemblage shortly appeared Mike, bearing in his hand the iron bar, which he claimed as a trophy of his victory. He had not progressed many yards before he found himself confronted with the person of the doughty Alderman of the Fourth Ward, within whose domains the disturbance had occurred.

"In the name of the peace of the people, whose representative I am, I command this mutinous assemblage to disperse instantaneously," shouted the alderman, at the top of his lungs, for, perceiving a glorious opportunity of making known his magisterial capacity and of insisting upon observance of its fancied prerogatives, especially in the presence of Mike, he resolved to embrace it, and, through it, to humiliate his political compeer.

"Who are you, making all this noise?" calmly inquired Walsh, to the perfect horror of the alderman, who, astounded at his well known associate's assurance, resolved, in retaliation, to ignore knowledge of the subterranean leader's personal existence.

"I!" almost gasped out the perplexed dignitary, when recovering his habitual equanimity, he added in a commanding tone, "I am Dennis Mullins, by the blessing of God and the election of the people, Alderman of the Fourth Ward; as for you, I, Dennis Mullins, in my official character aforesaid, in and by virtue of the peace of the people of the State of New York, whose representative I am, ordain you to lay down that implement of destruction now in your hand."

"But suppose I don't," and Mike smiled blandly.

"Then," responded the alderman, deeply mortified that his words appeared to have made but slight impression upon the crowd, "I, as a city magistrate, will call in my subordinates in office, to wit: the police, and cause you to be apprehended for disturbance of the public peace, of which I am the custodian and legal guardian."

"You had better try it on, old fellow," said Mike, in mockery.

"The anger of Mr. Alderman Mullins was raising rapidly when symptoms of relief came to him in the bodies of peace officers, then known as M. P.'s or members of the Mayor's Police. But, unfortunately for the sustenance of the alderman's official dignity, the men were fresh appointments from some up town district, to whom the person of the Fourth Ward magnate was totally unknown.

"What's the row?" demanded the policemen, curtly.

"I, Dennis Mullins," resumed the aldermanic luminary, congratulating himself at the opportune arrival of the officers, "have apprehended and detected that boisterous individual, with that blood thirsty instrument of devastation in his hand, in the act of inciting these malicious personages to the destruction of the public peace, and therefore I, Alderman of the Fourth Ward, do command and make known that he be incarcerated and arrested as a burglarious character and of disorderly habits."

"Do you know me, M. P's?" enquired the political leader.

"You're Mike Walsh," responded both officers, simultaneously.

"That's so," rejoined Mike, and, turning to the dignified Dennis, he addressed him in that tone of satire and with that impressive manner of delivery peculiar to himself, "you infernal scoundrel, the attempt made to incarcerate my person, to bring a stain upon my name, I can overlook; but when you, you consummate hypocrite, to accomplish your vile ends, assume the name, title and rank of a man I admire and esteem, of one of my most honored bosom friends, of the most learned, talented and respectable of our city fathers, whose equal does not exist outside the aldermanic chamber, my duty, as a citizen, compels me to denounce you as a foul hearted impostor. *You* Dennis Mullins, Alderman of the Fourth Ward;" continued Mike, raising his voice to its highest pitch of clearness, "you, infamous villain, I've known you since you were knee high to a mosquito; your name is Maloney, you're a Peter Funk, and for the honor of my friend, Dennis Mullins, I make a complaint against you. Take him off officers, and I'll be up to the Tombs directly."

"Come along, Maloney," said the officers, seizing upon the alderman, and, despite his protestations, threats and imprecations, the newly appointed policemen dragged their prisoner in the direction of the City Prison, followed by the usual crowd of idlers and loungers, while Mike tranquilly retraced his steps to the Pewter Mug.

A couple of days after, Mike, loitering around the aldermanic chamber, overheard the victim to his jocularity pouring his complaints into the ear of the venerable Clarkson Crolius.

"Mr. Alderman Crolius," quoth his colleague of the Fourth, "of all the impertinence that you ever read on, that you heard tell on, or that you can believe on, that of Michael Walsh beats everything. Only the other day I caught him in the public streets, disturbing the public peace, with a sanguinary weapon in his hand, and when I caused his apprehension, he faced me down that I wasn't myself, that I was a Peter Funk and gave me in charge to my own officers, and had it not been for the blessing of God and the presence of Barnabas Osborne, I would have spent the night in the Tombs. And what do you think of that treatment for an alderman and a member of this illustrious board?"

Mike had listened quietly to the bill of Dennis' complaints without failing to remark that the much respected alderman from the Sixth was rather amused than pained at the narration of his colleague's wrongs. Then, bestowing upon the shoulder of the dignitary from the Fourth a whack, which very nearly doubled him up, the joker uttered in a congratulatory tone of voice:—"Ah! Maloney, how did you get out?"

WRESTLING MATCH.—A match for £50 was decided at the Snipe Inn Grounds, Audenshaw, Eng., on the 30th ult., between those noted wrestlers, J. Massey, of Dukinfield (the present holder of the champion's gold cup at 6 score 6lb) and Henry Counsel (*alias* Baudy), of Hindley, the conditions being that they should contest the best of three back falls, Massy confining himself to 6 score 10lb, and allowing Baudy to be 7 score 4lb. Mr. Booth (the proprietor) was stakeholder, and Jemmy the Huntsman, of Rochedale, referee. They commenced hostilities, and, after tugging together for 32min., and some good play being displayed by both, Massy gained the first fall. The usual rest of 10min. having elapsed, they again renewed play, and, after wrestling for 32min. more, and darkness approaching, the referee ordered them to renew the contest on Feb. 1st, but at the time fixed for weighing on that day neither party could come to terms, and Mr. Booth returned each man his money. F. Robinson, of Ashton, has since challenged Massy to contest at 6 score 6lb. for £25 a side.

AN ORTHODOX SALOON.—A New Orleans bar-keeper, probably wishing to attract custom from passers-by on their way to the neighboring churches, distributed his business cards with the following quotations printed on one side:—

Old Testament.	*New Testament.*
Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more.—Prov. xxxi; 6, 7.	Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities. —First Epistle Paul to Timothy, Chap. v; 23.

He that don't like wine, woman and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.

TREMENDOUS WHOPPER.—In Mount Pleasant, Ia., there lives a man who never hesitates to tell a lie whenever it serves his purpose. At one time he joined the church, but becoming a backslider soon after, the clergyman remonstrated with him, and alluded to the punishment he might expect to meet hereafter, unless he reformed. "Why, Mr. Sifkin," the divine added, "you bear the reputation of being the greatest story-teller in the State." "I know it," said the sinner, "I know that I am a great liar, but I can't help telling lies. I've *shed barrels and barrels of tears* because nature so shaped my tongue that it's never easy unless when telling monstrous whoppers."

A YOUNG lady who affected a disinclination towards matrimony, wrote on a pane of glass some verses expressive of her determination never to enter into a holy state. A gentleman who doubted the lady's resolve wrote underneath:—

"The fair, whose vow these scratchy lines betoken,
Wrote them on glass—she knew it would be broken."

DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the dim long ago, when fancy wrought dreams
Of greatness and glory for me,
Through the future there struggled some mystical gleams
Of a life time too happy to be.

I dreamed that I sat in an editor's chair,
A-clipping away "items" and scraps;
That the *devil* himself stood in littleness there,
Doing me honor—perhaps!

And I dreamed of a fireside, cosy and bright,
And a loving, endearing young wife,
Whose sweet winning smiles were a clear beacon light
On the storm-darkened ocean of life.

Then I dreamed that an army was at my command,
Its leader respected and bold;
That dazzling fame held I grasped in my hand,
And with honor there came to me gold.

Fruition has crowned these wild dreams of my youth,
For I've sat in an editor's chair;
Clipping stray scraps, and mending the truth,
But no honor nor glory was there!

I've HAD a young wife—but no soft winning smiles
To lighten the burdens of life;
For her tongue, it was long, and her temper 'twas wild—
She engendered continual strife.

I've commanded an army—oh would I ne'er had!
Of children, of "helps," and of nurses;
The children brought nothing but grief to their "dad,"
And the helps were not blessings but curses.

Wealth, too, I have had, but it brought me no joy,
And the future looms joyless and black,
And I pine for the days when a wild, thoughtless boy,
I had but one shirt to my back!

PIX.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 44.—The Great Fire.

Wednesday evening, December 16th, 1835, will be ever memorable in the local annals of New York, as upon that disastrous night occurred one of those calamities which have, from time to time, afflicted many of the great cities of the Old World through consumption of an enormous amount of valuable property by a disastrous conflagration. The Great Fire of London was an historical incident, duly commemorated by a durable monument, in order that future generations might be reminded of the terrible ravages inflicted upon Britain's capital when comparatively in the infancy of its commercial greatness. But never upon this hemisphere had occurred a conflagration at all comparable to the Great Fire at New York, which raged with fearful violence during the bitter nights of December, 1835, a visitation which lives only in the memory of the passing generation, many of whom have been heavy sufferers, directly or indirectly, through this sudden and unexpected event.

At the period of the Great Fire the lower part of the city had been, in a measure, converted into a purely business mart, as the tide of fashion flowed steadily and insensibly from its original centre towards the outer limits of the town. Nevertheless, the First Ward, wherein the seat of our mercantile disaster was located, was still tenanted by a number of private residences generally in the occupation of wealthy citizens, who lingered with commendable tenacity around the scenes of their boyhood hours, while the great mass of the hotels were ranged along Broadway, or constructed within easy access of the Merchants' Exchange. In fact, the main body of the mercantile class inhabited the cross streets below St. Paul's Church, while the immediate vicinity of the Bowling Green was regarded as the West End, or the fashionable part of the city. The buildings, fronting upon that pretty park, were looked upon as the palaces of merchant princes, being somewhat sarcastically designated Mushroom row, to denote that their proprietors had been architects of their own fortunes, as well as of their own mansions, in those days when Stephen Whitney, a self made millionaire, was considered to be a commercial miracle. It is consequently easy to imagine the consternation and dismay which reigned over that portion of New York, as the rapid spread of a devastating element brought havoc and despair almost beneath the eaves of the merchants' firesides.

The Great Fire burst forth from the store of Crawford & Andrews, situated at No. 25 Merchant street, in the rear of the Merchants' Exchange, one of those crooked alleyways which Diedrick Knickerbocker assures us was laid out by our Dutch progenitors following in the homebound track of meditative cows. The store being, contrary to the then prevalent custom of allowing the clerks sleeping privileges, untenanted, and the night one of more than ordinary coldness, the thermometer standing below zero, the fire had made rapid progress before being discovered, and, once under weigh, communicated to the neighboring buildings with alarming celerity. The city watch, mainly composed of store porters and cartmen, at once sounded the fire bells, for, in those days, every bell in town rang an incessant alarm during progress of a conflagration, whereupon the department turned out with that alacrity ever distinguishing our volunteer firemen, many of its members coming from the more remote districts, as news of the true character of the conflagration became generally disseminated.

The fire department of that period was not calculated to combat with the fiery element with mechanical appliances suggested by the experience of this event. The engines were diminutive affairs, worked by hand power, with side levers, and dependent upon the assistance of the crowds of loungers ever to be found at occurrence of a fire, who toiled at the brakes until their physical strength became expended, and then fell back to make room for some other individuals ever ready to assume their vacated places. As the manipulation of a fire engine was regarded a species of popular pastime, every company, in addition to its members, embraced a collection of "runners," who manifested a laudable emulation in relieving, for the honor of "the machine," the labors of the regular firemen. The Croton had not as yet been introduced, consequently our citizens were dependent upon town pumps for the supply of the aqueous beverage for daily use, while to assist in arresting the destruction of property public cisterns had been created, generally in front of churches and other public edifices, whence, by means of suction pipes, the fire engines drank up the water discharged through the hose. But as these cisterns were few and far between, and pretty frequently devoid of contents, it was mainly upon the river that our department relied for their necessary supply of extinguishing material. To accomplish the purpose of their invention the fire engines formed a long line, the one receiving the water from another, and in this wise stretched over the distance, oftentimes of over a mile, the river side being regarded as a post of honor, and most coveted upon an alarm.

It was in the arrangement, and conservation, of this line of supply which constituted the cardinal excitement of a fireman's existence, inasmuch as to overflow, or "wash," as it was technically styled, the machine of a rival company was looked upon as a feat of extraordinary merit. Hence, to be entrusted with the "butt," or extreme end of the discharging hose, constituted a post of high honor, as upon its manipulations the stream could be regulated either to secure or to obviate disgrace as policy should dictate, or friendship demand. However, with all gradual improvements, the New York fire engine was a primitive, cumbersome and ineffective contrivance, and far inferior to those of the style in vogue in Philadelphia, in which city, the waters of the Schuylkill having been introduced, large and powerful engines of a pattern similar to those subsequently employed by our department, had been in use for a series of years.

The origin of the Great Fire is enshrouded in mystery; by some at the time it was denounced to be the work of an incendiary, as at that period the merchants bitterly complained of the presence of reputed thieves, firing buildings so as to cover robbery or to take advantage of the confusion of the moment to indulge in pillage and plunder. Others again insisted that the fire commenced through leakage of a gas pipe, suffering the escaped gas to come in contact with the flame of an ordinary stove, but it is more reasonable to suppose the careless habit of leaving the store fires burning during the night and unattended, may be assumed as the chief cause of a calamity as extensive as it was sudden.

In nearly every down-town store one or more clerks were ordinarily supplied with sleeping materials, while there was scarce a trader or dealer in moderate circumstances along Broadway and the Bowery who did not occupy a portion of his shop as a dwelling. Many of the large importers, bank officials and old fashioned merchants resided with their families overhead of their stores and offices. This custom is barely extinct, for but a short time since a successful merchant died in Pearl street, in possession of some millions, and upon the ground floor of his residence remained to the owner's dying hour, the relics of a stock in trade from which he had retired some forty years ago. A glance at any of the older bank buildings—the Greenwich, the Tradesman's or Butchers' and Drovers'—shows them to have been constructed with the idea of affording a desirable residence for their superintending officers. The merchants' clerks, however, greatly abused the confidence of their employers, whose backs were no sooner turned than the employee, presumptively left in charge, would indulge in making a night of it at a considerable distance from his commercial domicile, to which he would repair, to escape detection, about the dawn of day.

I remember that old Grant Thorburn, the florist, in John St., more commonly known as Laurie Todd, through having been the original of John Galt's once popular delineation of that character, was went to be regarded as a perfect epidemic by the down-town clerks, from that venerable gentleman's persistent habit of arising before daylight and of reporting to their employers the names of such young men as he encountered in his morning strolls, creeping into the stores which they should have occupied during the night. Once or twice the inquisitive old man, who had constituted himself into a species of moral patrol, encountered very severe reprobation at the tongues of the exposed delinquents, and it was with an undisguised exultation that his exit from that portion of the town was received and recorded as a settled and permanent fact.

The fire being fairly under way before a general alarm could be given, the flames swept with irresistible fury across the narrow streets, traversing the section designated for a long time afterwards as the "burnt district," while absence of water and the extraordinary inclemency of the weather completely paralyzed the energies of the firemen and of the immense crowd of other citizens hurrying to the theatre of devastation. When a limited supply of water could at length be obtained from the river, it was found to be utterly impossible to employ it with any decisive effect, as it congealed in the engine boxes, or in the lengths of hose requisite for its transmission, while many of those engaged in combating the flames either became benumbed with the cold or incased in solid masses of ice, as the freezing liquid, descending in a heavy mist, thoroughly saturated the clothing of the more venturesome of the firemen.

The hopelessness of saving the burning buildings shortly became apparent, whereupon the contents of the neighboring stores were seized upon to be transferred to places at the moment deemed to be beyond reach of danger. Under the direction of an improvised committee, thousands of volunteers were employed in a vigorous endeavor to rescue valuables from the jaws of destruction, and heaps upon heaps of the choicest wares, silks, satins and velvets, gradually rose up in the large room of the Merchants' Exchange, and within the interior of the South Dutch Church in its immediate neighborhood, until both of those extensive buildings were laden with the commercial treasure of the richest houses of the city. In the meanwhile, a strong breeze sprang up, driving the flames towards the river's edge, while immense clouds of burning embers spread consternation among the shipping along the East river wharves, forced to be drawn out into the stream, amid the additional danger of colliding with huge masses of floating ice. So violent, indeed, was the force of the wind that blazing sparks were wafted across the river, and threatened a communication of the flames to several warehouses in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, situated at the base of the Heights.

Suddenly an additional alarm to an already terror stricken community was created through discovering the cupola of the Merchants' Exchange bursting forth in unexpected blaze, an alarm almost immediately augmented to a frenzy of desperation by witnessing a sheet of fire emerging from the roof of the ancient Dutch Church, one of the time-honored landmarks of the city. Within an incredibly short space of time both edifices were reduced, with their contents, heretofore deemed to be out of danger, to a mass of ashes, leaving only their blackened walls standing in bold profile against the lurid background of the awful spectacle presented to an awe stricken multitude. In the basement of the Exchange had been located the General Post Office, and no sooner did the fire reach the mass of inflammable material of letters, of bundles, of newspapers, than there shot up a column of flame distinctly visible within a circle of forty odd miles. Shortly after the destruction of the Exchange, the Pearl Street House, a large and tall building, was vacated by its affrighted guests, who, in confusion, gathered a portion of their effects and hurried into the streets absolutely unconscious as to where to direct their footsteps. Within twenty minutes that well known hotel was added to the catalogue of things that were, while the volume of flame, sweeping around in an ever widening circle, darted its fiery tongues with a destructive force terrible to behold.

It is impossible to describe the awful sublimity of that hour of devastation, when the earth appeared to have been converted into an immense furnace, consuming every vestige of mercantile improvement which had been devised to add to the wealth and stability of our metropolis. Stout men stood spell-bound at witnessing the appalling scene, and in weakness of despair watched the rapid strides of the demon of destruction, powerless, and seemingly indifferent at the sad havoc wrought among the stately commercial edifices erected at so heavy an outlay of time and money. The unusual glare of the conflagration hung like a blood red pall over the entire city with a brilliancy so alarmingly bright that hundreds of persons upon Long Island, in the Jerseys, and in other contingent localities, deserted their hearthsides, and lined the roads leading to a city by them deemed doomed to a universal destruction. The city of Newark was among the first to render material assistance, two companies of firemen, with their engines, departing from that place the instant its inhabitants learned of the formidable character of the disaster.

Finding all the efforts of the fire department inadequate to checking progress of the flames, and fearing that a further extension might jeopardize the entire business portion of the city, it was suggested to the municipal authorities to invoke the assistance of the military and naval commanders of the port in the use of gunpowder as an effective agent in circumscribing the limits of the conflagration. About two in the morning a detachment of marines, under Lieut. Reynolds, and of seamen, under Captain Mix, of the navy, arrived from the Brooklyn station, bringing with them an ample supply of gunpowder, designed for the blowing up of buildings on the outskirts of the blazing circle. Towards daylight the dangerous expedient was successfully applied, but not until after much labor and difficulty in driving the firemen and citizens beyond the limits of the burning district. A half a dozen buildings were then demolished by means of explosions, and the populace were rejoiced to perceive that their shattered ruins presented a firm barrier to the further extension of a devouring element which had baffled the ordinary method for its annihilation.

The morning of December 17th, 1835, presented to the citizens a spectacle of devastation throwing all classes of the community into heartfelt gloom. Business of all kinds was entirely suspended, as none could fairly estimate the amount of damage commerce had suffered during that single night. Even the day schools closed their doors, while the manufacteries and workshops poured forth a steady stream of operatives, anxious to forego their daily wages in order to lend their aid in saving something, if possible, for the unfortunate owners in the general wreck. The sorrow was general, deep seated and sincere.

The police were disheartened, the firemen wearied out, and the United States Marines exhausted with their exertions during that terribly cold night, when it was discovered that large quantities of rescued property were being pillaged by organized gangs of thieves, a few of whom had been detected and with difficulty apprehended by citizens, voluntarily guarding the numerous piles of goods snatched from the flames and temporarily stored in the broad streets and open squares and slips unvisited by the hand of desolation. To prevent depredations of this nature, to preserve order, and to restore something like regularity to the work of clearing away the smoldering ruins, which smoked for several days with a lingering fire, the city was placed beneath martial law, so that to several strong bodies of cavalry and a good force of infantry the police discipline of the burnt district and its neighborhood was committed. These soldiers patrolled the streets, billeted upon the leading hotels, whose proprietors, with earnest liberality, during the entire duration of the night of terror, had supplied refreshments of various kinds to the toilers, exhausted by the bitterness of the weather.

It is impossible to convey to any one, not thoroughly conversant with its locality and with the extensive nature of the business carried on within the burnt district, an adequate idea as to the loss sustained by its destruction, or the injury inflicted momentarily upon the general prosperity of the city. The number of stores destroyed amounted in the aggregate to six hundred and seventy, and, occupied as they were by the leading importers, dry goods jobbers, cotton merchants, and shippers of the country, dealing in the richest products of the commercial globe, it is fair to presume that the estimate of the value of the property destroyed, as given on the tablet, commemorative of the site of the Pearl Street House, at twenty millions of dollars, to be not in the least exaggerated. The loss did not fall upon merchants alone, many of whom were but partial sufferers, but upon hundreds of families, whose moneys had been invested, according to a then popular custom, in insurance stocks. Prior to this event the insurance companies, both city and foreign, had done a most prosperous business, while the failure of several banks had ruined confidence in those institutions as a means of investment. The funds of hundreds of widows and orphans had been placed by executors and agents in insurance stock as a reliable and lucrative investment, and doubtlessly with show of reason, when, upon occurrence of this vast and unanticipated calamity, it was found that not one in a hundred of these popular institutions could meet their losses without sacrifice of at least one half their capitals, and in many instances the companies were compelled to succumb to a total ruin. In the obscurity of private life the blow of the Great Fire fell, consequently, with a violent yet unseen force. The merchant could go, as he has done, forth into the world to retempt fortune, but at the hearthside of the suddenly impoverished widow reigned a permanent melancholy, following her to the verge of the grave.

The Old, or Garden Street, Dutch Church, was one of these highly prised memorials of the primitive worship upon the island designated respectively as the North, the South, and the Middle Reformed Dutch Churches. The South was an ample edifice destroyed in the Great Fire and never rebuilt; the Middle is the building at present used as the Post Office, while the North is still devoted to religious purposes, standing at the corner of William and Fulton streets, more recently known to fame as the scene of daily prayer meetings for the benefit of business men.

The Merchants' Exchange has been replaced by the massive structure at present employed for the uses of the Custom House, very justly regarded as one of the finest buildings upon the continent, but the Great Fire destroyed a work of art it will be impossible to replace. This was a white marble statue of Alexander Hamilton, erected within the main rotunda of the building and executed at the cost of the merchants of the city by the talented and eccentric Ball Hughes, a sculptor of more than ordinary skill.

The Pearl Street House was at one time a formidable rival to the City Hotel, on Broadway, being patronized extensively by sea captains and foreign merchants, who subsequently transferred their patronage to the newer and more ostentatious edifice known as Holt's, or the United States Hotel, still standing in Fulton street, a couple of blocks from the East river. At the time of its destruction the Pearl Street House was the property of Alderman John R. Peters, a prominent citizen of the Ninth Ward, one of whose sons, John R. Peters, Jr., subsequently endeavored to embellish our city by the institution of a Chinese Museum. For this purpose he secured the mansion of John G. Costar, located in Broadway, better known, after the failure of the Museum project, as the Chinese Assembly Rooms. This building, coming in possession of Phineas T. Barnum, flourished for a short time as the American Museum, when it shared the fate of its predecessors in falling a victim to the implacable animosity of the fiery element.

WALKING AND TALKING.

There is one rule to be observed in taking exercise by walking—the very best form in which it can be taken by the young, and the able-bodied of all ages—and that is, never to allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on—"God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and respiration through the mouth instead of through the nasal passages is the true origin of almost all diseases of the throat and lungs—as bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself. That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, and which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such persons sleeping with their mouths unclosed. And the same unpleasant and exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of—when not engaged in conversation—preserving the lips in a state of firm but quiet compression. As the heat and velocity of the blood through the lungs depend almost entirely upon the quantity of atmospheric air inhaled with each inspiration, and as it is unavoidable that it shall be taken in, in volume, by the mouth, whilst it can only be supplied in moderate quantities, and just in sufficient proportion to serve the purposes of a healthy respiratory action whilst supplied through the nostrils, it is clear that the body must be much freer and easier when the latter course rather than the former is the one adopted. Children ought never be allowed to stand or walk with their mouths open; for, besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it is the certain precursor of coughs, colds and sore throats. Loud speaking or reading, even in crowded assemblies, is far from being an unhealthy or even fatiguing exercise of the power. If the orator knows how to confine the organs of speech to their proper business, the utterance of sound, but if he likewise imposes upon them the labor of respiration, and inhales unceasingly whole mouthfuls of atmospheric air at a time, instead of supplying the lungs with this necessary material of vitality in such moderate quantities and through such proper channels as nature has provided, and the exigency of the circumstances alone require, why, it will not be long before the man is in a foaming perspiration, reeking at each pore, and boiling and panting for breath in a manner which is painful to any sensitive mind to contemplate. Then, on going out into the open air, he is necessitated to be covered up in some thick wrapper or paletot, and swaddled up to the eyes in a cumbrous shawl or comfortable, in order to preserve him from fever or inflammation of the lungs; and all this, forsooth, in consequence of the exertions required to make a speech or preach a sermon, which occupied some three-quarters of an hour, or it may be less, in delivery. Now, all this annoyance to others, and danger to the orator himself, has been entirely the effect of bad management of the organs of speech and an abuse of the powers of respiration.

The temperature of all animals is proportioned to the quantity of air they breathe in a given time. If a person, then, in walking, running, or speaking, in an injudicious mode of employing the respiratory organs, forces twice the amount of air through the lungs which ought to pass through whilst so engaged, an enormous additional amount of labor will have to be performed by them. The circulation of the blood in such cases become dangerously accelerated; and the large amount of caloric necessarily evolved during the decomposition of the air rushing to the skin to make its escape from the body, in order that those consequences to the man may be avoided which would result from its retention in the blood, a violent perspiration ensues, by which the body is unduly exhausted of its fluids and the strength thereby materially deteriorated. I emphatically repeat, therefore, that all persons who are desirous to preserve health and prolong life—to possess the power of taking that robust exercise in the open air which is so exhilarating, and yet so tranquilizing to the nervous system—or to be able, without fatigue or exhaustion, to hold a lengthened and animated discourse in public, before a company of their fellow men—to practice themselves continually to a proper employment of the organs of respiration, and especially to avoid taking in large inspirations of atmospheric air.

THE NEGRO'S SIMILE.—An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause. "O, massa, I'm sich a great sinner!" "But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins." "I know de reason, massa," said Pete; "when you go out duck-shooting and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete," and the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me; de debbil has got you sure; but as he am not sure of me, he chases dis chile all de time."

PALINDROMES.—The palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve:—"Madam, I'm Adam!" Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied:—"Able was I ere I saw Elba." The latter is the best palindrome, probably, in the language. The following, the third and last, reads precisely the same backward as forward:—"Snug & raw was I ere I saw war & guns."

VELOCIPEDE RACE.—On the evening of the 15th inst. a velocipede race for a silver pitcher and goblets took place at City Hall, Springfield, Mass. James Ferre, a dry goods clerk, was the winner, making a half mile in 2:47. A correspondent states that it was a one-sided affair, several persons being prohibited from entering for no other reason than that they were good riders, as Ferre also was.

HER PREFERENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I said to Doris—a country maiden—
I said to Doris—one eve, said I:—
"I go to the city, my dear, to-morrow,
And what for thee shall thy lover buy?

"Shall it be one of the latest novels,
The magazines, or, far better yet,
Some dainty book of the sweet tongued poets'—
Or the latest style of the new planchette?

"For I love to see my gentle Doris
Add to the graces of her sweet mind;
And I'll bring her the newest, rarest pleasure
That I, in the marts of trade, can find."

Then the beautiful eyes of my rustic darling
Brighter and brighter than ever grew;
And she said:—"For your kind and thoughtful offer
I really am much obliged to you.

"But, instead," said she, "of the things you mention,
Instead,"—she stammered—"I pray, of these,
Would you bring me the latest Book of Fashions,
And a *pannier-skirt*, if you kindly please?"

J. H. B

THE FROLICS OF A NIGHT.

A VENTRILOQUIST'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A merry party of convivialists was assembled about the festive board in a comfortable upper room of the old Sock and Buskin Hotel. Several were members of the different liberal professions, with one or two fast young men of the town, but the majority were votaries of the classic muse, well known to Thespian fame. It was a small two story building after the old pattern, situated a little off the Bowery, in the street known as Walker—which side don't much matter—and was a very model of a quiet retreat, with sanded floors and neatly polished tables, walls hung with prints and pictures, geraniums in the windows, and about the snuggest of bars in miniature that ever induced tired wayfarer to long for his ease in an inn. The host himself was an old professional, whose antics had often set the circle in a roar, and who now, in the sere and yellow leaf, longed for some occupation by which he might maintain himself with less wear and tear of body and mind. The conversation in the room above, after ringing the changes upon all the various topics likely to interest men of that cast of mind, finally drifted toward ventriloquism—a subject in regard to which the entertainer, himself a prosperous and popular manager, had a mind well stored with anecdote and reminiscence. The possibilities and impossibilities of the art were fully discussed, and all admitted that it was a wonderful science.

Among the company was a youthful Thespian, who had made many an application for a metropolitan engagement, especially to the manager in question, but who had found it impossible to rub off the mildew of provincialism, despite a large scrapbook, which constituted not the least of his personal treasures, containing a number of flattering notices culled from the columns of the interior press. As "on their own merits modest men are dumb," our young neophyte, only too much pleased with the compliment of an invitation, remained prudently in the background, but listened, attentively nevertheless, to the conversation. Some had but a poor idea, at best, of the ventriloquist's art, while one, a young sprig of fashion with a little money, of that class who unaccountably contrive to mingle with professionals of all grades, while knowing nothing whatever of art, literature or music, yawningly declared, as he tossed back his head to relieve himself of a smoke wreath, his belief that "there wasn't anything in it. O, yas—had been to see ventriloquists often—saw Signor Blitz—understood it all at once—fellar with a stone in his mouth speaks through his nose—man in box wants to get out; gets mad because he can't—shanghai rooster over the fence; dogs in the yeard barking at stranger—some one throws brickbat; bad boy hollers 'O'—fellar up chimney—mocking bird business, parrot, cats—that sort o' thing—could do it as well myself."

"That's a lie!" said a sharp, quick voice, in an offensive tone, just at his elbow, and with such suddenness as almost to make him fall backward out of his chair.

Mr. Dawkey turned quickly and looked inquiringly through his eye-glass in the face of his right hand neighbor, an eminent newspaper critic of dignified demeanor, whose countenance wore a blank and unconscious expression that was delightful to look upon.

"I beg pardon, but did you——" began Mr. Dawkey, quietly grasping his glass with the intention of dashing its contents in Mr. Grulliber's face.

"Wine with you?" replied Grulliber, who had done nothing but sip and reflect all the evening, and was slightly muddled—"certainly!"

Mr. Dawkey saw Mr. Grulliber's head thrown back, in the act of emptying a bumper of beer, and, very sensibly, turned to and did the same, but with a very suspicious look at all his neighbors.

"It is true," said Manager Regulus Rant, who presided, "ventriloquism is merely one of the tricks of the trade, as I might say, but it is sometimes a necessary adjunct of the stage, and is susceptible of great improvement." Whereupon he repeated the old story of the dishonest administrator, who was frightened into making restitution by a voice from the grave of his deceased friend, whose rightful heirs he had defrauded. "But, for my part," added Mr. Regulus, "I could never be humbugged by even the smartest of jugglers."

"What an infernal old bore!" said a voice from the direction of Scumblings, the artist, who was just then yawning horribly, with arms outstretched and eyes turned up to the ceiling.

"Mr. Scumblings!" said Regulus, admonishingly, dropping his gavel on the table. Scumblings suddenly recovered himself. "Mr. Scumblings will come to order!" repeated Regulus, with ineffable dignity.

"I am all ears," said Scumblings, preparing to be attentive.

"That's what everybody says, sir!" retorted Regulus, with his mouth tight shut.

"Come, he's getting complimentary!" muttered Scumblings, who dared not be too demonstrative, however, lest he might get no more cakes and ale.

"I remember a time," said Grulliber, reflectively, "when such frivolities were not tolerated in connection with the legitimate drama, but were confined, rather, to public halls in insignificant neighborhoods, as they should be. A mountebank should never be confounded with a true artist."

"Bah!" said—or seemed to say—Manager Regulus; "what do you know about the legitimate drama?"

"Sir!" said Grulliber, with a look of intense surprise.

"Go on, sir; pray proceed. I listen to you," said Regulus, with an air of absorption, and bowing his head several times with a sort of smiling approval.

"Umph!" retorted Grulliber, quaffing and shutting up all at once like a jacknife.

"Talking about the 'legitimate'," said Doctor Metheglin, "it really is wonderful that so little respect is paid by the public to the works of intellect and the emanations of genius, while a troupe of immodest females or a man that can stand on his head on a pole, surrounded by fireworks, can draw the town. It's lamentable, gentlemen, but it is so."

"Pooh! give *me* the legs and you may take all your stupid balderdash of Shakespeare and Sheridan!" exclaimed a voice from a young divinity student in spectacles and white choker, at the further end of the table.

"You surprise me, Mr. Meeker," said Regulus, looking straight at him; "why, I thought you a warm admirer of the immortal bard."

Mr. Meeker glimmered weakly at him from where he sat, blinked once or twice to recollect himself, and then said—

"Really, I—well, of course, I am, to be sure—why not?"

"Ah! and, if so be, then why?" suggested a voice, in the accents of the immortal Cuttle.

"Come, gentlemen, a little *badinage* is good, but leads to personalities if too often repeated," interposed Regulus.

"*Persiflage*," suggested a voice from Rumbler, the heavy man of his company, correcting him.

"I say *badinage*," repeated Regulus, somewhat warmly.

"And *I say persiflage!*" persisted Rumbler, stoutly.

"Mr. Rumbler," began Regulus, with chiding in his tones, "you'll allow me to tell you that you're—a pig-headed fool!"

"This is very strange, sir, to me who have expressed no opinion one way or the other," said Rumbler, who durst not be more severe, on account of his dependence upon the manager.

"No opinion, sir," said Regulus, in unfeigned surprise, "why it is but a moment since you openly corrected my French, when you well know—"

"Must have been Titterby," said the "heavy," with a shrug. "I never use the idiom."

"Me?" said Titterby, with that laugh that he always puts in when anybody says anything, "Ha! ha! ha! certainly, very good. What was it?"

Titterby *has* that habit, and it can't be corrected. He laughs immoderately at everything—would laugh if told he had been invited to his dearest friend's funeral—laughed when his own theatre burned down and threw him out of employment—will laugh, in all probability, when the physician tells him that his last hour is coming. To this complexion has he been brought by continued practice as a light comedian.

"Tut!" said Regulus, his frown relaxing to a smile, as he buried his nose in his tankard.

"Everything by turns," said Veering, who was manager of a rival establishment, and treated his patrons to a little of everything. "Human nature likes variety. The mind is variegated—likes to take its amusement in alternate streaks; now a little fat, now a little lean. We were not born to be all the time speaking blank verse or measuring our footsteps. People praise the legitimate and the virtuous to the clouds, and then rush off to revel in the delights of the *ballet*."

"Ah, that's the thing—there you hit it," said Dawkey, waking up briskly, as the conversation began to take a turn to his liking. "Next to a hawse give me a pretty girl; but she must be *very* pretty, and have plenty of grace, *aplomb*, and be nimble on her pins—no half way about it."

"Certainly, I grant that," said Regulus, "a—a due proportion of *ballet* is judicious, but it is like a choice viand—a very little goes a good way. Too much spoils the flavor."

"There I join issue with you," persisted Dawkey; "one can't have too much of a good thing."

"Is that jolterhead talking yet?" spoke up a voice from the flattened chest of the unsuspecting Meeker.

"Look here, now, I say," said Dawkey, rising rather unsteadily to his feet, "there's too much o' *that*, anyhow!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Regulus, "come to order!"

"I appeal to the chayar," said Dawkey, balancing himself; "been called a liar and a jolterhead w'thin last hour—n' won't stan' it!"

"The gentleman is correct," said Rumbler. "I heard it distinctly, but it was probably said in joke, and Mr. Meeker will probably apologise."

"No, I'll be d——d if I do!" said a voice from Meeker, who was smiling and blinking at everybody, without the least idea what was going on. Seeing that all had their eyes directed upon him, he rose to explain, and with the tips of his fingers on the table, and his cravat turned out from his ear at an angle of forty, proceeded to say a few words.

"Mr. Meeker has the floor," said Regulus, pounding; "Mr. Meeker is a divine and a scholar, and his remarks on the drama, which he regards from an intellectual point of view, may be worth hearing."

"Gasbag!" hissed a voice directly in Meeker's ear.

Mr. Meeker turned as though an adder had stung him, only to encounter the countenance of Dawkey, flushed with passion. As he put out both hands to keep Dawkey off, the latter supposed it meant fight, and sailed in with a vengeance, planting two feeble crushers on Meeker's nob, who went down pawing and kicking, with Dawkey on top.

"First blood for Sullivan!" yelled a voice from Regulus, who was standing on his chair with his hands behind his coat tail, to obtain a better view.

The numerous expostulations, explanations and interferences created a confusion and a mixed condition of things, which presently resulted in a general scrimmage, intensified by crowing, yelping and clapping of hands, in the midst of which the old landlord stumbled hastily into the room with a poker, and, seeing Regulus standing on a chair, apparently cheering the combatants, made for him at once with a violence that took him off his feet and hurled him to the floor.

The guests rushed up stairs, and a truce was called, when matters were explained to mutual satisfaction. But "the boy; O, where was he? Ask of the winds that far around with fragments" of broken glass and the *debris* of a *petit souper* strewed the floor on that memorable evening.

The author of that scrape is yet alive and kicking, and delights over a glass of beer and a biscuit to recount anew to his listeners the incidents that accompanied it. The disappointed actor had his revenge!

BOB O'GOTHAM.

BOLTED.—A landlord, recently going round to collect his rents, sent his servant ahead to prepare his tenants for the visit. On reaching the first house and seeing his servant taking a survey, apparently in vain endeavoring to gain admittance, he inquired—"What is the matter, John? Is the door bolted?" "I don't know, sir," replied John, "but the tenant evidently has."

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

A SKETCH.

BY WATTS PHILLIPS.

The fun at the fair was at its height! On every side arose the hoarse shouts, oaths and loud laughter of the men, mingled with the shrill mirth of the women, the crying of babies and the screaming of children, while above this choking, tearing, stifling mass of life, the music from the shows rolled in billows of sound from every point, and meeting above the heads of the struggling mob, ended in a tempest of clamor. In every lull of this storm was heard the shouting of the rival showmen.

"Mermaid!" cries one exhibitor, with a derisive laugh, as he keeps up a running commentary upon his rival's announcements. "Well, she ain't worth much, though you buy her by the pound, and weigh her in her own scales. Why don't you let the young lady come out and take a walk on the platform? She'll be eaten up with rheumatis a-sittin' so long in her wet small clothes. Let's see what's next. Oh!—a Sandwidge Islander as will eat raw meat! And who wouldn't?"—this query he addressed to the crowd—"and be glad to get it these hard times?"

This speech is rewarded by a shout of approbation from the crowd, with the majority of whom "meat at any price" would form an appropriate motto.

"Gentlemen and ladies!" roars another showman.

"Ladies fust!" from the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Walk up! and see the bootiful Maid of Cir Kasher, orig'na'ly the favorite Sultaney of the great Sham o' Tartary. She was rescued from her captivation by a noble English gentleman, who brought her over to this country, and afterwards——"

"Sold her to pay expenses," puts in the first showman, amid a shout of laughter.

"What 'ave you got to show agin' her?" asks showman number two, with increased anger.

"What! Everything in the world that's ceorious and strange."

Then, addressing the mob, who with great impartiality applaude both speakers alternately:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will now introduce to your notice the celebrated Jim Pansee, or Wild Man o' the Woods. He will be brought afore you for a few seconds loaded with chains, becos' of his untamable fee-rocity, and then taken back to his cage, where all as would witness his amusing tricks, and subject him to a nearer inspection, can do so by mountin' the ladder and payin' their money."

There is a lull of expectation, speedily followed by a burst of applause, as an individual, hermetically sealed in a hairy envelope, presents himself upon the platform. Round his waist is a broad belt with enormous chains attached, the ends of which are firmly grasped by two herculean strollers, who show such unmistakable signs of an extreme trepidation, that the effect upon the spectators is tremendous.

"There!" says the triumphant showman, "look at *that!* It's a sight you don't see every day." As there is no denying this assertion, it is rewarded with a shout of applause. "This ree-markable creeter," he continues, pointing to the gentleman in the hairy envelope, "is the famous Jim Pansee, or Man Monkey, as lives in a forest of h'oax, one of which he pulls up every morning for a walkin' stick. He has the strength of twenty men, builds hisself a house of branches, and sits on the roof, day and night, to keep it from blowing away, which shows his uncommon sagacity. He leads a grimgarious life in the most disrolute places, an' dies a solitary death in the buzzum of his family. The creetur is supposed to be man in his wild state, but this is ree-jected by the publick at large as uncomplimentary to humanity."

"Can he tark?" asks a "gentle shepherd," from the crowd.

"No," replies the showman, "he expresses hisself by signs, and is intractable to all but his keepers."

"Take his head off, some of ye!" shouts one of the rival showmen. "They've sewed the poor man up so tight that he can't breathe."

"That's a lie!" cries, with a startling suddenness, the irascible and indignant Chimpanzee, at the same time springing to the end of the platform, he stretches over the rail, and deals the last speaker a thwack that induces him to display an agility and utter a howl that would not have disgraced the monarch of apes himself; but swift to the assistance of his leader comes one of his spangled warriors, and, bounding up on the rival platform, he belabors the man-monkey with the speaking trumpet he carries, till the unfortunate creature is as uncomfortable in his hair shirt as any monk of the Thebaid. Not slow are other combatants to join the fray, and rushing up the ladders comes the mob, roaring and irresistible. The canvas paintings that adorn the booths are rent in shreds, a portion of the boarding is broken in, and, as the number of rioters increased, the platform itself began to crack, and among the cries of the men and shrieks of the women, slowly to give way. The rush up is now changed to a rush down the ladder, but the pressure against the rail in front of the platform each moment increases, till it snaps in several places and precipitates nearly a dozen persons, the owner of the Chimpanzee among the number, to the ground.

"Stand away from him; give him air!"

"He's dead!"

"Noa he beant—he be a-nigh it tho'!"

"Carry him to the Norfolk Arms!"

A dozen hands now lift, gently lift, the old showman from the ground, he giving no indication of life either by word or sign. The sad procession then moves slowly through the crowded fair, the mob, even where it is most thick, making ready way. The loud hubbub subsides for the moment into something like silence as the body is borne along. Suddenly the lips of the before seemingly lifeless man part, and he murmurs a word, but murmurs it so faintly that those around have to bend down close to catch his meaning. It is but one word—"Joe!"

"That's his son! He's gone to see the great folk going into the ball at the Assembly Rooms."

"Fetch him, and be quick!"

* * * * * *

In a small room with a sloping roof, upon a truckle-bed covered with a tattered patchwork counterpane, a true emblem of his chequered life, lies the old showman. The blankets and sheets have been removed by express order of the landlord. At the bed's head stands the Chimpanzee, while on either side are grouped confusedly such members of the troupe as can be spared from the show to attend their unfortunate leader. Suddenly the painful stillness of the room is broken by a wild cry, and, bursting through the circle around the bed, a boy throws his arms about the dying man, who, as though the sound had called back the retreating life, opens his glazing eyes and gazes into the little face bent over him, then a smile slowly brightens on the stroller's lips, as with an effort he places his arms about the child's neck.

"It's little Joe!" he says, "my little Joe!"

The boy answers by a sob.

"I've been a-waitin for you, Joe."

"Here the door is again thrown open, and into the room bustles a little man in full evening dress, wearing upon his self-complacent and closely shaven countenance an expression scarcely in accordance with its usually stereotyped amiability. This is the doctor, whom half-a-score of clamorous messengers have summoned from the County Ball at the Assembly Rooms, opposite.

"Well, and how are we now?" says the doctor, jerking out the words more from habit than any other feeling, as he approaches the bedside.

"We're purty well, thank'ee," says the Chimpanzee, who took upon himself to reply for the company, "and much obleeged to ye for axing; but it's my unfortinit mate as requires your intentions."

The doctor stares in some surprise, not a little mingled with alarm, for, as we have previously mentioned, the Wild Man of the Woods still retained his hairy costume.

"Get out of the way, boy," says the doctor, as he stoops over the old stroller to make the necessary examination, pushing little Joe aside as he does so.

"Don't send him away, sir," pleads the showman, faintly. "We shall soon be parted far enough."

"Is he your son?" asks the little brisk man, somewhat more mildly.

"Yes, sir." "Is there any hope?"

"Hope?" repeated the doctor, in his sharp, quick tones. "Why, no—yes—that is, there's always hope while there's life, you know. Internal hemorrhage; bad, very bad case."

Descending the stairs, the doctor is followed down by the Chimpanzee, to whom he gives a note to deliver to Mr. Splint, his assistant. "He'll come himself with the medicine, and stay here till the case is over."

"Over!"

"Well, under, if you like it better. Ha! ha!—ahem! Very bad accident, very."

"I know'd there was no hope," groaned the Wild Man, "when I seed him down, and half the fair a-tumbling a top of him."

"Scarcely fair play, that! Ha! ha! ahem!—but no, no, thank you, my good fellow," for the man, after much awkward manœuvring, was striving to thrust a few shillings into the doctor's hand. "Keep your money—very unprofessional to refuse a fee, but quite right under the circumstances."

And after readjusting his toilet, the little doctor skipped merrily across the road, as though those terrible words, sickness and death, had ceased to have a meaning in our language. The showman had dropped off into a sleep, or rather lethargy, for he was evidently sinking fast, and as quiet had been strictly enjoined by the doctor, the careful Chimpanzee gave the sobbing boy a rough admonition with his foot; this being unattended to, he took him by the collar and led him to the window, telling him "to give over if he couldn't do it softly."

"You ain't no feeling to go takin' on in that fashion! It's time enough to make a row at the funeral, for then you can't wake nobody with your hulla-balloo."

"Let me stay here!" said the boy, in a tone of mingled entreaty and fierceness. "He shan't hear me. See, I can do this when I'm going to cry too loud." And he bit his lips till the flesh grew white and then crimson beneath his sharp teeth.

"You're a good little chap," said the man, with more kindness than he had yet displayed, "and when the old 'un's gone," he jerked his thumb backwards in direction of the bed, "you shan't want a friend so long as I'm to the fore. On'y keep quiet, an' call me when he wakes; I'm going to take a whiff of 'bacca outside the door; I feels quite faint-like for want of it. Besides, should he rouse up all of a suddent an' see me in this queer toggery, he *might* take me for somebody else, which is a reminder as none of us requires at sich moments."

With this ambiguous speech the Chimpanzee, after taking from the showman's pocket (whose outer clothing had been carelessly flung upon a chair) a pipe and tobacco pouch, quitted the room. Little Joe had turned away towards the window, and remained with his forehead pressed against the glass, down which his tears were silently dropping. Beneath him was the roar and tumult of the crowded street, the flashing of carriage lamps, and the glimmer of passing wheels. Opposite to him were the Assembly Rooms, brilliantly lighted, and through the windows of which he could see the dancers—beautiful women and elegant men—moving in what appeared to him to be an endless maze, an inextricable confusion. Streams of life, flowing gracefully as water, weaving and interweaving, gliding apart, only to meet again in some yet more exquisite combination of grace and motion; the whole governed by the breath of the music that came to him in gushes. At last a strange fear came over the boy; he listened eagerly for some sound—the prolonged silence alarmed him. He crept away from the window, and on tip-toe approached the bed; he looked eagerly into the white and ghastly face that, to his disordered fancy, seemed almost luminous amid the darkness around, for the doctor had so placed the candle that its rays no longer fell upon the bed. He bent down and watched for a tremor in the eyelids, a movement of the lips, a stir in the shadows about the mouth. He listened for a breath—not one came; and the dew of fear hung in beads upon his forehead, and lay cold on his cheek. He sprang erect, and was about to scream to his father to utter one word, but one, to give assurance of life, when the breath again passed through the parted lips, the breast of the wounded man heaved, and respiration went on slowly as before. The poor child listened for a moment, then, from very thankfulness, covered his face with his trembling hands and wept aloud. At this moment the door of the room opened, and several members of the troupe entered; while, as if in mockery of the sad scene, a burst of lively music rose up from the street. With a suddenness that made those around the bed recoil, the old showman shook off his lethargy, and started up as again the music rose like a wave, and broke with a crash against the window.

"Play 'em out! Play 'em out!" cried the old man, in a loud and joyous voice. "If it hasn't been a tip-top performance it's been an honest one, and they've had their money's worth! They've had their money's worth!"

He fell back, and the red stream of life came bubbling to his lips; at the same time the music ceased, and nothing was heard but the trampling of many feet.

"It's all over!" he murmured, "all over, Joe. Ring down the curtain!"

And when the clash and the clamor of the music sounded again, the curtain had descended between the poor old showman and his last audience forever.

DYSPEPSIA TABLETS cure Indigestion, Heartburn and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists. S. G. WELLING, 571 Broadway, New York.

THE CROQUET ASSOCIATION give their annual Invitation Ball at National Assembly Rooms, Forty-fourth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, on February [illegible].

CAREER OF A FAMOUS RACER.

Captain O'Kelly and His Horse Eclipse.

On the 1st of April, 1764, during an eclipse of the sun, Spiletta, a celebrated mare of illustrious descent, gave birth, in the Duke of Cumberland's stables, in the Isle of Dogs, to a little chestnut colt. The eclipse being generally considered by the stud manager and the anxious grooms as having some mysterious reference to the colt's future career, the Duke all consented the little obstinate stranger Eclipse, and as Eclipse he was henceforward known. He was of a light chestnut color, an off hind leg white from nearly the top of the shank to the fetlock, and he had a white blaze from his forehead to his nose. His dam, Spiletta, was a bay mare, bred by Sir Robert Bine, and got by Bajolus out of Mother Western. Though she only started once, and was then beaten by another colt of Regulus, Spiletta was of royal origin and of finest blood. On her dexterity side she sprang from the Godolphin barb and Lister York; on her mother's side, from one of Oliver Cromwell's bark mares. Marske, the sire of Eclipse, was also of the noblest blood. He was descended from Bartlett's Childers, and traced back to Lord Fairfax's Morocco bark. About the time of the Commonwealth, speed became the great desideratum of the breeders, instead of bulk; as armor had dropped of the horse-soldier, piece by piece the old Flemish war horse had become obsolete; and Irackers, with an eye to the desmesne of the army, directed their attention more to fleetness. Marske only ran about six times, and in those six times was only beaten once. He was sold, on the Duke of Cumberland's death, for a very trifling sum, and was afterwards purchased by a Mr. Waldeau for only twenty guineas, and to the infinite contentment of the seller. But when Eclipse became illustrious, his father became illustrious too, and was purchased by the Earl of Abingdon for a thousand guineas. The produce of this renowned horse, won in twenty-two years, amounted to seventy-one thousand two hundred and five pounds ten shillings, besides the Salisbury silver bowl, the Epsom Cup, twenty-eight hogsheads of claret at Newmarket, the Ipswich Gold Cup and the Newmarket Whip.

The Duke of Cumberland, the patron of Figg and Broughton, the prize-fighters, and also a great friend of horse racing, died in 1765, and, on his death, Eclipse was sold, with the rest of the stud. The unpretending colt, with the white off hind leg and the long white blaze, was knocked down in Smithfield for seventy guineas. Mr. Wildman, the salesman, who kept a good stud of race horses at Mickleham, near Dorking, and also took in horses to train, had expressed a wish to buy Eclipse; some groom or jockey, with an eye to the colt, so short in the forehead and so high in the hips, had, in fact, given a hint of his promise, and Wildman was anxious to carry him off. The ivory hammer had already fallen before the tardy buyer made his appearance. The purchaser of the chestnut colt eyed him with scornful triumph; not that Eclipse was worth much, but then he had "nicked" that sharp fellow, Wildman, who always thought he was up to everything. But Wildman was Yorkshire too, and hard, very hard to get round. He took out his watch, and pronounced the recent sale illegal. The hour of sale that had been fixed in the advertisement had not yet arrived by several minutes. The lot knocked down must be resold, or there would be pickings for the lawyers out of the matter. The auctioneer sullenly confesses the error; the sullen purchaser yields, too, perforce. The chestnut yearling is put up again. Eventually Eclipse is knocked down, amid the amusement of his friends, to Mr. Wildman, the acute and the pertinacious, for seventy-five guineas.

The Godolphin Arabian, sent as a present to Louis the Fourteenth by the Emperor of Morocco, was so little thought of that it was sold to a man who drove it about Paris in a cart, and from the cart this fallen monarch of the desert was taken by the English gentleman who bought it. In youth, Eclipse was equally despised, and his genius as cruelly ignored. His temper was certainly bad; he bit, and kicked, and jibbed, and shied, and struck out like a boxer with his fore legs. In various other uncomfortable ways he tried to proclaim his irresistible courage, daring, speed and endurance. At one time, vexed and distracted, Mr. Wildman thought it would be impossible to bring him to the post except as a gelding, his spirit was so fiery and unmanageable. At last, in a rage, Wildman put him into the hands of a not very gentle poaching roughrider near Epsom, who rode him about all day from stable to stable, and at night took him to the lover-side, or made him wait while he smoked pheasants, or dragged stubbles for partridges. Even the steel joints and india-rubber muscles of Eclipse wearied of this ceaseless drudgery, and he grew quieter and more docile; but still the animal's lion heart was so large, and throbbed with such a full-hot flood of generous blood, that his spirit remained unbroken, and his favorite jockeys, Filzpatrick and Oakley, never attempted to hold him, but sat patient and wondering in their saddles, flying through the air till the horse stopped and the earthquake of cheering began.

When Eclipse was four years old, Mr. O'Kelly, a well-known man on the turf, gave 250 guineas for a half share in him, and soon after 750 for the remainder. He ran the next year at Epsom.

The Dennis O'Kelly, who bought Eclipse was an Irish adventurer—some said a sedan chairman. When he suddenly became a sort of Midas, at whose touch everything turned into gold, envy and cynicism wrote countless satires and lampoons upon him, attributing his wealth to every possible crime and baseness. He seems to have been a rough, shrewd, reckless fellow, thoroughly conscious of the power of his wealth, and careless to conceal his triumph.

With an ignorant head, but skilful at combinations and calculations, O'Kelly, nevertheless, had his reverses; at one period of his life, beggared at the green cloth, he found his way into the Fleet, and could not easily get out again, till his mistress lent him her last hundred pounds, and with that he slowly won back the wandering guineas. Fortune was never tired of favoring the noisy Irishman, who yet failed to obtain the recognition of society, and could not succeed in getting admission to the best clubs, social or sporting. Being refused admittance into the Jockey Club, he could never run Eclipse for any of the great Newmarket stakes—a source of perpetual mortification to the blustering Irishman.

But, honest or dishonest, thwarted by the aristocracy or aided by rogues, O'Kelly did his best to aid his steady friend. Fortune, by shrewdness, sagacity, indefatigable industry and perseverance. No tricks could baffle him, no scheme blind his keen eyes. He had both the rush and the staying power of a good horse; he knew when to "rush" on his adversaries, or when to spring on them and pass them at the last length. In fact, on the turf he was as invincible as Eclipse, his broad winner; horse and man, nothing could come near them. To prevent his jockey ever being bought over, he always kept a favorite rider at an annual salary. This man was legally pledged to ride for him, whenever ordered to do so, for any plate, match or sweepstake; but with the privilege, at odd times, of riding for any other person, if O'Kelly had no horse entered for the same race. When he first made this contract and fixed on his jockey, he instructed his agent to offer 1,000 guineas; but as none offered to double them if the jockey would also bind himself under a penalty never to ride for any of the blacklegs.

The little man in boots, with perhaps no very exalted idea of Captain O'Kelly's honor, asked, with an incontrollable stare, whom he called blacklegs? The captain replied, with a string of sonorous Anglo-Irish oaths:—

"Oh, by the powers, my dear, I'll soon make you understand whom I mean by the dirty blacklegs." With that preliminary assurance, the captain named all the chief members of the Jockey Club of the day.

Such was the revenge of the man on those who had shut their doors upon the owner of Eclipse. O'Kelly usually carried a heap of bank notes carelessly crumpled up in his waistcoat pockets. On one occasion, while he was standing at a hazard table at the Windsor races, a stealthy hand was seen by a spectator in the act of drawing out some notes from the Irishman's pocket. There was an instant alarm in the room, and the delinquent was grappled by a dozen rough hands. Some persons were for punishing on the kleptomaniac, others for hauling him at once before a magistrate; but O'Kelly had his own way of dealing with such offenders. He at once coolly seized the rascal by the collar and kicked him down stairs, saying:—

"'Tis sufficient punishment for the blackguard to be deprived the pleasure of keeping company with gentlemen."

The saddling bell that rang on the Epsom Downs on the 3d of May, 1769 (the ninth year of the reign of George the Third), was a knell sounding for the fortunes of all those unlucky men who had betted against O'Kelly's new five year old. The bell, swaying in the little belfry near the winning post, was announcing, that May morning, only a small race; it was for a poor fifty pound for horses that had never won, thirty pound matches excepted. John Oakley appears with the light chestnut scent which O'Kelly is so confident, and the booted squires do not see much in him. His forequarters sink in his stride, there's something very odd about his withers; he is very low in his forequarters; altogether a queer-looking colt. "Captain," O'Kelly thinks otherwise. Yesterday he took the odds to a large amount—cocked hats full of guineas; to-day he is more violent and positive, bets even money, and five and six to four he would beat all the horses. Now he is called on to declare, for the jockeys are weighing, and the course is clearing, violently he shouts, in answer:—

"Eclipse first and the rest nowhere."

Mr. Fortescue's Gower, Mr. Castle's Cade, Mr. Jenning's Trial and Mr. Quack's Plume are the competitors of Eclipse. The light chestnut horse, with the white off hind leg, takes its trial canter, and the turf echoes under its flashing hoofs. The man in scarlet rides forward; the horses get into line; the flag drops; they start. O'Kelly's eager eyes watch the circular green ribbon of turf with confident, yet anxious glance. At the three mile post the horses are all together; the chestnut has not come forward yet; but though Joan Oakley pulls with all his might for the whole of the last mile, the lion of a horse distances all the four, and springs in almost before the rest have turned the corner.

And now the crowd that closed in round the unruffled winner found all sorts of new beauties in him. A firkin of butter could rest on his withers. His shoulders, they now see, are exactly like those of a greyhound, wide at the upper part, and nearly on a line with his back. The delighted jockey tells the exulting, noisy owner that, from the first bit of the whip, Eclipse made running, and broke clean away from the ruck.

That same month Eclipse won a two mile race at Ascot, and in June the King's Plate at Winchester. The same season he bore away the King's Plate at Salisbury, and the City Silver Bowl; he also walked over for the King's Plate at Canterbury, and won the King's Plates at Lewes and Lichfield. There was no compromise about his victories; he cut down the field at once, and shot in like a rifle bullet.

In 1770, at Newmarket, Eclipse was again conqueror, beating in June the King's Plate at Winchester. The same season he bore away the King's Plate at Salisbury, and the City Silver Bowl; he also walked over for the King's Plate at Canterbury, and won the King's Plates at Lewes and Lichfield. There was no compromise about his victories; he cut down the field at once, and shot in like a rifle bullet.

In 1770, at Newmarket, Eclipse was again conqueror, beating Bucephalus and Pensioner, and winning pint cups full of guineas for his old master, Mr. Wildman. When running for the King's Plate, the betting was ten to one on Eclipse. After the heat large bets were made at six and seven to four that he would distance Pensioner, which he did with ease. At Guilford, in June of the same year, he carried off the King's Plate and the subscription purse of three hundred and nineteen pounds ten shillings. At starting, the betting was twenty to one on him, and when running a hundred to one. He sprang away at once, kept the lead, at two miles was a distance ahead, and ran in without requiring whip or spur. He had already won for lucky O'Kelly a cart-full of gold cups, silver plates, and purses of guineas. Sporting men were getting afraid of him. In September, 1770, at Lincoln, he walked over for the King's Plate. In October, O'Kelly entered his champion for the Newmarket Oatlands, and fifty Guinea Race, which he won. All the best six-year olds were then entered against him for the King's Plate. O'Kelly offered to take ten to one. Bets were made to an enormous amount. The Captain, being called upon to declare, shouted his old cry:—"Eclipse, and nothing else." Down went the flag, off went the enchanted horse at score, double distanced the whole following in a moment, and passed the winning post without turning a hair.

No horse dare run against Eclipse again after that. He walked over the course for several King's Plates, and was then put out of training and reserved for breeding. Captain O'Kelly's fee at Clay Hill, near Epsom, was fifty guineas. Eclipse was afterwards removed to O'Kelly's seat at Carnons, Middlesex. Eclipse's master used to declare that he had gained more than twenty-five thousand pounds by him; but whether he meant by breeding alone we do not know.

This paragon of race horses died at Cannons on the 25th of February, 1789, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, of colic and inflammation. The stomach and liver were found much diseased. The heart of the indomitable creature weighed fourteen pounds, and Vial de St. Bel, who opened him, attributed his extraordinary and unflinching courage to the size and vigor of this huge blood-pump. It is a singular fact that a small, dark spot on the quarter of Eclipse has been found in his descendants in the fifth and sixth generations.

At the interment of this king of horses, cake and ale were given, as at a royal funeral. O'Kelly hired a poet to sing his last defiance on Eclipse's tomb at Highflyer, and his sire, King Herod, whose ancestor, the famous Byerley Turk, bore King William through the battle of the Boyne. The poet produced the following epitaph:—

"Traise to departed worth! illustrious stead,
For the Royal Freedom of Finder's sake,
O'er hero, fame, renowned transcendent speed,
Whom by a keen Newmarket jockey rode.

"Though from the head of Pegasus sprung
A winged horse impressive, a fleet steed,
A noble animal exceeding much,
The Monarch this produced O'Kelly wins.

"True, o'er the tomb in which this favorite lies
No vaunting beast appears of Pegasus seed;
Yet the turf register's bright page tells
The race of Herod to shoot former fame."

George the Fourth, always fond of racing, even after that disagreeable discussion which led to his retirement from the turf, mounted one of Eclipse's foals as a cup, and it was a challenge prize for some years at Ascot.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

DR. N. C. KEEN.—We are truly and more than ordinarily pleased to receive your letters, and hope for some contributions very soon; but, in the matter of the position sent, you must excuse us, for our limited space is too hardly pressed to provide and carry on a discussion on a point already universally agreed upon and settled in the negative by positive enactment. Vide Present, p. 6. Your elaborate solutions shall be forwarded to Mr. Haggans.

CHAS. FOSTER.—Bravo! You are the first and only one, as yet, to send in a solution of Brown's last conditional. Your logical move is like the author's, then you diverge, but come out *only one move plus his motto!* We have had but one correct solution of your beautiful 6-move.

GEO. F. FULLER, Louisville, Ky.—Your genial epistle is duly appreciated. Enig. 660 is not a "sell," nor is 659, though both have a laughable side, certainly. After having sufficiently rejoyed the merriment they have created, we'll illuminate. Your solution of Prob. 650 is the only correct one.

THOS. M. BROWN.—You still observe Mr. Porter's performance; 'twas a very close thing in extend, but very different in method—after the first move. If you're curious to see it we'll forward it to you.

WM. H. LYONS.—Have some of our late problems proved of too heavy calibre for you?

WE ARE GLAD to see that the Committee of the B. C. A. are devising measures to bring about a completion of their various Tourneys.

X., Winona.—The move must be retracted. We don't see that the rules conflict in any way.

THE NEW YORK CHESS TOURNAMENT, at the Divan in Division street, has terminated. There were thirty six entries. E. Delmar won the first prize, $25; J. Mason the second, $14; L. Randemyer the third, $8; J. P. Barrett the fourth, $6; F. Perrin the fifth, $4: E. Schaffer the sixth, $2. The score of the winners was:—

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Delmar	56	8	Barrett	38	13
Mason	45	15	Perrin	41	13
Randemyer	42	16	Schaffer	42	14

Mr. Picard entitled himself to the leather medal by losing 39 games out of 44.

WEBER WARE WENT.—P. Ware, one of the leading chess players of Boston, went to Springfield recently, and played seventeen games with the chess magnates there, of which he only lost one, and one was drawn. They think he's hard-Ware to beat.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XII.

BY GEO. H. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM NO. XVIII.

With this is to be compared No. 34.

PROBLEM NO. XIX.

A similar design is interwoven in No. 68.

PROBLEM NO. XX.

This problem is taken from No. 17 of Kling's "Chess Euclid." The precise similarity will be more apparent on turning the diagram one-quarter round, so that White's K R's file shall become the Royal Rank. The substitution of a White Pawn for the White Bishop then gives virtually the same position. As an adaptation thus problem is superior to the original.

WHITE.—King at his B 7; Queen at K 4; Rook at Q sq; Bishop at K 7th.

BLACK.—King at Q B sq; Bishop at K Kt 4th.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

KLING'S NO. 17.

WHITE.—King at his Kt 4; Queen at her R 8; Rook at Q R 6; Pawn at K Kt 5th.

BLACK.—King at his R 3; Bishop as K Kt 8; Pawn at Q R 2d.

White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM NO. XXI.

WHITE.—King at Q B 2; Queen at K B 6; Rook at K Kt 5; Bishop at Q 4th.

BLACK.—King at his 5; Knight at Q R 4th; Pawns at Q 3, and K Kt 5d.

White mates in two moves.

Compare Nos. 42 and 113. Surely this last would answer for all.

We give No. 113 to amuse our readers and confirm the criticism.

WHITE.—King at Q R 2; Queen at K B 7; Rook at K Kt 6; Bishops at Q Kt 2, and 7th.

BLACK.—King at his 4; Rook at Q 5; Pawns at Q B 4, Q 2, K Kt 2, and 5th.

White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. XXIII.

Here, again, an omission would be no loss, for all of this problem is contained in No. 100. Like the latter, it is *imperfect*, as several of Black's defences admit of a choice of moves in reply.

Enigma No. 664.

A Parisian Tourney Second Prize Problem.

BY S. LOYD.

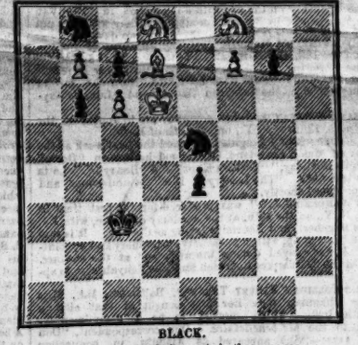
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 664.

"*The Arab.*"

BY A. E. HUGGINS.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 664.

Interesting specimen of Blackburne's skill at the Dundee Congress.—*Transactions B. C. A.*

THE FIANCHETTO.

Attack, Blackburne.	Defence, Mr. Hamel.	Attack, Blackburne.	Defence, Mr. Hamel.
1..P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3	15..K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
2..P-Q 4	P-K P	16..Castles	K to his 2
3..K Kt-Q 3	P to Q Kt 2	17..P-K sq	Q-her 2
4..Q B-K 3	P-K B 4	18..P-Q B 4	Kt-his 5
5..P-K B 3	B P × P	19..R-K Kt sq	Q-her R 5
6..B P × P	K Kt-B 3	20..R-Kt 7 +	K-Q 3
7..Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q B 4	21..K Kt-K sq	Q R-K B sq
8..P-K 5 (a)	Q B × P	22..Q-K B 3 (d)	B P × P
9..Q B-Kt 5	K B-K 2	23..P-Q R 3	Kt-Q B 5
10..K P × Kt	K B × P	24..B P × P	Q Kt-K 4
11..Q-K R 5 +	K-B sq (b)	25..Q Kt-K 4 +	K × Q P
12..R-K 4 (c)	Q B × Kt	26..Kt-B 3 *dis* +	K-Q 3
13..Q B × B	Kt P × B (c)	27..Q-her Kt 7, and the Defence resigns.	
14..K B × B	P-Q 4		

(a) Though hardly sound against the best defence, this is a fair variant, as the assault gained very severe. The *Era* says:—"The combination, to which this move is the prelude, reflects great credit on Mr. Blackburne's ingenuity, and imparts a life interest to the game which it threatened very much to want.

(b) P to Kt 3 would have been met by 12..K B × Kt, K to his 2 best; 13..Kt to K 4, Q B × Kt best; 14..K B × B, and the Attack has gained a piece.

(c) The *Era* suggests Kt to K 4th as a much stronger move.

(c) Had Defence taken with Q he would have materially changed the aspect of the game, and perhaps to his advantage. "By taking with Q he would, apparently, have made matters worse for himself."—*Era.*—We cannot see the "apparently."

(d) The whole series of moves adopted by Mr. B. at this stage of the game is well conceived.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

C. B., Detroit, Mich.—Yes, the move must be completed in the same direction, whenever the piece is moved "beyond the angle of the square."

R. P. R., New York.—Get "Spayth's American Draught Player."

Game No. 46.—Vol. XVI.

Between Messrs. Fry and Brem.

IRREGULAR.

Black. Mr. F.	White. Mr. B.	Black. Mr. F.	White. Mr. B.
1..9 to 13	25 to 18	11..12 to 16	24 to 20 (c)
2..10 13	26 23	12..7 6	27 23
3..6 10	18 14	13..8 9	23 18
4..10 17	31 14	14..15 19	22 17
5..13 19	24 15	15..15 22	25 17
6..11 25	30 21	16..19 23	28 17
7..8 11	29 25(a)	17..9 15	31 27
8..11 15	25 22	18..7 11	27 24
9..4 8(b)	23 18	19..22 25	24 8
10..7 11	26 22	20..5 9, and wins.	

(a) Breaking his King row. (b) No chance for speculation. (c) This loses the game.

Solution of Position No. 88.—Vol. XVI.

BY EDWARD.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 7	23 to 14	2..2 to 6, and wins.	
2..7 2	25 11		

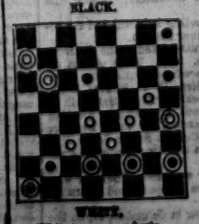
Solution of Position No. 89.—Vol. XVI.

BY J. D. PROUT.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..3 to 7	4 to 15	4..27 to 17	21 to 14
2..30 25	21 30	5..6 2, and wins.	
3..29 25	30 21		

Position No. 90.—Vol. 16. Position No. 91.—Vol. 16.

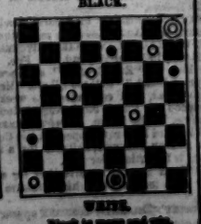
BY C. B. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY J. G. S. BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A NUDE NAIAD IN A FIX.

BY THE WRONG BATH.

A few days since a bridal party stopped at one of our principal hotels. There is always a charming attractiveness about such visitors that insensibly affects all who come within reach of them. The lady in this case was one of those charming creatures who insensibly make an Eden out of earth, and who strew man's paths in life with flowers—a pretty, golden-haired blonde—fragile as a passion flower, and with eyes which make some dream of Heaven gazing into their fathomless blue. Of course, after a long ride in cars, a bath would not only be agreeable but indispensable. So inquiries were made as to where this essential was to be obtained, and arrangements made accordingly. Now, be it understood that this convenience is so arranged at the hotel in question, that a lady and gentleman—especially when the lady is the gentleman's wife—can take their baths in adjoining apartments. But, unfortunately for the happiness of our couple, baths at the same time were ordered to be prepared for other guests who had just arrived, and by the most natural mistake in the world, our bride got into the wrong bath. It was at that moment of supreme enjoyment, when the warm, genial water was coquetting with the beautiful form, when the door was gently pushed open, and a tall, bearded masculine entered. Of course, the lady screamed. Such a concussion of shrieks have rarely echoed through that building, numberless as may have been its experience in screams.

"Oh, hush, for God's sake be quiet—you'll alarm the city!"

"Oh, you dreadful man!" and the screams waxed more loud and piercing, and the angry little hands beat the water around her into a foaming cascade, like a miniature Niagara.

By this time the whole house was alarmed, and the patter of running feet were heard through all the corridors. The man couldn't go out, because he wasn't dressed; he couldn't remain, because it was immodest. The husband by this time was thundering at the door, and inquiring in accents far from calm what the d—l was the matter.

"Help me—help me!" screamed the bride.

The horrified husband heard in reply:—

"Wait till I get my clothes on, and I'll go!"

He could endure no more, but bursting open the door, rushed like a demon into the room, crying frantically for "Mary, Mary, what's the matter?" But at the same time his eye rested on the stranger, tugging madly in ineffectual efforts to resume his apparel. On him he seized, and, with his fist raised, demanded the meaning of this intrusion. It was disclosed in a trembling voice, which disclosed his sense of the peril.

"The lady had got into the wrong bath; he was not aware of her presence until he undressed; meant no offence. For mercy sake let him out."

The explanation proved satisfactory, the unfortunate stranger fled, and the bride was left to the consolation of her lord.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A STORY OF FEMALE WEAKNESS.

An interesting case came before Judge Thompson in the City Court, on the 18th inst., in which Gustave A. Schenck obtained a favorable decision from the referee granting a divorce from his Catherine Schenck. The plaintiff in the suit is a butcher doing business and well known on Fifth avenue, near Ninth street. He is now some twenty-six years old, of good appearance and sound health. In the early part of 1865 he met the defendant, then a bewitching blonde of some eighteen years of age. They were mutually pleased with each other, and before the end of the year Catherine and Gustave were united in wedlock, with every prospect of a long life of conjugal felicity. After a year a child was born, and for four years more their lives passed on in a manner highly satisfactory to both, and indicative of a prosperous ending. Gustave was attentive to business, and was shortly found in possession of means, and Catherine was apparently devoted to him and their child. It was about this time that Mrs. Schenck, who was in the habit of riding on the Broadway cars, first saw the man for whom she wrecked her reputation and happiness. His name was George Story—"there hangs a tale." George was one of those "gay conductors" who make up for their rudeness to all favored passengers by extra attention to such female fares as were young and good looking. Mrs. Schenck was one of the particular category, and it was so pleasant to ride with such a good looking and obliging conductor that she soon found herself letting other cars pass to wait for the one of which he was engineer. Of course when a young and pretty married woman got so far as this, there could be only one ending. The conductor noticed her partiality for him, and being not at all indisposed to be made love to by such an attractive creature, he redoubled his attentions, and the *liaison* soon began to be noticed by persons on the cars who knew the parties. Some of them warned the husband, but he laughed at their fears, and went on loving his wife and closing his eyes to doubt, until one morning he woke up to find that his wife had left for parts unknown, and further inquiry showed that the fascinating conductor had also disappeared. He traced them to Albany, where they lived together for some time, and then came back to this city. These facts being shown in evidence, the decree of divorce was granted, and the frail wife is at liberty to remain with her paramour.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—An amusing case of marrying the wrong and, at the same time, the right man, recently occured in Milwaukee. The names of the parties are suppressed, but the facts in a simple form are as follows: Two young gentlemen—call them William and Henry—were in love with the daughter of a wealthy Milwaukee citizen. The girl infinitely preferred Henry; but the parents would have nothing to do with him, and urged the claims of William. To please her mother the young lady consented to marry William, and a day was arranged for the wedding to take place. The bride, with her father and mother, and a large gathering of guests, among st whom was Henry, were assembled in due accordance with the programme, but no bridegroom was there. Hour after hour passed, and still the successful suitor failed to make his appearance, when at last the bride, after the fashion of these persons, threw herself into her mother's arms, declaring that she could never survive the insult, and that she would poison herself forthwith. She then went into hysterics. No one could give an account of William or explain his absence, and matters were looking exceedingly serious and hysterical, when Henry stepped forward and said that he could not bear to see the girl insulted, and therefore proposed to take the place of the recreant lover. No sooner said than done; the girl agreed to the arrangement to save her wounded pride, the mother to calm her daughter's sorrow, and the pair were united. All then went merrily as possible, when, in the midst of the festivities, William, dusty, travel stained and fearfully excited, burst into the room. An explanation was immediately demanded, when he said that he had received a note from his affianced bride telling him of an accident which had befallen his uncle, and urging him to go and visit the poor old gentleman in his calamity, promising him at the same time to postpone the nuptials until his return. The uncle, it seems, whom he found in excellent health, and who cursed him up in heaps for presuming to think that an accident could have happened to him. Imagining something must be wrong, he hurried back to the house of his sweetheart, when the truth was told to him, and he, like Cæsar, "put on his mantle and stepped into his shoes. The daughter was asked to explain her conduct, which she did in a very lame way, and everybody at once saw that the pair of innocents had worked this little dodge to get rid of the obnoxious William. William departed and waylaid Henry, whom he vigorously assaulted, and was summoned before the magistrate. Hence this story.

A RAPISH RAPSCALLION REPRIMANDED.—James Kenney, who with Thomas Dalton was indicted for committing rape on a young girl at a saloon on the corner of Ridge and Division streets recently, was brought before Recorder Hackett on the 16th inst. for a final hearing, when he pleaded guilty. The recorder then fixed the annexed caustic condition:—"Kenney, you were indicted for the commission of one of the most atrocious offences known to our law—that is, of having raped a young lady. It has often been said that rape is a charge easily made and not very easily proven. In this case, by your own confession, unaided by the complaint of the plaintiff and other attending circumstances, you are unquestionably guilty of that most atrocious offence. I have debated at some length as to what punishment I should consign you, and but for other circumstances should have awarded you twenty years' imprisonment in the State Prison. It seems that this girl, after an examination made by me, was desirous that you should marry her, and in some way condone for this grave offence which you committed against her and against society. Listening to her appeal in that respect, I consented that that marriage should take place, and performed the solemnization of your marriage this morning. Now, as you stand in the relation of husband and wife, and you have measurably atoned for the dishonor and infamy which you cast upon her, upon consideration I am led to the conclusion to impose a lighter sentence in this reason. A man like you, who did not hesitate for a moment to give way to your frenzied lust and commit this crime, would have no reluctance to go before a minister and make an oath to undertake the performance of the duties of a husband for the purpose of relieving yourself from the severe punishment which otherwise would be meted out upon you; therefore I have no faith in your protestations, although made in the form that they were done to-day. I shall postpone judgment in this case; but if you cease to treat her properly in your appropriate sphere, if you cease to shield her sweet name and honor for her, and the complaint is made to me, as surely as I live and have the honor of holding my place here, I shall sentence you to the State Prison for twenty years." Dalton was discharged.

ABDUCTION PREVENTED.—Charles Frazier was accused before Justice Dodge, on the 16th inst., of abducting Pauline Basley. The complaint was made by Ernest Basley, the girl's brother, who swore that on Monday the prisoner visited 639 Seventh avenue and asked to see Madame Millochau, the married sister of the complainant. Madame M. was not at home, and the prisoner entered into conversation with Pauline, having first introduced himself. At length he proposed that she and Pauline should accompany him to Niblo's Theatre that evening, saying that he would call at half past six. Frazier returned at that hour and met Pauline near the house. Her sister had not returned home. Frazier then told her that he had a sick friend whom he desired to visit, and persuaded her to accompany him. They then went, by the Sixth avenue cars, to Spring street, and thence Frazier took the girl to No. ——, kept by Mrs. Taylor. On entering, Frazier went up stairs, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Taylor, who descended and spoke to Pauline. From what Mrs. Taylor learned during this conversation, she became convinced that villainy was intended, without the knowledge or consent of an innocent girl, and she therefore indignantly sent for an officer and put Frazier into custody. The prisoner was committed for trial in default of $1,500 bail.

ABOUT WATERFALLS.—It is a fact perhaps not generally known, but interesting to young men, that the solitary ringlet which floats from so many waterfalls, is a notification on the part of the wearers that they are not engaged. If it is extremely long the wearer is supposed to be very desirous of getting spliced at once; if only moderately long, it shows that only good offers will be entertained; an extremely short, meagre ringlet, indicates that the wearer is very particular as to whom she accepts, but, nevertheless, shows that she is not yet engaged.

AN AMBIGUOUS EPISTLE.—The following document, picked up in a town in Indiana, is said by an expert to have the ring of the genuine metal:—"Oh, My Derest Maley, I will tri to anser Dere letter. O, how my throbbin heart does ake to Embrase you once more. O you Darling Rosy Bud, wont you marry me. I here the eko anser I will. Dont let that ugly thing take you a Buggy Ridin again. O how I Felt the first time we imicked our lipps together. O how my hole frame did quiver but I must stop or I will go crasy. O how we will divide the sorros and joys and comforts of life. Anser rite of from your George."

POLYGAMY IN THE EMPIRE STATE.—The statement is made that nearly one hundred and fifty Mormon families reside in Williamsburgh, N. Y., each family averaging ten members. Thirty of the heads of the families mentioned have a plurality of wives, the largest number, eleven, being sealed to a hardvisaged old ogre of sixty-three. The youngest, fairest, and favorite of the number, is only thirteen years of age. She is already a mother.

NO TRICKS have as yet been heard of Miss Howe, who disappeared so mysteriously, a short time since, from Springfield, Mass., but the search for her has discovered another missing woman from that place, named Tierney, who was found at Watertown, N. Y.

WANTED.—A bride who is willing to commence housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began. Twenty fashionable young ladies who dare to be seen wielding a duet brush, or darning their beaux' stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early call. Ten independent young ladies, of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnets to church on a fine Sunday. Fifteen young ladies, of sufficient age to go into company, who dare confess they ever made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

SIR HALLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—One pot of this precious salve will cure the worst case of chilblains, and it is more efficacious for chapped hands and lips than all the cold creams that ever were made.

HAVE CHARITY.

BY FRANCIS B. SMITH.

Through the great, sin-blasted city
Toils a homeless little one—
Not a friend to soothe or pity—
Not a bed to lie upon—
Ragged, dirty, bruised and bleeding—
Subject still to kick and curse—
Scheming in sin and sadly needing
Aid from Christian tongue and purse.

But the rich and gay pass by her,
Full of vanity and pride,
And a pittance they deny her,
As they pull their skirts aside.
Then a pallet moist comes o'er her—
Reckless she of woe or weal—
Death from hunger is before her—
She must either starve or steal.

She does steal, and who can blame her,
Hunger pangs her vitals gnaw—
None endeavor to reclaim her,
And she vitalizes the law.
Then the pampered child of fashion,
Who refused to give relief,
Cries, with self-affected passion,
"Get upon the little thief!"

Censure full of world-wise schooling,
Cease to censure and deplore—
Where the girl transgressed man's ruling
She obeyed a higher law.
Take her place—feel her temptation—
Starved, unhoused—no succor nigh—
And, though sure of reprobation,
Ye would steal ere ye would die.

THE CITY'S CHILDREN!

TERRIBLE ATROCITIES!!

A Little Girl's Feet Frozen Off!!!

THE FLESH CUT FROM HER BACK!!!!

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY!!!!!

Villainy Under the Veil of Charity!

THE TRICKERY OF "SAINTS!"

FIENDS WEARING HEAVEN'S LIVERY!

SANCTIMONIOUS LEECHES!

RELIGIOUS HUMBUGS EXPOSED!

VICE MORE PROFITABLE THAN VIRTUE!

A SAINT'S FACE AND A DEMON'S HEART!!

HOW LONG SHALL SUCH THINGS CONTINUE?

THE MONSTER PUNISHED!!!!

RETRIBUTION!!!

In spite of the exertions made by the "Children's Aid Society," "The News Boys' Lodging Rooms," and city missions generally, there is still much to do in the matter of relieving the necessities of the suffering little ones known as "The City's Children"—little, white-faced, penury-pinched sufferers, who live in pestilential, subterranean abodes, dark courts, and filthy, air-poisoned alleyways, or roam the streets in the day time and sleep at night in covered wagons, coal boxes, or any other place they may be able to steal into—some of whom have neither parents nor friends, and others who have relatives but would be better off without them. Everybody will remember the case of the unfortunate orphan girl, who, some twelve or fourteen years ago, was taken from the poor house by a fiend in human shape, named Mrs. Decker, who resided at the time on Staten Island. It will be in the recollection of many how this poor, friendless little creature was tortured by the wretch who had adopted her, till death kindly put an end to her sufferings. How she was beaten till her little body was a mass of bruises—starved till her bones seemed bursting through the skin—turned out into the bitter cold, almost naked, till her feet were blistered with frost, and her emaciated frame racked by rheumatism—while all the while the monster who subjected her to such tortures attended church regularly, and was regarded as little less than a saint by those who did not know her.

This, as we have said, occurred nearly a score of years ago, but who can say how many similar cases have happened since—are happening every day, in fact? The Mrs. Deckers are not all dead yet—society is full of them and their victims, and, what is worse, this will always be the case till the millenium comes. We cannot alter human nature, but we can do the next best thing—we can expose such atrocities when they come to light, and such is our purpose at the present time. Anybody who will follow us through the following narrative of wrong and retribution will acknowledge the full force of all which we have said, and will feel themselves well repaid for their trouble as well.

"Please, sir, may I shovel off your sidewalk?"

"No, boy!—go home and tell your mother to take care of you."

"I only want five cents, sir—just five cents—let me have five cents for half an hour and I'll do any work you've a mind to set me at; I don't care what it is."

"No, I tell you! Go home and keep out of the streets! Go to school! I don't see what parents can be thinking of to allow their children to go running around begging!"

The first speaker was a stout built lad, who carried upon his shoulder a rudely constructed wooden shovel, and the person to whom he addressed himself was the wealthy Mr. Seymour, who occupied a palatial mansion in one of the streets cutting the Fifth avenue at right angles.

The boy was about fourteen years of age, and, though shabbily dressed and wretched-looking enough, there was something about his countenance which could not fail to impress a close observer favorably.

With rosy cheeks, a merry twinkle in his eye, and a smile upon the countenance, stricken down, "through no fault of his own," as he would have said, by misfortune, he looked as though he would battle with the world, and, if not conquer, at least not be conquered.

"No," said Maggie, "Charley and I will go together. Wherever he goes, I will go. If Mr. Seymour takes him, I will beg Mrs. Seymour to take me."

Dr. McNab had good reasons for feeling interested in the children, and what those reasons were will appear in the course of our story.

It was one morning about a week after the events just narrated took place, that Mr. and Mrs. Seymour sat at the breakfast table, the gentleman reading the morning paper and sipping his coffee by turns,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

CARD NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed each and every letter sent for.

Lew Holt (3),	M. B. Leavitt,	Thayer and Noyes,
John Brych,	J. E. Evans,	Paul DeSpotte,
Johnny Peady,	Wallace Britton,	James McCollum,
John Lanza (2),	Stone and Murray,	R. S. Meldrum,
Wm. Lake,	J. L. Stackhouse,	Willis and Reynolds,
Wm. Sparks,	Richard Willis,	Edward Fox,
C. C. Chase,	Hugh Hamalt,	John Carteiya,
Amary Kildeyle,	A. Bisceccanti (2),	G. W. Callice,
Fred Melville,	O. B. Hicks,	J. T. Hinds,
J. S. D. (2),	D. C. LaRue,	Allen and Oaks,
C. D. Hunter,	C. C. Palmer,	Harry Hale,
Frank Witcher,	Charles Norris,	Manager Biddles,
J. F. Dunnie (2),	Charles Wheaton (2),	Mr. Riccardo,
Thos. Kilner,	George Stuart,	Thos. Fensinger,
Maurice Pike,	Edmund Coles,	Fred Berger,
Johnny Keegan,	J. W. Conner,	G. W. Conover,
Harry Butler,	Miles Orton,	R. A. Lindley,
J. S. Dovey,	M. L. Townsend,	V. O. Gordillo,
W. A. Gregston,	Lew Benedict,	Mons. Chevalier,
W. P. Sweatman (2),	Harry St. Leon,	Geo. K. Goodwin,
O. J. Ferguson,	O. P. Sweet,	John Wilsey,
O. P. Hudson,	N. D. Roberts (2),	C. L. Banks,
Wm. Spaulding,	W. G. Petersen,	James DeMott,
Constantine Edwards	Claude DeHaven,	Henry F. Dixon,
John Oberist,	Henry Mayer,	Charles Whitney,
George Castelle,	Joe Gaylord,	William Newcomb,
Frank Campbell,	Ben Wheeler,	T. G. Roberts,
George Guilford,	John Templeton,	Gus. Clarke,
James M. Nixon (3),	Sandy Shields,	James Pilgrim,
Charles Heywood,	James Hartley,	C. W. Felton,
Julius A. Clarke,	D. O. Thatcher,	W. R. Carroll,
Billy Reeves,	Geo. Gaston,	J. M. French,
L. P. Roys,	G. E. W. Wintherp,	Alfred Hastings,
Saltkield Bros.,	May Fiske,	Mlle. Augusta,
Jennie Banker,	Jennie Burk,	Ida Wallace,
Mad. Worland,	Carrie Moore,	Mad Garardini,
Emma Blanchard,	Annie Gibbons—2c.,	Mary Gardner,
Jane English,	Jennie Price,	Florence Temple,
Mrs Frank Barry,	Nellie Edwards,	Ida Morton,
Nellie Huntley,	Mlle. Carolista,	Ella LaRue,
Nellie Whitney,	Matilda Heron,	Marietta Ravel,
Fannie Meltmer,	Lillie Wheeler,	Sig. Lopez,
Naomi Porter.	Victoria Ross.	Rose St. Clair.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, FEB. 22, '69.

We rise to a point of order, a question of privilege, or an explanation, we don't care which, and in doing so we wish it distinctly understood that we have no interest in the matter, personally, but have in view solely the vindication of the good name of "Our Jim." A report has been industriously circulated by evil minded persons jealous of Jim's popularity, to the effect that our young friend—and valuable aid in this department of the CLIPPER—had been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Mr. Rogers. Fearful that an erroneous impression may get abroad, we hasten to place before our readers the facts of the case, pure and simple. A short time since, as "Our Jim" was sitting on the front step of the CLIPPER office, eating pie, as is his wont at lunch time, he observed a policemen eyeing him suspiciously, from behind a dirt pile in close proximity. James had taken only two or three clever sized bites of the pie, when the officer suddenly confronted the boy, and hitting him two or three swipes across the Irish snoot with his club, arrested Jim as well as his pie, saying as he secured the latter, "I will take this into custard-y, too, as it may afford an important link in the evidence." Jim's last words as he fell, were—"Let us have (a) piece." Owing to the injuries inflicted upon his head by the policeman, it was sometime before James became aware that he was in durance vile, and that he had been identified by some meddling interloper as James Logan, No. 6. A letter envelope in his pocket, so addressed, was considered sufficient to warrant the arrest, also, of his near friend, the "Man in the Flies," whose name is Thomas, and who was supposed to be identified with "Tom," who was to "hand you this." The chief cause of suspicion was that "Our Jim" is a "small man," and such a one is supposed to have been at the bottom of the Twelfth street horror. The statement of "Our Jim," however, is clear and to the purpose, and fully exonerates him, but the papers got it twisted up in such a way that, owing to the wounds he received in his "struggle" with the policeman, he at one time began to doubt whether it might'nt have been him after all. He feels more sore about the loss of his pie than of his liberty, and says that "such things isn't no jokes." Tom, "The Man in the Flies," is naturally indignant. He proves a clear alibi, the time of his last being seen with "Our Jim" being at seven o'clock on New Year's eve, and the locality the vicinity of Lent's Circus, in Fourteenth street, the words "don't do it, Jim," being intended to dissuade him from going into a neighboring "restauracione" for a glass of fusil oil. It is known that the two did become involved in a "muss" with a policeman, and that they both ran away. Jim also had a lame hand, but it is proved that he came to the injury by having it caught in the "machine" used in our office for making poetry, for which generally Jim turns the crank and otherwise oversees its operations. As they appear to have gone to bed together in a coal bin in Washington market, and did not rise until eight o'clock on the following day, the prisoners were discharged. But "Our Jim," who is still mourning over the loss of his pie, has become decidedly "crusty" over his mishap, and has been consulting His Honor the Mayor as to whether he is not entitled to damages for the confiscation of his property. This is the whole thing in a nutshell; and the wretches who have been circulating the stories of Jim being still in custody must be in a desperate condition when they thus endeavor to rob James of his reputation and pie......This is the anniversary of the birthday of George Washington, who, had he continued to survive up to this period of his existence, might have attained a ripe old age. "Our Jim," who has not yet got over the deleterious effects of the policeman's club, insists that he was well [illegible] George, that they were chums in their boyhood, and that they enjoyed many a ride together down "Our Jim's" cellar door. He also maintains that "me and him went to the circus one night, and George clumb in under the canvas when the man wasn't a lookin', but *I* got caught. George seen the whole show for nothin', and it didn't cost him a cent. When his father asked him where he'd been to that time o' night, George said that he'd been to prayer meetin'. And yit *he's* the boy what got such a big name 'cause he couldn't tell a lie! I don't want to say nothin' agin George, but lyin' seems to be a gift with *some* people." Jimmy, as this is the anniversary of an important occasion in the history of our nation, suppose you grease her with *sweet* oil to-day, and turn out some real nice patriotic verses:—

TRIBUTE TO A MAN.

This is a day, a dismal day, of much congenial fame,
It gave birth to a man of noble blood, George Washington's his name.
As a fightist he was a bully boy, brought up to it from the cradle,
He hacked and cut at fruit trees too, and could wield a axe or spade-l.
He was'nt always quite so small as he was when he was a boy,
For he reached six foot in his stockins, when he attained his majoritoy;
He invented the revolution, and fit into it like old Shingle,
With whom, it is very well to say, George did'nt kere to mingle.
For he was a nobby one, was George,
For he was a bully boy.

There wasn't no laws agin fightin' then, all owin' to George's valor,
And you could git in to see a nigger show for only a quarter dollar;
He was a boy that was first at everything, and that was his constant boast,
First in a fight, first in a show, and first at a big ox roast;
He did'nt have no children, they say, but of that no man is certain,
Because he floated around promiscus like, but you may think that this is impertin-
Ance on my part to reflect on a man who was the father of his nation,
Besides he was'nt addicted to drink, and that was his salvation
For he was a gallis chap, was George,
For he was bully boy.

......A new candidate for popular favor was thrown open to the public on the 17th inst. by Messrs. Wall & Morris. It is the pretty little theatre called the Waverley. *Vive la Waverley*......Would it be *very* impudent if we should bestow upon Mr. James Fisk, Jr., of the Grand Opera House, the title of the modern "Colossus of Roads?"......And speaking of railroad kings and all that, we hear that Brigham Young, who owns a theatre and several hundred wives out in Salt Lake, thinks he has had sufficient experience in making *marriage contracts*, and now gives his attention to *Pacific Railroad contracts*, which, though less pleasing, are more *profitable* to the *prophet*, although "Our Jim" insists that his *little prophets* in the marriage business amounted to a goodly number in the aggregate......Women folks are a curious lot; you can't get the hang of 'em if you live among 'em all your born-days. They'll curse, and swear and steal like the very devil (excuse this warm expression). And they are just as stubborn as mules. One day we were attending rehearsal at a well-known theatre on the Broadway, when one of the actresses suddenly flew in a towering passion because she had been cast in a very inferior part, to support a high-strung tragedian. "I won't play it," said the lady; "I'll be d—d first before I play it." This ungentlemanly language was reported to the manager, who reproved the actress for swearing. "What!" said she; "*I* swear? Mr. —— you have been imposed upon." "Didn't you say you'd be d—d before you'd play the part?" "Oh, no, Mr. ——, you wrong me; I would not be guilty of such language. I certainly objected to play the part with Mr. Smith, and what I *did* say was that I'd see *him* d—d first." With this satisfactory explanation the manager permitted the interview to end......There are many little things transpiring behind the scenes that the dear public hear nothing of. In fact, the public is a greatly feared but much abused people. The public is, nevertheless, *e pluribus unum*, if we may be permitted to use a German—[is it Dutch?], expression, and the *vox populi* must and shall be respected. Listen:—

CONUNDRUMALIA.

Who is it makes the actor rich,
Or sends him down to the last ditch?
Who is it makes the Bench, the Bar,
The Pulpit, Play House, Peace or War?
The Public.

Who is it that, to speak the truth,
Supports Ned Forrest and Ed. Booth,
Or chooses, as it wavers gaily,
Between Bill Shakespeare or Gus Daly?
The Public.

Who is it rules a great star's reign?
Or turns about like weather vane?
Discards the *ballet*, picturesque,
Or favors grants unto burlesque?
The Public.

......Why is a family of female daughters, on whom the hand of Fortune has not smiled benignly, nor whose frontispieces are not of alabaster hue nor of Grecian mould—upon whom the mantle of Venus has not descended in a profusion of loosely hanging golden tresses, nor in features whose every lineament is the perfection of the *renaissance* style of physical and facial architecture—likewise whose voices are not tuned to notes of liquid melody, nor their legs to vie with the present character of symmetrical goods—whose undulating bosoms are not of such a nature as to create a warmth in the breasts of grey-bearded old men or mustachioless boys—nor whose general get up and *tout ensemble* or *mise en scene* cannot be likened to the Belle of Baltimore in her halcyon days—who are as ugly as Mrs. Sibley's pigs, and as cross as Our Jim's boarding house woman;—why is such a family of dubious daughters like Mrs. Janeway's second-hand hash or John Brougham's "Irish Stew?" Because they go off bad......Somebody was telling "Our Jim" of a "little difficulty" which occurred in one of our theatres a few nights ago. Jim, who is always *particular* as to *particulars*, wished to get the facts in *detail*, but the chap could *detail* nothing. In fact, the only fact he remembered at all was that the heavy man told the light comedian that "he was not injuring him; on the contrary, he was only showing his *animus*." This seemed to satisfy Jim, who remarked that he hoped there "wouldn't be any muss again among the actors, as it showed 'em up in parts which they was'nt onto."......Some envious people *will* have it that Lydia Thompson dyes her hair. Well, what of it, as the late lamented Jemmy Twitcher used to say:—

If Lydia dyes her hair, the cheat we must forgive,
Since in her acting she but *dyes to live*.

Other ill-grained people persist in the statement that Lydia was recently married to Mr. Henderson, manager of a Liverpool theatre, who brought her to this country. The gentleman denies the hymenial imputation, and he does well in so doing, for

A gushing actress might as well be dead
As have it said that she was marri-ed;
So, all you grumblers, henceforth hold your breath,
And thus save Lydia from a sudden death.

......It is no wonder that crime is so rife here when it is well known that in one house in this city no less than "Forty Thieves" assemble nightly and concoct their predatory operations, while the police are not only aware of their presence, but tacitly encourage them in their designs, and the public lend them their countenance and support......Ah! we hear a voice in the upper regions, a voice from the great elucidator of Shakespeare's works, whose commentaries have created such an "unexampled success" since they first appeared in our paper, and the authorship of which has excited a *furore* such as has not been experienced since the "palmy days of the Old Park Pit." So, once more let us hear what is to be said by

THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

Misters Eddiers Clipper.—I rezyoom my commanterries onto the works of Shakespier, illustrated by such recollections as ocur to me in the corse of my remarx. The striking fac to be observed in connexion with the great bird (wich is the sweet swan aforesaid and ereinafter mentioned), is the numerous rummifications of karackter dyvelopt in is warirous plays. Persedin with my analysis of Othellar, I think there can't be a doubt has to is bein a nigger, for wen e speaks in is speetch before the grave and reverend sennators about is

"Airbredth scrapes in imminent dedly breeches,"
does e not alude to his avin ben
"Taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery?"

E ad probly also ben to Sing Sing, for mediately afterwards we ear im talkin about "rough quarries, rocks and ills oos eds touch ev'n." Wen I played this part at the ole Chattam, to carry out my concepshin of the roal I drest myself in a shoot of striped cotton (loned me eckspresly by one of the inmates of the foresaid instichooshn out on furlow unbeknownst), and carried a pickacks onto my sholder, and wen I came to that passidge, I tackled a peece of rock put down for that purpus and lammed into it—witch it is unnecessry to say gave me a doubbel round of aplaws. As the play proseeds the subtelty of Shakespier's witt becomes more aparent, but it is rely surprisin ow few performers of the present day enter into the sperit of his tex. In the scene where E Argo makes Cash-owe boozy, f'rinstans, as he sings "Lemme the cannickier clink, clink, clink," e projooces a flask o' licker, but—where e sings

"King Stephen was a worthy pier,
Is breeches cost im but a crown;
E eld 'em sixpence all too dear,
And with that e knockt the tailor down,
* * * *
Then take thy old cloak about thee."

Ear is a cappitle chance witch all acters neglec. Observ, it is expressly shone that E Argo had a knolledge of talorin, and I think therefor that the least the player shood do is to carry a sleeveboard and a goose, with p'raps measurin tape around his neck—this with the flask business would make the thing complete and give the acter a claim to originality. Next, we cannot too much admier Shakspier's adelity to nacher. Ear Roderego—oo shoes in this that e was somethin of a sport, and knew wat it was to git on a tare:—

"I do follow ere in the chase not like a 'ound that 'unts, but one that fills up. O, cri! My money is almos spent; I ave been to nite ecksedingly wel cudgeled,"—by a pleeceman in all probability. Never shell I forget the grate dramatic revivle of 18 forty too, when ole John R. Scott gave the boys is vershion of Othellar, to the Argo of our origginle Charley Thorn. It was bully, I teil you, and nothink shorter. If e didn't make the wowels and the pronowns and the objectives fly.—Wa-at! Golong! And wat a galliant Rob Roy was old John R. "None but imself can be is eipittomy." With wat a gallus way e took the stage, and ow scientifically e andled is claymore. Then was the cue for music. I miself never playd that roal without bein received with a round of applause and a loud "a, a, a," from the gallery. In them days there *wus* a drammy, and coschoomers was in their glory. You remember ow Junius Junior—oom wus called "June," for short, used to pitch it into 'em. And Nedmon S. Connor, too, wa'nt by no means slo—'specially as Wallis, the ero of Scotland. Nedmon is now leadin the life of a retired genleman, surrounded by is books, is objects of art and virtue, and bids fair to live in effluence and honor for menny a year. Be ever green the wreath is brows that bind! (original.) There was another Scott at the Chathem—that was ole Jim Scott of the ole Chathem also that formerly wus, and oo as a nacter wus not to be snezed at, althof irreverent peeple wood cry out "Go it, bullfrog!" eludin to is shape; and I still distincly recollec ow on one occashion e fixt is heye onto one of the gods in the gallery what ad uttered the hobnoxious bepithep, and rushin to the door in the carpenter's gallery up alof, disapeered. To opin that dore was the work of a momint; in another minit a owl was erd and ole Jimmy was discoverd lathérin it inter one of the clam cart dimokrisy with a rusty broadsord, amidst the cheers of the assembled suv'rins. Pore Jim! some frend and admirer wonst ad sent the management a baskit o' wine, first chop, witch Dewerney diwided with is chums. Ole James id is bottel behind is desk in is private room (witch e was stage manager), intendin bimeby to ave a good time by isself, but Warring Drapier, wich e was the treasureor, by way of a joak, substichooted his ink bottel, and wen Jimmy rusht in after is firs scene, and, graspin of the bottel, took a arty swig, the result was apallin—e was Thadjus Davids awl over, and ad to change is cooschoom *nem con.*, owing to the catasterphy. I was a goin, in further lustration of the drammy, to tell you sothin about John Diamond and the way he used to draw, til even the verry staige was crowded with spectators, but for the present I forbair. YOURN.

MATINEES are certainly growing in favor with managers if not with the public, as no less than fifteen afternoon performances were given in this city on Saturday last, at the following places:—Academy of Music, Italian Opera; French Theatre, Opera Bouffe; Niblo's Garden, "Forty Thieves;" Booth's Theatre, "Romeo and Juliet;" Olympic, "Humpty Dumpty;" Tammany, varieties; Waverley, burlesque; New York, McKean Buchanan; Wood's Museum, burlesque; Tony Pastor's, varieties; Old Bowery, melo-drama; Theatre Comique, Lingard and burlesque; Lent's Circus, equestrianism, etc.; Broadway, Zoe; Grand Opera House, opera bouffe—*fifteen in all*. Some were largely attended; others looked a little queer; but on the whole managers were "in" by the operation.

ALTHOUGH minstrel entertainments are of a higher order than those of former years, they do not succeed in attracting such crowded audiences as in the olden time, when Christy's Minstrels—under E. P. Christy's management—succeeded in filling Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, night after night, for several years, and that without regard to the weather. And it was in this same hall that Bryants' Minstrels met with [illegible] the time the curtain being almost [illegible] variety given then than now, and but little attention was given to placing burlesques and special acts upon the stage. There was a great deal more made of the opening part than what followed, while now the reverse is the case. There are now but two minstrel troupes in the city, yet neither of them is largely patronized; the companies are good, and the entertainments of a first-class character, but they do not draw. How are we to account for the falling off? There must be some cause for it, and it is not in the entertainments. What is it, then? In the first place, we have twice the number of theatres and music halls now than were in existence when minstrelsy was so popular, and these extra places draw off a portion of their patronage. But we think the prime cause of the decline of minstrelsy in popularity may be found in the present prices of admission In the olden times twenty-five cents was the standard figure; *later*, a number of seats were reserved at fifty cents, this latter being the maximum. These were popular prices, and no one grumbled; in fact, a poor man could then take his wife and children once or twice each week to see the minstrels, and not feel the tax; then, the minstrel hall was the most popular resort in the city. Within the past six or seven years, however, revolution revolutionized all this, and prices jumped up from twenty-five and fifty cents to fifty cents and one dollar and a half, the prices now ruling being fifty, seventy-five cents and one dollar, a company that exacted $1.50 some time ago being compelled to give up owing to a scarcity of patronage. It may be urged that this increase was rendered necessary by the increase in rents, salaries, and the cost of necessaries of life. All very true; but now our minstrel friends have to contend with theatrical entertainments given for the same prices as those charged for minstrelsy, and in the race for public patronage, excellent as their performances may be, the minstrels cannot show to the same advantage as theatres and music halls. To be sure there are men who care not what the charge may be, so that they are away from the general public. Granted, but will these few make up for the absence of hundreds of the poorer class? Our impression is, that minstrelsy, to successfully compete with the extraordinary attractions now offered at our theatres, must *make their prices popular*, bring them within the range of the old *habitues*, and within reach of the people at large. Throw open the entire lower part of the houses for 50 cents admission—no reserved seats—first come, first served, and the upper portions for, say, 25 cents. Every performer knows that it is better to play to a full house than to a poor one. Even the theatres may find it necessary, ere long, to reduce their rates, for there are so many places of amusement now open, and the competition is so great, that *all* cannot keep on at the current prices. As we write, we learn that Tammany has wisely concluded to come down in the prices, and the rates are now what ought to make the place, if properly managed, one of the most popular in the country, viz.:—50 cents, 75 cents, and $1. This should be the scale at every theatre and opera house in the city. High prices have a tendency to keep thousands of people away; moderate rates are an inducement for a large public patronage, for there is no denying the fact that the lovers of the drama and kindred amusements are largely on the increase in this country, but their means will not permit of their indulging themselves as often as they would like to were the terms of admission to theatres, etc., placed at a lower figure. Let our friends think over the matter.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS are giving a varied and very interesting entertainment just now, but the attendance is not what it should be. The hall is a beautiful little place, the seats easy and comfortable, and everything is placed on the stage with care and attention to details. Dan Bryant, the manager and principal performer in the company, is an actor of rare merit; what he does denotes the true artist; nothing is slighted when Dan is in the vein. A better bit of burlesque than his make-up and imitation of Gabel, the Gen de Armes in "Genevieve de Brabant," we have never witnessed on the Ethiopian stage. Jas. Unsworth is another capital performer—whether on the end, in his stump speech or in banjo solos, he is equally at home, and never fails to make his points. Eugene, in the burlesque *prima donna* business, has no superior—if he is equaled—on the black boards; his imitations of operatic celebrities are very clever, while his dancing would do no discredit to many of the first-class *danseuses* at our theatres. Nelse Seymour is another valuable aid to the company, although he does not shine to much advantage as a middle man; in his special acts, however, and in his opposite parts with Dan Bryant, he is very funny—his great length of reach with his feet is a marvel in itself, and never fails to bring down the house—figuratively speaking. In fact, the company is good, although not quite as strong in the singing department as it might be. This week the burlesque trial scene from "Shylock, or the Merchant of Chatham Street," will be produced, with other comicalities. Don't forget that the entertainment commences at a quarter before 8 o'clock.

MAX MARETZEK'S opera season at the Academy is broken in upon occasionally by balls, the place having been rented for such purposes before Max concluded to "chip in" for another spasmodic effort to catch the flimsies of the admirers of the children of song. Max's troupe will sing small this evening, the Academy being in the possession of the crack Seventy-firsters for a ball, so that Maretzek's forces will be unable to bawl on this occasion.

THE DEAD HEAD SYSTEM ABATED BY A BATEMAN—Jules Stouvenel brought suit against H. L. Bateman in the Superior Court, on the 16th inst., for damages, for having been forcibly ejected from the French Theatre by order of Mr. Bateman. Stouvenel testified that he had been employed by Mr. Bateman, and subsequently was permitted to enter the theatre during the performances. One evening Mr. Bateman ordered him out, and on his refusal, a policeman by direction of Mr. Bateman forcibly ejected him. He could not say that any greater force was used than was necessary to put him out, and therefore the court dismissed the complaint, holding that plaintiff was in the theatre on sufferance only, and that Mr. Bateman had the right without giving any reason to remove him, provided he used no unnecessary violence.

MISS KATE PENNOYER, the attractive *danseuse* and pantomimist, is now in the engagement ring, as will be seen by advertisement.

THE TICKET SPECULATORS.—An item has been going the rounds of the press that Mr. Booth has succeeded in driving the ticket speculators from the entrance of his theatre. This is incorrect, as they can be found there every night in as large numbers as at any other theatre, but we see that Senator Bradley introduced a bill in the State Senate on the 19th instant, which is said to have been prepared by the leading theatrical managers of this city. It provides that no person other than such as may be duly appointed for that purpose in writing by the owner or manager of a theatre or public building in New York or Brooklyn, shall sell any tickets for entrance to such entertainment, concert or lecture, under penalty of a fine of $100, or imprisonment for three months. It is made the duty of a policeman to arrest any persons violating the proposed law in or around the building where such performance is held. Now this may appear all right to some, but the bill needs a slight modification. If the managers are driving away the ticket speculators for the benefit of the public why do they desire to have the exclusive right of appointing speculators in tickets? What use is there in having them at all? Cannot the public obtain their tickets from the box office with more comfort and as quickly as by purchasing them on the pavement? This movement is no doubt intended to drive away a class of people who have as much right to speculate in tickets as treasurers or managers. We have heard of two of the largest places of amusement in this city that have their own speculators, who take a certain number of seats, and of course what they have left are returned to the box office. Now, if the managers wish to kill off the present class of speculators, let us have the whole system abolished, for it is a fraud upon the theatrical going community.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE closed its doors with opera bouffe on the evening of the 20th inst., after the performance which was set apart for the benefit of Messrs. Ledue, Lagriffoul and Duchesne, when the second act of "La Grande Duchesse," the second act of "La Belle Helene" and "Mons. Choufleury" were presented. This establishment will remain closed for about three weeks, during which time the vestibule will be enlarged, the interior renovated, and several improvements made in the stage department, for the proper production of the "Tempest," which will inaugurate the dramatic season in March under the Tayleure management.

"GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT" was revived two evenings the past week at the French Theatre by Manager Grau, as an experiment, when, much to his surprise, he found a reaction had taken place, and the piece attracted such crowded houses that it was repeated several nights, and is announced to be continued for the present, this evening being its one hundredth performance. Rose Bell takes a benefit on the 27th inst.

AT THE TAMMANY, the past week, there was quite a falling off in the attendance, which, no doubt, can be attributed to lack of novelty presented on the stage. This is a large establishment, and being of a higher order than the usual class of music halls, charging regular theatre prices, it should present a succession of the best stars to be found in the profession. While many of the performers are good, they are old faces seen in various places of amusement in this city, time and again, and their acts being old they are no novelty. The resources of the managers of this place are such as to command the best talent to be found anywhere. Some of the performers at present engaged have been there since the opening night, and no matter how clever they may be the public look for an occasional change. The running of so large a place as the Tammany is rather expensive, and it does not augur well for the present management to find the place losing its hold of the public in so short a time, as it certainly is, and will continue to—unless the managers awake from their sleep. The Runnells Family appeared on the 15th, but Mr. Runnells did not show up on the 18th and 19th, and the two "kids" did a posturing act and the bottle pyramids. James Budworth's budget of Dutch songs were heartily received, as was O'Reardon's Tumbleronicon act. This week, M'lle. Sohlke, who made her *debut* in this country with the Banvard Troupe, and afterwards appeared at Niblo's, in the "Hungarian Polka," puts in an appearance.

THE ELISE HOLT BURLESQUE TROUPE made their *debut* in this city at the Waverley on the 18th instead of the 15th, as was intended, the postponement being necessitated by the hoarseness of Elise Holt, who could not speak a loud word on that day, and on the night of her *debut* there was quite a hoarseness in her voice. Yet, while laboring under this serious disadvantage, she made a decided hit at once. She is possessed of a vivacious temperament, a quick perception of fun and frolic, a finely developed form; in fact, of all those qualifications deemed necessary and essential to cause half the young men of the city to turn pirouettes in consequence thereof. She has a charming voice, and sings with admirable taste, judiciously blending in her comic songs the *parlante* with her singing, by which means her humorous points are brought out clearly, and the effect aimed at gained. She is graceful and easy in her manners, and while she understands the art of playing *to* the audience in her peculiar style, is free from all vulgar confidence, going just far enough without overstepping the mark. She dressed superbly and her performance throughout displayed merit of a high order. The vehicle which served to introduce this lady to us was Byron's burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia," decidedly the wittiest affair of the burlesque order presented in this city for some time. It has been localized for this city, and is very laughable, being full of pointed wit, fun and life. It has been placed upon the stage in a careful manner, the costumes being handsome, and the piece effectively cast. Mr. James Lewis, who appeared in this city several years ago at Mrs. John Wood's Theatre, made quite a hit as Lucretia Borgia, his make-up, acting and singing being very good. Harry Wall as the Dook, C. T. Parsloe as Rustignello, Belvil Ryan as Jubetta, Emily and Mary Pitt as Orsini, Minnie Jackson as Petrucco, and Fanny Prestige as Liretto, were excellent in their respective *roles*. Fanny Prestige looked charming in her short dress, and acted with spirit. Mary Pitt is possessed of a good voice, and sings well. Taken on the whole the burlesque was most satisfactorily rendered. In the last scene Miss Holt appears dressed in male attire, in a pair of rich purple velvet pants, white satin coat, vest, and white silk hat, and with a cigar in her mouth and a cane in her hand, presents quite a taking appearance, and sings "Up in a Balloon." Previous to the burlesque the comedietta of "A Pretty Piece of Business" was very finely performed, with Owen Marlowe as Merriweather, Edwin Coleman as Shee, and Fanny Prestige as Charlotte. Mr. Marlowe's make-up and acting were excellent. The late Charles Walcot had so identified himself with the character of Shee that it has not been played for a long time, but Mr. Coleman did full justice to it, and won considerable applause. The Waverley was crowded on the opening night, and continued so during the week.

THE WORREL SISTERS' lease of the New York Theatre expires on May 1st. It is not probable that they will take out another lease.

PROF. FRENCH, with his dogs, appeared at Tony Pastor's Opera House on the 15th inst. They are not the ordinary sized poodle dogs generally seen on the stage, but are the regular coach dogs. They first appear in what is called protean sketches, being dressed in appropriate costume, and they dance around the stage on their two hind legs to the tune of Captain Jinks and other popular airs. They afterwards appear in a trick act, going through the different feats usually done by performing dogs, the most difficult of which is the walking on a slack rope, which is very cleverly done. They are both well trained and perform their parts satisfactorily. They remain this week and then go to Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn. Next week Bowman and Harris, two song and [illegible] drummer girl, puts in an appearance this evening.

"COOL AS A CUCUMBER" was capitally played at the Theatre Comique the past week, with George Boniface as Plumper. A young lady named Miss Pay made her first appearance there as Wiggins, Lingard appeared in his sketches and statue song, and the burlesque of "Pluto" was presented. Miss D. Lingard appeared the past week as Apollo in the burlesque in the place of Miss Wood, who played the part very well.

FRANK LACEY having injured his knee pan during one of his leaps in the pantomime of 'Humpty Dumpty," has been confined to his home for several days. The part of Harlequin has been played in the first part by a young man of the company, and when the harlequinade commences another party takes the *role*. "Humpty Dumpty," which is fast reaching its four hundredth presentation, continues to attract crowded houses to the Olympic.

"THE FORTY THIEVES" remains the attraction at Niblo's Garden, with the Lydia Thompson troupe in the principal *roles*. Miss Pauline Markham, having recovered from her late indisposition, will probably reappear during the present week as Abdallah. The magnificent style in which this burlesque has been placed upon the stage is the great cause of its success. The costumes and the scenery are both very handsome, the cave of the forty thieves in the second act being a unique affair. The scene represents three rooms, the main or lower one representing the thieves lounging about, while in a room above is a barber shop, with one of the thieves undergoing the tonsorial operation, and in another room is a billiard table with the boys at play.

THE ATTENDANCE at Booth's Theatre the past week continued good, the house being crowded in the lower part, but the gallery was not so liberally patronized. In consequence of Mark Smith being called to St. Louis by the death of his father, the *role* of Friar Lawrence was filled in a creditable manner by Mr. D. W. Waller.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN is in the fourth and last week of his lease of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre. During the past week he appeared as Shylock, Sir Charles Coldstream, Sir Harcourt Courtley, Charles De Moore and Iago. Mr. Alexander Fitzgerald appeared on the 17th as Dazzle, in "London Assurance."

THE KIRALFY FAMILY, including a troupe of seventy dancers, male and female, have been secured in London for one of our city theatres, and will shortly arrive here. They have been performing at the St. James' Theatre, London.

THE LAURI FAMILY have been engaged in London for the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe, and may be expected to arrive here very soon, as they closed at Drury Lane, London, on Feb. 20th.

"GENIUS."—This is the title of a song recently published by Wm. P. Pond & Co., Broadway, and dedicated to Edwin Booth, the frontispiece being a capital lithographic likeness of the young tragedian. The words were written by C. O. Clayton, and the music composed by M. Harrison.

ADA HARLAND goes to Wood's Museum on March 6th.

LISA WEBER retires from the Thompson Troupe, now at Niblo's Garden, next week, and goes, it is rumored, to Brougham's Theatre.

"NITA, OR WOMAN'S CONSTANCY," was produced at the Broadway Theatre on the 15th by Mlle. Zoe, and was played the balance of the week to poor business. The piece is said to have been written expressly for Zoe. It does not possess any of the elements necessary for success. In the first scene, first act, there is a well worked up fair scene, but this is an old affair. The balance of the play is devoid of interest.

P. T. BARNUM is said to be writing another book, to be entitled "Struggles and Triumphs, or Forty Years in the Career of P. T. Barnum."

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is doing quite a lively business, with its large and talented company, the principal attractions being the Rizarelli Brothers, who are nightly hailed with every demonstration of applause. This week three *matinees* are given, the first on this day in commemoration of the birth of Washington, and on Wednesday and Saturday. These *matinee* performances are largely attended each week, more particularly on Saturday, when the rush is frequently greater than any evening during the week.

TONY PASTOR purchased a brown stone mansion during the past week, for which he paid $17,000.

JOSH HART, who has been suffering with a fistula for some time, was in this city the past week, and after consulting five physicians—four of whom were opposed to an operation—he returned to Boston.

MR. JOHN E. OWENS, eccentric comedian, sailed for San Francisco at noon on the 16th inst., in the steamer Rising Star. He is engaged with Messrs. Barrett & McCulloch, at their new theatre, for eight weeks, after which he plays two weeks in Sacramento and two weeks in Salt Lake City, thence returning homeward. Mr. Owens was escorted to the steamer by representatives of his profession in the persons of Messrs. Thos. Owens, E. L. Tilton, John Smith, and Albert Cassedy.

MONROE DEMPSTER re-appears with the Bryants' Minstrels next week.

OSCAR PFEIFFER, pianist, was announced to sail on the 23d inst. for Buenos Ayres.

KATE REYNOLDS opens at the Broadway Theatre on March 3d, in "Shadow of a Crime."

JEROME AND EDWARD LUBIN, magical apparatus importers and manufacturers, publish a card in our advertising columns.

SAUL SERTREW continues to write songs as per order, as will be seen by a card in another column.

MISS FANNY HERRING, now shining as "Ixion" at Wood's Museum, may be engaged through Messrs Thompson & Riggs, as per advertisement.

BURLESQUE having failed to draw "large and appreciative" audiences to Wood's Museum since the Florence season commenced, the management announce that the present week will be the last of the two burlesques of "Fra Diavolo" and "Field of the Cloth of Gold," as on March 1st the sensational drama will be revived with the production of "The Ticket of Leave Man," in which Mr. Florence will reappear in his very clever impersonation of Robert Brierly.

MR. BROUGHAM again changes the bill of fare for his patrons this week, and presents the comedy of "The Gentleman from Ireland," and his cleverly written burlesque of "Pocahontas," in both of which the manager, actor and author will appear in the principal role. Mr. Brougham announces, as in active preparation, a Shakespearean revival, to be produced in grand style. Business has not been very good at this establishment the past two weeks; the management are deserving of a better fate, for they have a good company, a handsome and comfortable theatre, and everything is placed upon the stage in good style and well acted.

NOEL WARNER, an Australian actor, made his first appearance in this city at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre on Saturday evening, 20th inst., as Othello, supported by McKean Buchanan as Iago, and Virginia Buchanan as Desdemona. Mr. Warner possesses a good voice, a commanding figure, and is one of the best actors we have seen in some time. His conception of the *role* of Othello was capital, and he performed it throughout in a careful, conscientious manner, winning most deserved applause. This evening he appears as Claude Melnotte in the "Lady of Lyons," as Hamlet on the 23d, and in Othello on the 24th. A very laughable scene occurred in act 2, scene 4, of "Othello" on the 20th. In this scene Othello throws a purse of money to Emelia, but she does not pick it up. Emelia and Iago then have a scene, after which, and as he was about to make his exit, Mr. Buchanan stealthily stooped down, and picking up the purse put it into his pocket, when some one in the gallery cried out in a stentorian voice, "Cheese it!" which was too much for the risibilities of Buck., and he was compelled to turn aside, for he was shaking with laughter. The audience also enjoyed it hugely. In all of Mr. Buchanan's "barn storming" we doubt if he has had anything to beat this during the performance of a Shakespearian piece.

HARRY AND JENNIE CLIFFORD continue at the Old Bowery Theatre, where they have become great favorites with the east side theatre goers. This week they appear as Seth Peabody in "Nicodemus Nobbs," and Bridget O'Thrush in "Sally Sweet Apple."

Dramatic.

IN CHICAGO THEATRICAL CIRCLES the past week the supply by far exceeded the demand, and as a consequence some houses suffered severely. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," says:—"The leading entertainment in the city is the burlesque at Crosby's, where the interest is not allowed to recede a particle, and the overflowing houses attest the favor with which the public regard the liberal management of Messrs. Hess & Co. The songs have been changed somewhat, and the singing of Mrs. Oates nightly elicits *encores* amounting almost to a *furore*. No lady in the profession enjoys greater favor with the Chicago public than this charming little actress. Katie Putnam and Fannie Stocqueler are also recipients of deserved applause. Among the funny things in which the burlesque abounds, preeminently are the bandit scene, in which McManus and the K. K. K. do a song and dance in high old style; the tourneys between Burnett and Fiske, Mrs. Oates and McManus; and the burlesque glove fight between Burnett and Fiske. The make-up and funny business of the gentlemen named are excruciatingly ludicrous. New sensation acts are introduced this (last) week by Hernandez and the Leon Bros. and a burlesque on the 'Japs,' which is received with rounds of laughter. Turnour continues to astonish the people with her elegant and daring feats on the aerial trapeze. This little lady takes front rank among the sensation artists of the present day, and is an immense card for any entertainment. Hernandez, with his cowbell troupe, the Brebans, and Sig. Gerard, in his imitations, continue in as great favor as ever. Mons. Von Hamme had arranged a new and beautiful *ballet* divertissement for this week, but was so unfortunate as to dislocate his knee on Monday night, 15th, while executing a difficult pirouette. The cap was replaced easily, however, and he will soon be about again......The idle portion of Hess' company are regaling the citizens of Lafayette with 'Rosedale' and the like, with Titus, as usual, for manager...... The Opera House company so worried the Worrell Sisters that they have drawn the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold,' and produce instead 'Blue Beard' on the 15th, 16th and 17th, and 'Belle Helene' 18th, 19th and 20th. Their houses continue light, which is more attributable to a bad opening week than anything else, for the sisters, though not good singers, are very clever burlesque actresses, and have winning ways about them. The city press has scored them fearfully, and the ladies seem discouraged to the extent that they often slight their characters......The 'Woman of the World,' followed by the farce 'Little Rebel,' constitute Manager Aiken's bill for the week, and draw that portion of our amusement seekers who desire to see a neat comedy neatly played. Such people are ever sure of being pleased at Aiken's Dearborn *bijou*. Next (this) week Frank produces 'Serf.'......At the Museum business is fearful, and Sam and Harry Macarthy combined—and a strong combination, too—fail to draw paying houses."

THE REMAINS OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.—That there are hundreds, nay, thousands, who have believed that John Wilkes Booth was not killed, but still existed in this mundane sphere, we know, for from time to time reports have been published of parties meeting with him in various parts of the country; but all such foolish ideas must now be dispelled, for that he lives no more except in the memory has been proved by his younger brother, Joseph, who identified the remains at Baltimore, Md., on the 16th inst., as those of his brother, John Wilkes Booth, who was killed for the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, in Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, during the performance of "Our American Cousin." John Wilkes Booth was secretly buried at midnight under the flagstone floor of a room in the warehouse on the arsenal grounds, Washington. There were present at the interment, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War; Holt, Baker, and a file of soldiers, the latter digging the grave. There the remains were left. The room is a rectangular, forty by twenty feet, and about twenty feet high. On the 12th inst., John H. Weaver presented a letter from Edwin Booth to President Andrew Johnson, requesting the custody of his brother's body, when the President caused to be issued the following order:—

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Feb. 15th, 1869, 3 P. M.

To Brigadier General Ramsey, Commanding at Arsenal.—The President directs that you give over the body of John Wilkes Booth to the bearer, John H. Weaver, Sexton of Christ's Church, Baltimore, to be by him taken in charge for proper re-interment. Please report the execution of this order.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Assist. Adjt. General.

This order was issued by the deputy at 3 P. M. and at 4 P. M. Mr. Weaver, accompanied by Messrs. Marr and Harvey, undertakers of Washington, drove into the Arsenal grounds. Upon reaching the room they found the stones removed and the earth piled up, caused by the removal of the remains of Mrs. Surratt, on the 8th inst., and of Harold on the 14th inst. Instead of each occupying a grave, a single trench, five feet high, fifteen feet long and six feet wide, held the boxes containing the bodies of Mrs. Surratt, Capt. Wirz, Lewis Payne, alias Powell, George A. Atzerodt, David E. Harold, and John Wilkes Booth. The box containing Harold laid next to that of Booth's, and when Harold was removed, the box containing the remains of Booth was immediately covered with dirt, while the others were left exposed. Preparations were at once commenced for the disinterment of Booth's remains. There were present the three undertakers, a military officer, a journalist and a file of soldiers. In forty-five minutes the soldiers had dug around the box, and it was pulled up by box hooks inserted under its two ends, and was found to be in a sound state of preservation. Removing some dirt clinging to the box, the name, John Wilkes Booth, in capital letters, painted on the white pine in black paint, about an inch long, was seen. The box in which the remains were originally interred was much decayed, and on taking off the lid the remains were found to be wrapped in two or three gray blankets, and in a tolerable state of preservation. The coat and vest were found to be in good condition, as also the pataloons, except that a portion of one leg appeared to have been cut off. The cavalry boot on his left leg was in extra good condition, looking to be nearly new, and the shoe on the right foot—a common brogan—had a slit cut down the front, but otherwise was in good condition. The box was then borne by four soldiers, on their shoulders, to the wagon, in which it was placed, then covered with a stable blanket, and driven off by a negro to Marr & Harvey's, undertakers, on E street, where the pine box was encased in another larger pine box, and that night left by the cars for Baltimore, and was taken to Mr. Weaver's home, 22 Fayette street. Joseph Booth viewed the remains, and identified them beyond doubt by a peculiarly plugged tooth. The remains were deposited on the 18th, in the private vault of Mr. Weaver, at Greenmount, without any ceremony whatever, religious or otherwise, and will there rest until such time as it shall please the family to order the final interment along with the remains of the other relatives of the deceased, near the grave of their father, Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, in the Baltimore Cemetery.

FROM WASHINGTON, PA., we learn, through the *Daily State Journal*, that "Shakespeare's great tragedy of 'Richard III' was recently produced, with strong casts. Mr. J. B. Roberts assumed the leading *role*, and personated the character with rare genius and the highest conception of the author's master-piece. Mr. J. B. Roberts ably sustained the character of Hamlet, and added new laurels to his fame as an eminent tragedian. Shakespeare's plays are his forte, in which his genius is fully displayed, and he gives the most vivid conception of the author's master-pieces, having few superiors. Mr. Roberts is ably supported by Miss Emilie Yates."

COLERICK'S OPERA HOUSE, Fort Wayne, Ind., which is claimed to be the most perfect structure of the kind in the west, being well fitted up with all the necessary appliances for first class performances, may be rented by addressing Messrs. Nirdlinger, as instructed in their card in our advertising columns. Harry Linden and wife played an engagement there, the card of which was "standing room only" almost every night.

DURING LOTTA'S engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, her best support in the "Fire Fly," is said to have been given her by soldiers from the First Infantry (regulars), who are on duty at Headquarters in that city. During the act in which she drills the soldiers, it was done very fine, in regular infantry style; also in the scene where she rescues the flag, the soldiers went it in regular earnest; they say when they smelt the powder it reminded them of the skirmishes they participated in during the war. In fact this part of the business of the play was done much better by the soldiers than by persons we are accustomed to see perform those parts, and who have no idea of any military manœuvres. Lotta seemed to be proud of the military support given by the regulars.

GARRISON AND EVARSHAM, Occidental College of the Drama, Chicago, Ill., advertise that they are in want of artists to fill immediate engagements.

A LEADING LADY, who must be young and pretty and have a good wardrobe, is advertised for; also a leading man who possesses a good wardrobe.

MISS ANNA CORELLA wishes an engagement as singing lady in a first class theatre. Address care of Sig. Vallo, as per advertisement.

MANAGERS who intend producing Daly's sensational piece called "A Flash of Lightning," should make a note of the card published elsewhere by the business manager of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

FANNY B. PRICE commenced the second week of her engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, on the 18th, in "Foul Play." Waldaur's new play of "Fairy Fingers," written for Miss Price, was underlined.

AN ACTOR advertises that he can be engaged as second old man or second heavies; also that his wife can be engaged for singing chambermaids or comedy old women.

GILBERT'S DRAMATIC TROUPE opened at Jacksonville, Fla., on the 8th inst., for two weeks. Business was fair. Mrs. J. W. Fox joined this party on the 8th inst.

FARREN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY appear in Newark, N. J., on the 1st of March, in "Love's Sacrifice."

THE THEATRICAL SENSATIONS of last week in Cincinnati were the advents of Lotta and Joe Jefferson. Both met with success, but in this respect the little actress had decidedly most cause for gratulation. She opened on Monday night at Wood's to a house literally overflowing, for the box office had to be closed at last. The play was the "Firefly," a dramatization by Edmund Falconer, of Ouida's tale, "Under Two Flags." Except that it has no pantomime in it, it is calculated to remind one of the "French Spy," the scene being laid in Algeria, and the heroine a Vivandiere. The piece has some splendid scenes, the battle on the outposts between the French pickets and the Arabs at the close of Act 3 being especially noticeable. It gives nice pictures of camp, barrack and field life, and certainly takes well. Lotta deals extensively in songs, dances and drum solos. The play generally was well acted at Wood's, the Cecil of J. Newton Gotthold fairly dividing the honors with the little heroine. On Friday and Saturday evenings there was a change of bill, Lotta appearing as Florence Langdon in the "Female Detective," and Fanny Gribbles in "An Object of Interest." The big houses extended all through the week. This week John E. McDonough's "After Dark" is to be brought out. A large number of new scenes have been painted for it and every preparation made for a "run"....Joe Jefferson commenced at the National, as Pangloss in the "Heir at Law," on Monday evening, 15th, to a tolerable house, by no means overcrowded. He is quiet and natural, at times a little too quiet, it would seem, and occasionally a bit of Rip Van Winkle accent will reveal itself. He had a good Lord Duberly in De Grant, and a fair Dick Dowlas in Lingham. Wednesday, 17th, Jefferson played Bob Acres, in which he is hardly spirited and quick enough. De Grant's Old Absolute, and O'Neil's Sir Lucius were capital, the latter natural except exactly suiting the character. Jefferson also gave Hugh de Brass, in "A Regular Fix," keeping the audience in a roar. On Friday, for his benefit, he appeared as Golightly, in "Lend Me Five Shillings," and Bob Shortcut, in the "Spitfire," to a very large house. The other evenings of the week, and the *matinee*, were devoted to "Rip Van Winkle," which, strange to say, drew better than the other pieces. Jefferson's engagement lasted but the week. Next (this) week Mrs. Scott Siddons commences, opening in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," its first production in Cincinnati.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN, melo-dramatic actor, advertises that he can be engaged.

LEO HUDSON closed her engagement at the New Memphis Theatre on Feb. 13. The houses during the second week were bad. A play, written by a Nashville lawyer, called the "Lost Cause," failed to draw. Our correspondent says:—"It was a poor affair. Mr. Frank Mayo opened on the 15th as 'Hamlet,' to a large and really appreciative audience. His engagement here last season, though played at a bad time of the year, made him many friends and admirers; he will doubtless play a good engagement. He was excellently supported, especially by Messrs. Dovey and McWade. T. Hamilton appeared as the Ghost, and Mrs. Nellie Taylor as Queen Gertrude......Leo Hudson has been detained by J. W. Murray, who accompanied her as agent and leading man, he having instituted a suit to recover the amount due him for his services. All the profession in the city have been summoned, and some interesting developments are promised. The trial was to take place on the 16th. ......The comedian of the New Memphis has been tendered a position at the Navy Yard in this city, by the commandant, as drill master."

E. G. P. HARRISON AND ALICE A. HARRISON have left Gilbert's troupe and joined John Templeton's......Mr. and Mrs. Watkins closed in Augusta, Ga., on the 12th, a one week's stay, and Templeton was to open there with the "White Fawn," for one week, on the 15th, to be followed by Grau's troupe for one week, commencing Feb. 22, and the Hanlon Troupe on the 29th. The "White Fawn" is to be in Charleston on the 22d, and Savannah, 29th.

F. S. CHANFRAU opened at the Galveston, Texas, Theatre on the 8th, in "Sam," and had a large house. Our correspondent, "Kadac," says:—"The character of Sam is new to Galveston, and Mr. Chanfrau's acting at once made him a great favorite here, and 'Sam' has enjoyed a run of five consecutive nights and one *matinee*, which is considerable for this city. E. A. Eberle as General Roslyn, Sam E. Ryan as Dick Jenkinsini, George Morton as George Cropley, C. H. Thompson as Arthur Shafton, Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Euphemia Roslyn, Miss Ella Wesner as Lady Cropley, and Mrs. S. E. Ryan as Blanche, were well up in their parts. On the 13th 'Sam' was withdrawn, and 'Ireland As It Is' and 'Toodles' were given. Mr. Chanfrau's Ragged Pat and Toodles were two of the funniest pieces of acting witnessed here in a long time. J. G. Beckett as Dan O'Carrolan, George Merton as Neil O'Carrolan, R. D. Ogden as Mons. Voyage, E. A. Eberle as Stone, Sam E. Ryan as Slang, Frank Knight as Conner O'Flaherty, Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Judy O'Trot, Miss Nelly Johnson as Honor O'Carrolan, and Miss Ella Wesner as Florence, did excellently. Mrs. E. A. Eberle's Judy O'Trot was a feature of the piece, and deserves especial mention, as also does her rendition of Mrs. Toodles. On the 15th 'Joe' is to be produced. Business has been excellent the entire week, although Lent is now upon us."

SAMUEL EDWIN BROWNE, a low comedian of considerable repute through the eastern states, died at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, on Sunday night, Feb. 14th, of consumption, from which he had been suffering for some time. He was born in this city in 1826, and when a child his parents removed to Philadelphia, in which city he made his first appearance in the profession, as a call boy, at the Walnut Street Theatre, in 1845. In 1847 he traveled with W. C. Forbes' company. He then joined William B. English's dramatic troupe as low comedian, and traveled through the eastern towns for several seasons. Lucille and Helen Western were in the company, playing "child parts." After that he appeared at the Old Bowery Theatre, in this city, and subsequently traveled through the west. In 1858 he retired from the stage and opened a drinking and eating saloon in Philadelphia, but soon gave it up and returned to the stage. In 1863 he was stage manager at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va. In 1867-8 he was associated in the management of a traveling dramatic company with Charles Bidwell, and did well through the eastern country. When the season closed Mr. Bidwell reorganized with George Locke, the Yankee comedian, as his partner, leaving out of the concern Mr. Browne, who organized a company under his sole management, which was short lived, as they broke up without receiving any money. Since then Mr. Browne has been living in Boston, doing very little if anything in the way of play acting. We saw him in Boston about ten months ago, and he was then in consumption, and afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. He made John Maguire's his headquarters, the home of nearly all professionals in the Bean City. He was a versatile actor, being competent to play, equally well, low comedy, juveniles or character business. The funeral took place on the 18th inst. at the chapel in Pitts street, Boston. There were present many in the profession of which the deceased was an honored member. At the conclusion of the services the remains of the deceased, which were enclosed in a finely ornamented rosewood coffin, were conveyed to Mount Hope Cemetery for interment. He leaves a widow. Mr. Browne died in very indigent circumstances, and the last sad rites over his remains were performed under the direction of members of the theatrical profession resident in Boston. About fifty dollars were contributed at the Museum, a sum a trifle larger at the Howard Athenæum, and favorable reports are anticipated from other theatres. After paying the funeral expenses there was a considerable surplus of funds, which, being left in the hands of John Maguire, he devoted it to the purchase of a burial lot in Mount Hope Cemetery, to which it is proposed in the future to consign the remains of such unfortunate disciples of Thespis as may die in that vicinity, and whom life's vicissitudes may have deprived of home and relatives.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the places of amusement of Pittsburgh, Pa., for the month of January were as follows:—Opera House, $8,611; Old Theatre, $9,000; American Theatre (Trimble's Varieties), $1,911. Total, $19,522.

MRS. G. H. HOWARD was announced to play Topsey in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on Feb. 22d and 23d.

MRS. DAN MYRON was to play Topsey in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 22d inst., under John P. Smith's management.

MISS AGNES ETHEL appeared in "The Lady of Lyons," at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on the 17th, to a fair but appreciative audience. Our correspondent says:—"Miss Ethel's 'Pauline' was an excellent piece of acting, showing that she had given the part very close attention. The Gossin Brothers severed their connection with this company last week. Mr. D. H. Harkin has joined them, and he makes a good impression by his excellent rendition of the characters he sustains, his Claude Melnotte being especially worthy of notice. Mr. W. H. Pope, G. C. Davenport, Miss May Fiske and Mrs. Grattan are still with this company. They appeared at Meriden on the 17th, thence to Norwalk, for one night, and then into Massachusetts."

IN LEXINGTON, KY., theatricals are quiet just now. Manager Benson, with the company from Benson's Theatre, Louisville, including Martin Golden and Miss Bella Golden, opened the Academy of Music for a season of two weeks on Monday, the 15th, when they gave the "Gunmaker of Moscow;" on Tuesday, "Wild Irish Girl;" Wednesday, "Froze Out;" Thursday evening, the "Pearl of Savoy," the audience having dwindled almost to a baker's dozen. Benson was to reopen the Academy on the 22d with Jo Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," supported by Benson's company. They will also put in an appearance this week at Frankfort, for two days only.

N. C. FORRESTER'S dramatic company appeared in Elmira, N. Y., on the 18th and 19th inst. For the benefit of Independent Hose Company No. 3, on the first night, they gave the "Honeymoon" and "That Rascal Thomas." On the second night they produced the "Colleen Bawn" and "Lunatic Asylum."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and his company are to appear at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on the 15th of March.

C. W. COULDOCK and daughter appeared the past week at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., to good houses, in "Dora," "Old Phil's Birthday," "Porter's Knot" and "Henry IV." Lotta is there this week. "The Lottery of Life" is underlined, and will be produced shortly.

"THE WANDERING JEW" was produced for the first time in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 15th, at the Academy of Music, with Ed. Eddy as Dagobert, and Henrietta Irving as Cephise. It is said to be well gotten up, with new scenery, machinery and appointments. It was played during the week and at the *matinee*. ......On the 22d Yankee Robinson and Mad Senyah were to appear.

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., Miss Blanche Chapman took her first benefit in that city on the 12th inst., which proved to be a complimentary ovation to the fair *beneficiaire*. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"She appeared as Aladdin, in connection with her sister Ella in the *role* of Pekoe, before a densely packed audience. On the 15th, the burlesque of 'Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel,' was presented, and among the most prominent in the cast of characters were Blanche and Ella Chapman, the former as Ixion and the latter as Mercury; Jupiter, Mrs. Claude Hamilton (her first appearance here); Venus, Mrs. C. B. Bishop; Cupid, Julia Parker; Bacchus, Joseph Parker; Ganymede, M. A. Kennedy; Mars, W. H. Meeker; Apollo, Florence Stanley, and Bishop, as Minerva. The burlesque was witnessed by an overflowing house, and all seemed delighted with the singing and dancing of the sisters and the whimsicalities, keen sarcasm and witty hits at the follies and humors of the period we live in. Two choruses that were sung produced much merriment—the one an imitation of the bell ringers, and the other of watchmen springing their rattles. The scenic part was much admired, more particularly the Abode of the Gods, the Rectifying Establishment of Bacchus and the Grotto of Venus. The same piece was run throughout the week; and on the 19th inst. with the farce of 'Out to Nurse,' for the benefit of Ella Chapman—her first upon any stage. The 'Forty Thieves' will be produced on the 22d......A pantomimic and *ballet* troupe opened on the 15th at the Maryland Institute, consisting of Mons. De Verdi, L'Almee, Mmes Eugenia Lupo, Elsie and Mons. Chevet, W. Scott, balladist, and Alexander Boldy as clown. The performance consisted of Hindoo sports, by Mons. De Verdi; singing by Scott, the *ballet* by Lupe, Albertina, Lottee and Elsie; the Ærial Voyage by Mons. De Verdi, and the pantomime of the 'Fairy of the Silver Trumpet.' They play but for one week......A novel entertainment was given on the 18th at Sanderson's Opera House. It was a complimentary benefit to John Starr, a well known local editor in our city, who, for years after *scratching* for a living, and thereby gaining more honor than wealth, has at last concluded to 'sling no more ink' and retire from the editorial sabinet."

HACKETT is the present star at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., opening on the 22d, in "King Henry IV."

BURT HOWARD, burlesque and character actor, advertises for an engagement.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE opened at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 17th, with Flotow's celebrated opera of "Martha," which was presented in a style of magnificence never before attempted in this city. Our correspondent says:—"The Opera House was filled the entire week by the *elite* and fashion of the city. On Thursday, 'Il Trovatore' was presented; Friday, 'Crown Diamonds;' Saturday, 'A Night in Granada.' Their chorus was sung by over forty voices, accompanied by an orchestra of twenty-two pieces, led by S. Behrens. The following ladies and gentlemen comprise the leading members of the company:—Mrs. Carrie R. Bernard, Mrs. E. Seguin, Miss Anna Mischka, Miss Edith Abell, Mrs. Fanny Gonzales; Mr. Wm. Castle, Mr. Pierre Bernard, Mr. Henry Peakes, Mr. Jas. Arnold, Mr S. C. Campbell, Mr. Edward Seguin, Mr. James Peakes, Mr. Chas. Drew. There are altogether seventy-five persons connected with this troupe.

MR. LATOUR, an old actor, is in the photographing business in Sedalia, Mo., and he also has a little amateur dramatic company under his own personal instruction. They performed at the Sedalia Opera House on the 15th. The pieces were "Irish Lion," "Stage Struck Yankee" and "Poor Pillicody."

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS closed her engagement at the Opera House, Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 20th. Our correspondent says:—During her engagement she appeared in 'As You Like It,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hunchback,' for her benefit; 'King Rene's Daughter' and 'Katherine and Petruchio,' and on the 20th 'Macbeth.' Mr. J. W. Albaugh and Mary Mitchell open an engagement on Feb. 22d."

BROUGHAM'S comedy of "Better Late Than Never" was produced at the Boston Museum the past week, but was not favorably received. This week the new comedy by Robertson, called "Home," is to be presented, its first performance being set down for the 25th inst.

"SCHOOL"—the title of Robertson's new play—has met with so much favor at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, that it is kept on the bills this week. It is pronounced a work of original power, and the author's most successful effort. It is of a mingled romantic and domestic character, simple in plot, neat and finished in construction, and deeply and continually interesting.

OPERA BOUFFE is in its last week at the Boston Theatre. Tostee appears in the "Duchesse of Gerolstein," also in "La Belle Helene."

MANAGERS wishing to secure a leading lady will find the address of Miss Anna Levering in another column.

J. W. ALBAUGH AND MARY MITCHELL closed at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., on Feb. 20th. They opened on the 15th in "East Lynne," and produced during the week "Marble Heart," "Octoroon," etc. Mrs. D. P. Bowers is the current star, and continues two weeks. "After Dark" will be produced on March 9th. Negotiations are pending for Van Hamme, Louise Billon, *premiere danseuse*, the Leon Brothers and Edward Rupert to appear in the Concert Saloon Scene.

A LOT OF SCENERY, suitable for a traveling dramatic company, is advertised for sale.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN advertises for a number of novices who may wish to travel with his dramatic company and learn to act.

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY appear in Columbus, O., on the 26th and remain three nights.

IN PHILADELPHIA, "Tame Cats" did not run the second week through, the business not warranting its continuance. This week "A Victim of Circumstances" and "Pocahontas" are the attraction. Mr. R. Craig is the Powhatan in the burlesque, and Miss Fanny Davenport the gentle Pocahontas......Fox's American continues to meet with success, large audiences being in attendance the past week to see the Japanese troupe in their extraordinary performances, and to renew their acquaintance with little All Right. In addition to the Japs and other great attractions, a burlesque entitled "Our Country Cousin" will be presented this week. The following is a list of the excellent dancers and *ballet corps* engaged at this house:—Mlle. Venturoli, Mlle. La Rosa, Mary Wesner, Millie Killmyer, Kate Wilson, Sallie Apt, Ellen Colleen, Julia Price, Mary Lee, Sally Wesner, Bella Graham, Mary Antre, Lizzie Jackson, K. Robinson, L. Robinson, E. Wesner, J. Stone, K. Harrison, Mlle. Louise, L. Wesner, S. Moore, A. Donnelly, C. Mitchell. Manager Birgfeld and his French Opera Bouffe Troupe will open a season at the Academy on March 1st, introducing Tostee, Irma and others......Susan Galton's Opera Company remain at the Chestnut. Offenbach's "Robinson Crusoe" is in rehearsal......The Williamsons are still at the Walnut. The "Emerald Ring" is announced for production on March 1.

M. W. LEFFINGWELL opens in Memphis, Tenn., March 1st.

"CYRIL'S SUCCESS" was announced for production at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, Canada, on the 22d inst.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY are traveling through Canada.

WILSON AND CLARKE'S COMPANY are in the sixth week of their stay in St John, N. B. The past week "Inshavogue" was produced, besides other pieces. The company consists of E. W. Beattie, M. M. Price, J. B. Howard, G. E. Wilson, A. F. Pratt, J. B. Nolan, C. H. Clarke, Lottie Ward, Lena Warner, Katie Griste, and Edwina Grey.

HARRY LINDEN opened Colerick's Hall—now called Opera House—Fort Wayne, Ind., with his dramatic company on Feb. 16th, with "Hidden Hand." On the 17th, "William's Crime" was presented, and on the 18th, "Octoroon." The company closes there on the 27th.

EFFIE HENDERSON opened the second week of her engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, as "Rose Leigh," in the drama of "Rosedale," which was kept on the boards the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th. On the 19th she had a farewell benefit, when the "Daughter of the Regiment" and the "Youthful days of Richelieu" were presented. On the 20th Harry Hotto took a benefit. The attractions were "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Snow Bird" and "A Row in the Family." Managers Henderson and Canning will open the Opera House at Johnstown, Pa. on the 22d. Mr. Mark Bates and Miss Augusta Dargon will be the leading characters.

"BLOW FOR BLOW" was produced at the Rochester, N. Y., Theatre, on the 15th, and after a run of three nights to slim houses was withdrawn. The balance of the week was occupied with "Colleen Bawn" and "Jones' Baby" on the 18th, and "After Dark" 19th and 20th. Business is said to have been discouragingly poor the entire week. E. Eddy and Henrietta Irving open on the 22d in "The Rag Picker" of Paris" and "Katharine and Petruchio." Mr. Sawtelle, who has played heavy business there this season, has severed his connection with the stock company.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK closed on the 14th at De Bar's, St. Louis, in "Maria Stuart," to a good house, and on the 17th a complimentary benefit was tendered her at the Olympic, when "Medea" was performed.

AT THE OLYMPIC, St. Louis, the past week The Leffingwell drew well, giving "Beppo" and "Widow Twankay" on the 15th; on the 16th, "Beppo" and "Cinderella;" 18th, "Cinderella" and "Widow Twankay."......Mr. Cathcart, the English tragedian who traveled through this country with the late Chas. Keane, has been engaged, and will shortly appear at this theatre.

AT DE BAR'S, St. Louis, on the 15th, Mrs. Lander, assisted by Hughes Taylor and Geo. Becks, commenced a short engagement. The opening piece was "Elizabeth," which was repeated on the 16th, and "Maria Stuart" on the 17th and 18th. The opening night was not as good as would have been if the weather had been pleasant. Since then the houses have greatly improved. "Maria Antoinette" is in preparation.

IN NASHVILLE, TENN., the new theatre has come to a stampede again, it having closed the 12th, after a partial run of two weeks.

OF DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Detroit our correspondent, "Mac," writes as follows:—"O. W. Blake's dramatic company opened at Young Men's Hall on the 15th, under the management of W. H. Hough. The opening bill was the drama of 'Old Phil's Birthday,' with Felix A. Vincent as Phil Stapleton and Mrs. Julia Blake as Marion, concluding with the farce of 'Turn Him Out.' O. W. Blake as Nicodemus Nobbs. This bill was repeated on the 16th, and on the 17th 'Arrah Na Pogue;' 18th, 'Hidden Hand;' 19th, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' G. A. Hough volunteering as Gumption Cute, as represented by him for the 840th time. On Saturday, for the benefit of Felix A. Vincent, and last night of the season 'Inshavogue,' with Vincent as Brian Maguire. The manager adopted the expedient of giving away $100 in greenbacks nightly, but not proving successful in attracting large audiences it was discontinued after the second night without materially lessening the attendance, which was light throughout the week, the only exception being on Friday night."

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., Madame Zavistowski and daughters, Emeline and Alice, or, as they are announced there, the Zavistowski Sisters, are still the attraction at the National Theatre, this being their fourth engagement at this establishment this season. Our correspondent, Novice, writes:—"The 'French Spy' and 'Kenilworth' formed the bill on the 15th and 16th inst. Madame Zavistowski sustained the three leading characters in the drama, and received good support from Mr. F. Foster, who appeared as Mahommed. 'Kenilworth' was well given, with Miss Emeline as Leicester, Blanche Grey as Amy Robsart, G. A. Parkhurst as Elizabeth, Mrs. Parker as Duke of Sussex, Charles Rosene as Varney, E. J. Parker as Tresillian and Miss Alice as Raleigh. Tresillian and Amy Robsart were in good hands, and were really the best rendered parts in the cast. Mr. Parker is an actor well adapted to burlesque, much of his acting being exceedingly good; he does not, however, appear often enough. On the 17th 'Ixion' and 'Kenilworth' were presented. The cast of the former differs slightly from the original distribution here, Blanche Grey appearing as Venus and Mr. Parkhurst as Minerva. These parts were filled by Lillie Eldridge and E. Lamb when the burlesque was first presented. Mr. Parkhurst does very well—nothing more. Miss Grey appears in long dress, and does not even present as pleasing an appearance as Mrs. Bishop, who impersonated the *role* after Miss Eldridge retired from the company. The character of Ganymede by Mr. Foster, was really an enjoyable piece of acting. The comedietta of a 'Day After the Wedding,' with Blanche Grey as Lady Elizabeth, followed by the can-can and concluding with 'Ixion,' was the bill on the 18th inst. The first performance in this city of the burlesque of 'Ernani; or, the Horn of a Dilemma,' occurred on the evening following. So much attention had been given to rehearsing 'H. D.,' that 'Ernani' received very light rehearsals, consequently the piece went off poorly and the performance was not at all acceptable. It seemed to be a very difficult matter for the audience to appreciate any of the bits, and but a single pun (and that a clever one) on Fitzsimmons and his can-can people, provoked any laughter. Emeline Zavistowski in the title *role* dressed as sparingly as she generally does, and sang 'Up in a Balloon,' 'Bitter Beer' and a queer composition to the air of 'He's a Pal o' Mine.' The burlesque of 'Ixion' was given in conclusion. Yesterday, 20th, the usual Saturday *matinee* was given, when 'A Day After the Wedding' and 'Beauty and the Beast' were produced. In the evening, 'Ernani' and 'Ixion' were repeated. The second representation of 'Ernani' showed many marked improvements over the previous night, some of the characters being greatly improved. The burlesque cannot be classed as a success here, however. Washington's birthday is to be celebrated by the first production in this city, of 'Humpty Dumpty,' which is to brought out in excellent style, with all the intricate mechanical effects and stage accessories. The cast will include, besides the Zavistowskis, Helen Wall as Columbine; Hernandez Foster as Clown; Frank Foster as Harlequin, and B. S. Hodges as Pantaloon. Sergeant Burke is to appear in his lightning Zouave drill, and Carrie Augusta Moore and J. H. Lovett are announced for a performance in the skating carnival......Messrs. Spalding and Rapley have generously donated the entire proceeds of a performance to be given on the afternoon of March third, to the Provident Aid Society, for the benefit of the poor of the city...... A benefit was given Mr. J. H. Rathbone at Wall's Opera House, on the 12th instant. The audience in attendance was very large and the performance passed off acceptably. The feature of the evening was the first production of a burlesque on Brougham's 'Pocahontas,' written by Mr. Rathbone, and called 'Pocahontas in Black.' The principal characters were admirably represented by Messrs. Rathbone, T. H. Donehue, T. H. Walker, and Geo. D. Scott. The burlesque is a cleverly arranged affair, being brim-full of local hits, puns and witticisms. It is a little singular to note that the Brougham version was given at the National Theatre on the same evening. Laura Keene opens Wall's Opera House for the spring season, on March 1st. Boucicault's 'Hunted Down; or, the Two Lives of Mary Leigh' is announced as the opening bill."

MESSRS DAVIS & CO., the dramatic agents of Cincinnati, O., want talent of various kinds for various institutions, as will be seen by their card in another column.

AT THE MOBILE, (ALA.,) THEATRE, says our correspondent "Guy," "an amateur association of this city gave the opera of 'Martha' last Monday evening, (15th,) to the fullest house of the season, notwithstanding the rain poured down in torrents. The entertainment was in every respect creditable. During the remainder of the week the house remained closed, but opens to-night with Pfau and a portion of the old stock company."

BIDWELL & LOCKE'S COMPANY arrived in Portland, Me., on the 15th, in the height of the most severe storm of the season, and no performance was given on the 15th, but on Tuesday a fair audience assembled to witness "Esmeralda" and "Betsy Baker," with Miss Dollie Bidwell as the Gipsy Girl. Bidwell gave a capital representation in "Quassimodo." Lillie Marden as Betsy Baker, played with much spirit and sang Captain Jinks so archly that she was *encored*. Wednesday, 17th, "Little Barefoot" and "Rough Diamond" showed the company in a different style of characters, Miss Bidwell playing Amry; Sullivan, William Peace; Wilkinson, Jemmy; Dean, Farmer Peace, and all doing capitally—Wilkinson's "gag" of "Let us have peace," when he joins the hands of Amry and William, telling immensely. The week was filled out with "Ruth," "Pearl of Savoy," "French Spy" and "Maniac Lover." They remained the 22d, playing the "Hidden Hand," and opened for a season of nine nights in Lewiston, Me., on the 23d. Business has been fair only.

YANKEE LOCKE has again been compelled to retire to his home in Lowell, being too ill to act. He has just had to undergo a very painful surgical operation for the removal of a piece of detached bone from the jaw, broken by his fall in Oct. last.

MILTON NOBLES, late of the Academy of Music, Omaha, opened with the Langrishe party in Denver, Colorado, on the 15th, appearing as De Mouprat to Geo. Waldron's Richlieu.

HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE appeared in Hamilton, C. W., Feb. 14th, and was greeted with a crowded house. They gave the Opera of the "Grand Duchess."

MRS. G. C. HOWARD, with the Clarke Comedy Combination for support, is to put in one night at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on the 26th. The "Octoroon" will be produced on this occasion, with Mrs. Howard as Zoe.

LIZZIE INES ST. JOHN, tragedienne, who has the repute of being a star of the first magnitude, and a central orb in her particular sphere, may be engaged through her agent, C. H. Madison, as per advertisement.

DAN WORCESTER'S sensation troupe, under the management of Dan and E. W. Marston, are traveling through the east. They appeared at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on the 18th and 19th, to fair business. Mr. E. F. Clarke, Chas. Foster, L. H. Weldon, E. W. Marston, F. Brennan, W. R. Griffith, Mrs. E. W. Marston, Mrs. R. G. France and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Worcester comprise the company.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICALS.—Our advices from the Pacific Slope are up to January 30th. Annie Lockhard (Mrs. Jackson) took her farewell of the San Francisco public on January 23d at the Metropolitan Theatre, as Lady Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret," and Annie Carew in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing." ......Emma and Celia Howson were to take a farewell benefit at Platt's Hall on February 4th, prior to their departure for China......Harry Edwards was confined to his bed with rheumatic gout......John Wilson, the circus manager, had quite a hunt for certain performers lately engaged with him. He commenced a suit in the San Francisco Courts on January 21st against William Carlo, George Ross, James Cooke, Samuel Abel and John Gardner, to recover $4,200, which he claims to be due from defendants for the hire of horses, carriages, saddles, and other circus stock, furnished in 1866 and 1867 by the plaintiff. It appears that the above named parties had engaged passage on the constitution, which sailed for Callao on Jan. 22d, so on the morning of that day John Wilson, accompanied by the Sheriff, went to the wharf, and search was made for the missing acrobats, but they were not to be found. Ross and Carlo were doing flying trapeze and Niagara leaps up aloft in the rigging, while Samuel Abel and John Gardner, in the disguise of firemen, were shoveling coal down below. Wilson caught sight of William Barry, the treble somersault boy, who was brought ashore. Wilson could have prevented his leaving, but he relented and let him go again. Fanny Brown (Mrs. Carlo) was on board, but Wilson, doubting whether he could attach her for a debt owing by her husband, made no attempt to do so. So they went, and Wilson is out and injured by the slippery acrobats...... Miss Alexander, the *soubrette* of the Salt Lake City Theatre, has arrived in Frisco......James Stark returned from Australia on Jan. 23d......The Burt Street Theatre did a big business the first week of its opening, the receipts being, it is said, as fol-

lows:—Monday, $2,178.50; Tuesday, $1,018.50; Wednesday, $1,943.25; Thursday $1,193 50; Friday, $1,041.00; Saturday, $1,225.75. Total, $7,999.50.....The Lyster Opera Troupe closed their engagement at the Opera House on Jan. 30th, with a benefit to Lucy Escott. Their engagement was not a profitable one.....The Metropolitan Theatre was reopened on Jan. 25th, by Charles Poole, with "Leah" and the following people in the company:—Fanny Younge, Ada DeVere, Augusta Wilton, W. Barry, H. Coad, J. C. Morrison, W. McCabe, W. Hamilton, and Mrs. Charles Poole. The audience was small the first night. "Medea" was given on the 29th to another poor house, the weather being very stormy. On Jan. 29th, Mad. Olga Von Plittersdorf appeared in a German performance. This lady was to continue for four nights.....At the Burt Street Theatre "John Bull" was presented on Jan. 25th, followed on the 26th by "Ingomar.".....The Olympic was reopened on Jan. 25th. Barry Carter, vocalist, made his debut there on that occasion, and on the 28th Tillie Price, from the Philadelphia theatres, put in an appearance.....The Martinetti Family have opened the Theatre Comique with a pantomime company.....Kathleen O'Neil is back at the Bella Union. Minnie Corbyn, August Lehman, Young America and several others, are also there.....John Wilson is doing a good business at his Amphitheatre, corner of Post and Stockton streets. In the company are Rika Zoyara and Jas. Cooke.

DRAMATIC ITEMS.—Lucille Western and James A. Heard, with a dramatic company, have been playing at Piper's Opera House, Virginia City. Mrs. E. F. Keach, Harry Hawk, Otto Burbank, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Beatty and W. Robinson, were in the party.....Mr. and Mrs. Bates have been performing in Oregon at the Oro Fino Theatre.....The dramatic company under Charles Poole's management were at Stockton on Jan. 29th.

MESSRS. THOMPSON AND RIGGS advertise in the CLIPPER to the effect that they are prepared at all times to negotiate with managers and performers.

"IXION" AND "FORTY THIEVES."—The right of producing these burlesques can be obtained of Mr. Alex. Henderson, together with marked MSS. lithographs, wood cuts and posters. Mr. Henderson, moreover, cautions the profession against purchasing certain stolen copies of "Ixion," and informs them that any infringement on his registered rights will be visited with the utmost rigor.

THE "HUMPTY DUMPTY" CONTROVERSY.—E. A. Locke in reply to the statement of E. W. Palmer in our last issue, that said Locke's bad management was the cause of the bad business of the company, says:—"It was not my bad acting and worse stage management that ruined 'Humpty Dumpty;' but on the contrary, it was he said Palmer's lack of enterprise to run even a monkey show. Palmer is naturally a timid man, and among men of business he visibly weakens; in short, I have seen him when called upon talk to an editor almost faint, and try and make Mr. Harry Eilsler do the work he should have done himself. If Mr. Palmer's money did such wonders why don't he liquidate a certain unpaid bill without sending it to me? If my bad acting killed 'Humpty Dumpty,' why did Manager Eilsler see fit to retain me after he had bought it out? We sold out 'Humpty Dumpty,' for the people would not remain with him, and the prominent day of my life was that on which I severed my connection with this 'carpet bag' manager.—E. A. LOCKE."

Negro Minstrelsy.

DUPREE AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS played at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, to very fair houses. The truth of the matter is that the hall is too large and expensive for anything short of a regular opera troupe, and few minstrel companies can do more in it than emortably clear expenses. The company is a good one and several of their acts were new to the city. A quartet "Essence," by Beredict, Gleason, Parkhurst and Collins, and a statue double clog," by the two latter, introducing some fine tableaux, were particularly noticeable. Hicks and Bishop, the tenor and bass, sang "Larboard Watch" very finely together. Benedict and Gleason, the bones and tambo, proved very fair comedians, though the former was laboring under such a severe cold as to prevent him from singing "Captain Jinks," and other songs he was at down for. A Greek Hornpipe, and the song and act "Walking Down Broadway," by Frank Kent, in female costume, together with a couple of farces, and some burlesque opera, completed a very good programme. During this week the troupe performs in Dayton and Indianapolis, and returns to Porkopolis, to play another week, on March 1.....This week Morris' Minstrels are playing at Pike's. They are old favorites to the burgh, Rainer, Queen, Collins, Hart, Ryan, Sweetnam and Kirman having been in the Newcomb troupe, and will probably draw better than strangers.....Haverley's Minstrels, and then the Arlington troupe are also booked for Pike's after Dupree and Benedict get through.

BOGAN, THE BANJOIST, has several advertisements in this week's issue, of importance to those banjoistically inclined.

COOL BURGOS MINSTRELS are billed for Hamilton, C. W., Feb. 24th, for one night.

KENNEDY, the Scottish vocalist, gives two of his farewell concerts Feb. 25th and 26th, in Hamilton, C. W.

A CANDIDATE FOR MINSTREL MENTORSHIP advertises in another column under the *nom de plume* of "Frenchy."

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS are now on their second annual tour through the west. They performed in Aurora, Ill., on the 13th; Earle, 15th; Kewanee, 15th; Galva, 17th; Galesburg, 18th; Canton 19th; Macomb, 20th; and go thence to the Missouri river. The company consists of Hank Goodman and Tommy O'Neal, bones; L. F. Benjamin, leader of orchestra and brass band; Jimmy Manning, song and dance man; W. Wentworth, contortionist; Wm. Convers, J. Gorton, Miss Maud Stanley, Mistelle Gorton and Mad. Flora Gorton. Charlie A. Wilson is manager agent.

HARRY DIMIC, jiggist and cloggist, advertises for an engagement.

MR. AND MRS. VALENTINE LOVE are still at Morris Brothers' Opera House, Boston, in addition to the burlesque of "Ixion," which has made a decided hit.

DUPREE AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS perform in Dayton, Ohio, on the 22d, 23rd and 24th.

EPH HORN opens at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, this week on the bones and in the first part, and in the olio in his act called "Woma's Rights." Master George appears this week, and Joe Emmet is announced for a new act. At the Williamsburgh house burlesque of "After Light" will be given, and John Mulligan appears as Old Tom.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS are in Ohio. Frank Rivers retires from the position of advance agent on March 6th, and Harry French goes ahead, French's position in the company being filled by G. W. Simpson. Mr. Rollin Edward leaves on March 6th, to take a farewell tour through Canada, previous to visiting Europe with Tom Burgess, both of whom have ad inducements to visit the old country. C. A. Boyd, leader goes to the Howard Athenæum Boston, his place being supplied by Mr. H. A. Saxton. The company play in Detroit, Mich., one week, from March 1st.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS gave two concerts at Rand's, Troy, N. Y., on Feb. 15th and 16th. Our correspondent, Mose, says:—"They met with the same success that they had when here some four weeks ago, when their houses were crowded. Their first part was pulled on both evenings by the severe *undisposition* of themed man, Charley Reynolds. Charley Pettengill made an immense hit in the song, 'Up in a Balloon.' Mr. Haverly will have to look around for some first class end man to keep up to ends with Pettengill, if he wants to keep up his reputation.'

NEWCOMB MINSTRELS concertise at Rand's Hall, Troy, on the 23d.

BUCKLEY'SERENADERS gave two performances at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, the 13th and 15th, to good houses.

KELLY AT LEON'S MINSTRELS opened in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 16th to a crowded house, which fell off, however, on the next night, account, it is said, of the profusion of joke and gags which were considered to be of an indelicate nature, and which can't take in Cleveland as well as might be supposed.

THE HARNICON is the title of a minstrel party traveling under the management of C. E. Hitchcock. They will be in Hudson, N. Y., the 25th, Rhinebeck 26th and Poughkeepsie 27th and 28th.

THE HIBERIAN MINSTRELS were advertised for two performances at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, the 19th and 20th.

BUCKLEY'SERENADERS were billed for Toledo, Ohio, on the 22d and 23d.

KELLY AT LEON'S MINSTRELS played to large houses at the Opera House, Buffalo, on the 12th and 13 h.

DUPREE & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS occupy Odd Fellow's Hall, Lexington, Ky., the 8, 9th and 10th of March.

KELLY AT LEON'S MINSTRELS gave an entertainment at Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 20th inst.

LON CHIN, Ethiopian comedian, is performing at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich. See card to that effect in another column.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS opened at Library Hall, Chicago, on the 15th for a brief season. The funny William, and the incomparable Prince, occupy the ends, and as both are well up in Chicago they are drawing good houses. Owing to the *absent mindedness* of D. W. Collins, middle man, he left somewhere in Ohio, and Warren Bordwell now occupies the middle, having joined them recently—William sy "Putting in Glass"; Price does the "Haunted House" and Salkeld Bros. do an immense violin act, and the entertainment closes with a "Sketch in Chicago Police Court," in D. L. Morris as the Justice.

EMERSON ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS, are advertised as by Frank Rivers, their agent, as follows:—Jacksonville, Ill., Feb. 24th and 25th; Saginaw City, 26th and 27th; Peoria, one week, commencing March 1st, and Cleveland, O., March 8th, 9th and 10th.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS were in Utica, N. Y., on the 19th and 20th and will be in Baldwinsville, 23d, and Auburn, 24.

Music Halls.

THE HENRY TRANS-ATLANTIC COMBINATION opened at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 15th inst., and, says our correspondent "Novice," "notwithstanding we are in the midst of the Lenten season, business has been excellent, the theatre being very crowded at each performance. No series of entertainments given at this house for some time have proved more generative or given better satisfaction. The Gregorys are certainly winning cards for any manager. I attended on the 16th instant. After an overture, by an orchestra that I cannot praise, the brothers Gregory, Jean, Arthur and Albert, appeared and gave a very pleasing performance on the revolving globe. These young gentlemen are the most extraordinary and graceful gymnasts I have seen for some time. M'lle Gertrude introduced her educated dogs, seven in number. The little quadrupeds are certainly very clever. The usual dog feats were discarded and tricks performed entirely new in this vicinity. The gymnastic act called the 'three flying men in the air' then occurred, Jean, Albert and Arthur Gregory performing it in a graceful and artistic manner. At the conclusion, they were tumultuously applauded and called on again and again. This feat was never before performed in this city hence the unbounded applause which greeted them. Mr. Gregory then appeared and executed several sword feats which were novel and quite amusing, after which four hoops were intro-duced and feats given on the triple horizontal bar. Bessie Gregory sang the song 'Not for Flo,' and was followed by Jean and Jose Rubquez in a grotesque act entitled the 'Giant and Dwarf.' A genuine 'Punch and Judy' was introduced, although not set down on the programme, and created much merriment. A comical sketch called the 'Automaton,' with the characters sustained by Mlle. Ogee, Professor and Jean Gregory, preceding the performance of the act known as the 'Spiral Ascension,' by Master Eddie. The feat was not performed on the opening night, in consequence of the ceiling being a trifle too low to erect the rigging. Master Ethardo was loudly applauded at the termination of his perilous act. Mlle. Gertrude's 'Miniature Circus,' which is a very amusing feature of the programme, was then executed. A rubber ring was placed upon the stage and the performance was quite an equestrian affair. Two well trained dogs were introduced in the circle and some very droll acts of horsemanship executed by several of the intelligent canines. A comic pantomime, called the 'Village Torment,' concluded the performance. The troupe commence the second week of their engagement on the 22d inst. Oliver P. Myers is agent for the combination."

WE GIVE A SUMMARY of the music hall business in Cincinnati last week, as furnished by our correspondent. At the Race Street Varieties Bowman and Harris concluded their long and successful engagement on Saturday evening. They were to leave for New York on Monday, and open at Tony Pastor's on March 1. They repeated their favorite song and dance, "Alabama Joe," for a wind-up. On Friday they had a complimentary ben., which was a bumper. Johnny Bowman is a clever comedian, and Harris has a good new character act in "Rosy Coty, the Washerwoman." Lizzie Whalen, of the company, has been seriously ill for a week or two. Next (this) week there are to be three additions to the company in Johnny Murray, comedian; Marsh Adams, baritone, and Mary Throckmorton, contralto singer. The hall has been newly painted and fitted up and looks well..... The Sixth Street Varieties last week obtained a new comedian named Boyd, instead of George Thompson, who was lured off to the Oxford Hall. Mr. B. played one evening and then disappeared. Chris. Ransom, who is, in his own language, "the only song and dance man in Cincinnati," took his place. He has excellent lungs, tolerably well filled with oxygen. The proprietor of the Sixth Street talks of refitting and enlarging. M'lle. Leota (Mrs. Bowman), a nice dancer, will remain here for a while.....At the Oxford, George Thompson made his appearance on Monday night and took well, as also Mlle. Marie Bartlett, Renata Emerson, Katie Atwood and Rosa Lee still remain. Lew Cavanna closed his engagement last week. At the New York Varieties there were a series of extensive changes. Prof. Gabriel Patton came in as leader of orchestra, and the following additions were made to the company:—Abijah Cone, stage manager; Lizzie Jackson, balladist; Celia Gilbert, song and dance lady, and Mlle. Victoria, dancer. Morgan, White, Gilbert and Ella Bertram are also in the company, which is a full one.....The idea of transforming the Fourth Street Theatre into a music hall has very sensibly been abandoned.

CROWDED HOUSES are said to have greeted the new company the past week at the Theatre Comique, Detroit. The dancing of M'lle Augusta is conceded to be among the best ever seen inside that theatre. George R. Ederon, an old favorite there, is nightly *encored* in his comic songs. The Ethiopian *corps*, Sam Devere, Lon Chapin and Wm. Barry, are good. Nicolo Norton does a good juggling act. Adah Richmond warbles nightly and is an established favorite. Fred and Emilie Siegel are good in their double dances. "The Female Sharpshooters of Uncle Sam," with a good cast, concluded the performances during the entire week. Walter Wentworth is underlined to appear on the 25th.

FOR THE OPERA HOUSE, Harrisburg, Pa., a number of ladies are wanted by Miss Mollie Fielding. See advertisement.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland Ohio, Tim Hayes made an appearance on the 15th.

"THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala.," says our correspondent "Guy," writing under date of Feb. 15th, "has undergone a complete change in the company, there not being an old face on the boards: Leon D. Berger has taken hold of the reins as stage manager, and gave a fair show with the small number of people he had (only a portion of the new company engaged arriving in time). In the olio John Rickaby was on the bone end, Tommy Winnett on the tamborine, and Leon D. Berger in the middle. Leon D. Berger and John Rickaby sang 'The Larboard Watch' and 'Galley Green' with considerable effect and good taste.....J. H. Cummings left for Montgomery on the 14th, taking with him sundry little articles belonging to the establishment, among which was a fine tamborine."

IN ST. LOUIS, on the 12th, Sam Collyer had a complimentary benefit tendered him, on which occasion the house was packed from top to bottom. The following volunteers appeared—Tom Allen, Young Ryan, Chas. E. Dobson, Hank Mason, Fred Maedart and Karl Michel. The afterpiece for this occasion was 'Too Much for Good Nature," with Frank Frayne as Romeo J. Jenkins, and Beane as Adolphus. Both were well up in the parts and provoked peals of laughter. Last week many new people made their appearance, namely, Sam Cole, late of Hooley's Minstrels; the Lopez Family, and the great Senyahs. In the olio the features have been Cole's song and dance; postures by Lopez Family; Talbot, prestidigitateur; Troubles at the Hotel; Pas De Sabot, and the ring and trapeze act by the Senyahs. The afterpieces have been "Ireland as It Was" and "Widow's Victim," introducing Kate Morris, a new arrival at this place.....The marriage of Mr. Hi Chapman and Miss Ophelia Starr, of the Varieties troupe, took place Sunday, 14th, in the afternoon.

FRANK STERLE is now running the Academy of Fun at Omaha, Neb. He has eight performers besides the orchestra, and the house is said to be crowded nightly. In addition to the old faces are Tommy McLaughlin, jiggist, Prof. Jacobs and John Schultz.

ANNIE HINDLE, whose character cantations are of quite an attractive character, may be engaged by addressing as per advertisement.

THE UNION MUSIC HALL, New Haven, Conn., has added the Martinetti troupe to their forces. Miss Naomi Porter continues to be the principal attraction in her clog and jig dancing.

ANNIE GIBSONS, clog dancer, but who of late has been known as Mad. Moore, the female pedestrian, is reported to have died one day the past week, at Chittenango, N. Y., in consequence of over exercise.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM is reported to be doing the best business of any place of amusement in Boston, the house being crowded every night. James Taylor, the London comic, appears next week; also Mr. Libby.

MAGGIE MAYLING, vocalist and *danseuse*, opened at the Theatre Comique, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 16th inst. The Dupont Brothers took a benefit on Feb. 19th. Leonora Creed and Frank Carleton were to open on the 22d.

THE PARKER SISTERS are open for an engagement, as stated in a card elsewhere.

KATE RAYMOND AND O. B. COLLINS have been re-engaged for another week at the Olympic, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AT THE METROPOLITAN HALL, Washington, D. C, the audiences are large, a slim house at this establishment being very rare, our correspondent, "Novice" says, who adds:—"The usual *melange* of *ballet*, burlesque, singing of every style, comical scenes, farces, and so on, continue to characterize the programme. Geo. L. Hall, the stage manager, presides as middle man in the first part, and throughout the entertainment manages the affairs of the stage with tact and judgment. Johnny Harris and Marie Zoel have retired from the company. Dick Clarke has taken the bone end, made vacant by the withdrawal of Harris. In the olio he is considerable of a card; he is called out four or five times each evening. On the end Mr. Clarke exhibits queer taste in singing an uncommonly poor song, called 'High Heel Shoes.' Mr. Hall sings in excellent style the 'Refugee,' and Melinda Nagle sweetly sings 'Daisy Dean.' Jennie DeMars continues to sing a selection of rather old songs; Nellie Edwards a dance, and retains her popularity. Kate Sharp, *danseuse*, commenced an engagement, but she made such a bad impression the management gave her permission to take her leave very speedily. The 'cancan,' now in its seventh week, is well given and hugely enjoyed. Mlle. Olivia, Josephine Parker, Ella Sheldon, Mlle. Irma, and Mlle. Le Havre, Mons. Veauemont and Charlie Howard continue to enjoy membership in the troupe..... At the Canterbury, business is steadily improving, and the management are fast gaining a hold upon the public. New performers are constantly added to the company and novelties are produced in quick succession. The establishment, under the present management, has gained its original attractiveness, and the same scenes that were nightly witnessed during the war, when the company was one of the best in the country, are now at each performance re-enacted. Several needed improvements have been made in the front of the house; a new entrance has been constructed and a commodious ticket office erected. A passage way into the adjoining hotel has been made, and the audience can obtain refreshments without leaving the building. The latest attractions are Serreant Bell, in his musket drill, and Mlle. Conchita Rosnati, trapiropis: and *danseuse*. Mr. Burk, with his musket, is really good, and his performance is quite extraordinary. He dresses in Zouave dress, performs with a Springfield musket to military music, and is creating very much of a sensation here. Ronzati is a *danseuse* far superior to the general run, and her every effort is received with much enthusiasm. Plusimmons will find her a winning card. The extensive preparations made in arranging for her night rope performance, on her opening night, rather led the audience to expect something grand; the enthusiasm, however, which greeted her Terpsichorean efforts was not repeated during her performance on the rope, and the lady did not exactly startle the audience. The programme offered is unusually long and entertaining, and is divided into six parts. Geo. De Burton appears in knife throwing feats and comic songs; Jule Keen, Sammy Williams, George Morton and Master Allison in Ethiopian sketches; and the daring gymnast, Don Rowe, on the horizontal bar and trapeze; Ella Zoyara, not the original party of circus fame, appears in character dances, and May Scott does a clog dance in true dashing style. The *ballet* in the hands of the experienced master, Mons. Weithoff, is something far better than it has been and is composed of the following artistes:—Mlle. Idelie, Mlle. Celestine, Mlle. Albertine. Clara Bellmont. Carrie Allen, Cecelia Maddox, Irene St. Audley and Millie Bouquet. Mlle. Tassaud's marble groupings, representing living pictures of a sculptor's dream, are prettily given in six tableaux. The new Canterbury cancan is extremely popular and is given in a refreshing way. The pantomime entitled the 'Female Robbers of Calabria' is presented in conclusion, Mlle. Idelie, Mons. Weithoff and Clara Belmont sustaining the principal characters."

FOR SAM'S COMIQUE, Wilmington, Del., S. A. Nebeker, proprietor, first class talent is wanted. *Vide* advertisement.

MR. & MRS. J. F. NOYES, now traveling with a dramatic company in Texas, and aiding and abetting in drawing large houses, specie payments at that, solicit engagements by a card in our advertising columns.

THE COMPANY engaged at the Academy of Music, Richmond, Va., is as follows:—Viola Clifton, Johnny Pierce, Sallie Benner, Nell Rogers, M'lle Dulin, Millie Coleman, Master Tom, Marie Zoel, and George H. Melville.

JOE DAVISON opens at the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tenn., on the 18th inst.

SAM COLLYER and his two kids made their first appearance in Chicago, on the 15th, at Deagle's, and were heartily received. Sallie Mason, Billy Allen, Jim Roome and Fanny Beane have become great favorites.

BUCKINGHAM AND SONS, our correspondent "Ned" says, "at the request of our leading citizens gave an exhibition of their talents at Masonic Hall, Nashville, on the 17th, to a comfortable house. They were assisted by Gus Petro, pantomimist; Madame Annetta, *danseuse*; I. B. Davidson, banjo soloist; and Miss Kate Davenport. The principal gems of the evening were the various acts of the prodigies. Davidson's stump speech was old enough to vote. Buckingham announces that he will give entertainments the balance of the week and a *matinee* on Saturday, 20th..... At the Academy of Music good houses continue to make the treasury smile. The farce of the "Hole in the Wall," in which Edwards, Woods, and Griffin figure prominently, is presented, followed by a grand tableaux by Griffin, entitled 'Italian Brigands, or the Midnight Assault,' Sig. Gus Barrum taking the leading character. The closing piece for this (last) week is 'Toodles,' Mr. Edwards as Toodles. Jo Davidson, banjoist, is to appear on the 19th. Miss Ettie Barker, W. Martin, Kate Davenport, Mlle. Annettie, with an efficient *ballet*, are still here. Mr. R. Richards, the manager, is absent in New Orleans, preparing to open the Olympic, lately destroyed by fire. Dan Griffin is M. C. at present here.

Circuses.

J. G. H. SHORBY has entered into a new line of business during his leisure hours of the day, and turned "Blower" for Ferguson's cage of half dead animals and a live seal, captured in New Haven harbor, we are told. The car containing the above stock is located on one of the principal streets in New Haven.

DR. THAYER'S CIRCUS is at the Old Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa. M'lle Marie, the equestrienne; G. M. Kelly, the great leaper; James Reynolds, the clown, and other attractions are in the show. The circus remains this week.

ROBERT DELANCEY, gymnast, advertises that he can be engaged for the coming season.

A LOT OF WILD ANIMALS, said to be in a healthy condition, are advertised for sale. For particulars see card elsewhere.

BOB SMITH, clown and comic singer, advertises that he can be engaged for the coming season.

A ROUND TOP CANVAS, large and in good order, is advertised for sale in the CLIPPER by C. B. Palmer.

JERRY HOPPER, clown, late with Yankee Robinson, is now with Norton and Stow's World Circus. See advertisement.

A LARGE LOT OF CIRCUS PROPERTY is advertised for sale in this week's CLIPPER by Augustine Conant.

MRS. MARY NATHANS, wife of John Nathans, the well known circus proprietor, died very suddenly at the residence of her uncle in Philadelphia, at 10 o'clock Thursday night, Feb. 18th, of paralysis of the heart. She had arrived in that city that day to accompany her daughter to this city, who had been on a visit to her relatives, and died that night. The funeral was to take place on the 23d inst. from the residence of her uncle, John Childs, 700 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, and her remains, in accordance with a request made some time previous, were interred in Laurel Hill Cemetery. Avery Smith, James Forshay, Louis Jusa, Tony Pastor, Mrs. William Birch and a number of others, were to leave this city on Sunday, 21st, to attend the funeral. In giving record of the death of this lady we do but reiterate the kindly sentiments which have been cherished towards her by a wide circle of friends. With a heart that thrilled to every sentiment of humanity—loving, gentle, cheerful and trusting—who, of the many that knew her will soon forget her? Her home was the centre of all her attractions, and it was the study of her life to make all within the circle of her influence sociable and genial. She was a kind and affectionate wife, a faithful and indulgent mother and a warm hearted friend.

MOSE CAMEL.—We are informed that a camel belonging to the Barnum Menagerie, while wintering in Schenectady, N. Y., in 1852, gave birth to a foal, was a feature of that concern the following tenting season for a short time, when it died. Any more?

CHARLES NOYES' CIRCUS, after traveling up and down the different bayous, has reached the Mississippi river. The concern was in Baton Rouge on the 11th, and was to go thence down the river to New Orleans, where they were to open on February 22d, for three days, on the Tivoli Circle lot, and then move over to French town for four days, thence up the Mississippi and White river. A correspondent says that the company, in despite of wet weather, have been doing well. Jean Johnson joined them at Broshaw City, Fla.

CHARLES FISH, equestrian, advertises that he can be engaged for the coming season. He is a good fish to catch.

JACOB REILLY, juggler, balancer, etc., may be engaged by addressing as per advertisement.

JAMES ROBINSON was announced to open his circus at Charleston, S. C., on the 22nd Feb., and to show there on Citadel Green until the 24th inst., after which he was to proceed to the "sacked and despoiled" city, Columbia, S. C. "Thus far Mr. Robinson has done," says a correspondent, "exceedingly well, drawing larger audiences than the management anticipated. The fact is, the South has been almost 'done to death' with circuses this and the past season—Mazes John Robinson, Stone and Roseton (who left a good reputation), Ames and his host of fakirs, the Lowandas' Brazilian Troupe, and lastly, Dan Castello with his show, have all been through and managed to do a good paying business."

GOOD CURIOSITIES for side shows are wanted by C. Camp. See advertisement.

BROWN AND MURRRAY'S CIRCUS continues at the Olympic, Boston. Carlotta De Berg appears this week; also, Jame E. Cooke, the Snow Brothers, Georgie Ducrow, and John Henry Cooke.

GEO. CUTLER AND WIFE, are engaged with the French and Roseton party for the coming season, we are informed.

KINOCADE AND SONS, riders, leapers, gymnasts and tumblers, advertise that they can be engaged for the coming season.

FRED HUNT goes with the Dr. Thayer show this summer, as writer.

Miscellaneous.

OLE BULL concertizes at Meizerott Hall, Washington, D. C., March 3d and 4th.

WM. M. FAY, and the Davenport Brothers, give a series of *seances* at Meizerott Hall, Washington, D. C., commencing on the 24th instant.

THE MAMMOTH WHITE OX, General Grant, of Sanitary Fair celebrity, is now being exhibited at Washington, D. C.

LOUIS HASELMAYER, professor of music, and escamoteur, announces in an advertisement in this issue, that he will be at liberty to accept engagements after May 1st.

THE BERGER SWISS bell ringers were billed for the 24th, at Masonic Hall, Nashville, Tenn.

J. MAITLAND, who claims to be fully competent, advertises for a position as agent or treasurer.

BURNETT AND TAYLOR'S Combination closed their engagement with Holman on the 20th, and were to open in Hamilton, C. W., for one night only, Feb, 22d, thence to Guelph.

HALL'S BOSTON CONCERTS, Dexter Smith, manager, are continuing their tour. They were at Amsterdam, N. Y., Feb. 19th; Rome, 20th; Utica, 22d; and Fulton, 23d. They are billed ahead as follows:—Syracuse, 24th; Oswego, 25th; Cortland, 26th; Auburn, 27th; Ithaca, March 1st; Oswego, 2d; Elmira, 3d; Corning, 4th; Canandaigua, 5th; Palmyra, 6th. Camilla Urso, the classical lady violinist, is the leading *artiste* of the company.

THE TOM THUMB combination exhibited at Burlington, Iowa, on the 19th; they next went to Mt. Pleasant, Ottumwa, and Des Moines, thence to Davenport, and *en route* for St. Paul, Minn. Shows of all kinds have done well lately in Burlington.

A CLARIONETTE PLAYER advertises in another column for an engagement.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG "concertized" at Weisiger Hall, Louisville, on the 16th and 17th. She sang to splendid business, and won many new friends by her masterly execution.

THE BUCKINGHAM CHILDREN, having succeeded in pleasing the people of Nashville very much on their first appearance there, at Masonic Hall, were requested to "twinkle, twinkle, little stars," three times more, and did so, realizing therefor a liberal supply of "verdant rears." Managers wishing to engage them are instructed as to whom, and how to address, in our advertising columns.

AT THE VARIETIES, New Orleans, business for the week ending Wednesday, Feb 17th, has been good. The *elite* turn out *en masse* to witness the popular dramas that are nightly brought out at manager Floyd's cosy place of amusement. On the 11th inst., the "Lancashire Lass" was reproduced, with the same cast as upon a former presentation, to an unusually good house. On the 13th inst., manager Floyd was the recipient of a benefit, and a bumper it was. The play produced was "Rosedale; or, The Rifle Ball," cast the full strength of the Varieties. "Rosedale" was repeated on the 13th, to a fair house. On the 15th, the *tragedienne*, Miss Mary Gladstane, made her bow to the Varieties' patrons in a character rendered famous by Adelaide Ristori, and Mrs. Lander, viz:—"Elizabeth." The principal *roles* were sustained in a manner deserving of great credit—particularly those of the "star," and the leading man, Mr. W. E. Sheridan, whose Essex is highly spoken of by the press. "Elizabeth" still holds possession of the boards up to the 17th, having been presented to good houses every night since its first production.....At the St. Charles Theatre, Miss Fanny B. Price has been the attraction. Our correspondent, writing on the 17th, says:—She opened there last week. "After Dark" was the piece that held the boards the latter part of last week, and was withdrawn, although drawing very well, to make room for "Foul Play," the play in which Miss P. distinguished herself during a former engagement this season. "Foul Play" was very well presented; the sinking ship, prospering, and her drunken captain, (Mr. Con. T. Murphy), who went to the bottom of the Pacific in her, was one of the most perfect scenes I have ever witnessed at Old Drury. "The cast, as a whole, was very good. Miss Price is to produce a new play during her present engagement, entitled—"Fairy Fingers"—a piece, so says the press, of the Fanchon school—but, if anything, more interesting.....At the Opera House, things are going on swimmingly; good audiences being the rule. At present "La Fille du Regiment," "Orpheus aux Enfers," "Le Chanson de Fortune," "The Traviata," "Barbe Bleue," "Huguenots," and "Roland et Ronceveaux," have been produced during the past week. Mr. Perout, the baritone, is to take a benefit on Monday next. The play for the occasion is to be "Don Juan".....At the Museum of Col. Ames, business continues very fair. No *new* attractions however, have been introduced of late. The "Falling Shop," that was slightly damaged by fire some weeks since, upon complaint of many citizens, was closed by Chief of Police, Cain, this week..... Bob Hart, (a person of whose recent transactions I spoke in a private note) has severed his connection with Brown, of the Napoleon Music Hall, and gone to the Olympic Music Hall, a new place just opened on the old Olympic ground, (under canvas) and not destined, I should Judge from locular demonstration, to enjoy very long life. Perhaps the place may succeed, but I guess not! The only beer jerking saloons that are doing a paying business, are, first of all, the St. Louis, under the rotunda of the St. Louis Hotel, one of the finest places of the kind in the United States, and conducted properly—Bismarck, National Pavilion, and Napoleon..... At the Academy of Music, "Humpty Dumpty," with Tony Denier, and Miss Jennie Engle in the principal parts, has been drawing *immense* houses for several weeks. "Humpty," will, no doubt, occupy the boards for a week or two to come, then be withdrawn, as the regular summer variety season opens shortly. Many of the old favorites, and not a few new faces, will appear at manager Bidwell's..... Miss Belle Boyd and Miss Maude St. Leon, are to give a series of Readings at National Theatre. They open to-night..... Mr. Carl Pati, (brother of Adelina) was married on Wednesday of last week to a young lady of this city. Rev. Father Chalon performed the ceremony. M'lle. Fanny Janauschech, the German *artiste*, is to follow Miss Price at the St. Charles Theatre."

THE ATTENTION of ladies of the *ballet* is directed to an advertisement of interest to them in another column.

MR. JOHN DENIER, with his troupe, was in Sedalia, Mo., on the 12th and 13th, where he gave two night shows and made an sensation on the 13th. He was to give three entertainments in Boonville, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, and go thence to Jefferson City to give the first dramatic performance in the new hall. John gave one ascension in Boonville on the 17th.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON re-opened at Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on the 25th inst.

CARLTON AND O'REARDON open a season at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 4th of March.

MONROE'S HALL, Catmordine City, Md., having a seating capacity of six hundred, well fitted up, and eligibly located for good shows, may be ren ed, by addressing, Jos. Morrey, as per advertisement.

BLIND TOM was to give two concerts in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 22d and 23d inst.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS appeared in Reading, Pa., on the 23d inst.

THE HANLON BROTHERS are in Savannah, Ga., all this week.

SPENCER MOORE, of Philadelphia, who, we are sorry to learn, has been on the sick list, is now soliciting a position as treasurer, business or advance agent, for some good manager or star, by advertising in the CLIPPER.

THE PEAK FAMILY (old party), who are doing, we are informed, a large business through Pennsylvania, are advertised ahead by D. S. Keys as follows:—Scranton, Pa., Feb. 23d and 24th; Honesdale, 25th; Carbondale, 27th; Great Bend, 27th; Binghamton, March 1st; Hancock, 2d; Fort Jervis, 3d; Middletown, 4th; Goshen, 5th; Paterson, N. J., 6th; Rahway, 8th; New Brunswick, 9th; Princeton, 10th, and Trenton, 11th.

PROF. EVERETT, a magician, with gift show, is traveling through Ohio, and will shortly come east. He is in Newark, Ohio, this week.

CAMILLA URSO appears in Elmira, N. Y., on March 4th.

CAMILLA URSO, assisted by Miss Graziella Ridgway, *prima donna*; Mr. Rodolph Hall, cornetist; Mr. C. Hall, bugle soloist, and Mr. Chas. E. Pratt, pianist, gave a concert at Rand's Hall, Troy, on the 17th, to a "queer" audience, the hall not being half full. Dexter Smith, of Boston, is manager.

MOZART HALL, Cincinnati, O., may be rented on reasonable terms, through Messrs. Davis & Co., as per advertisement.

JOHN S. EBERLE advertises that he can be engaged as assistant agent.

WOODWARD HALL, Mount Vernon, O., a nicely fitted up establishment, with scenery and other necessary appointments for dramatic displays and other entertainments, with a seating capacity of six hundred, may be rented by addressing E. G. Woodward, as per advertisement.

THE MORRISANIA HARMONIC SOCIETY gives a concert at Morrisania Hall on the 25th., Prof. Bristow, conductor. The music will be of the glee-full style, we understand, so the savage breasts of that region will have an opportunity to submit themselves to a soothing influence. Go in.

JAMES HEMMINGS, juggler and globe performer, advertises in another column for an engagement.

GEO. ZEBOLD, of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, and Tom Hampton, manager of the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," were in Chicago recently, looking around. Geo. thinks Chicago is New York No. 2.

CARRIE AUGUSTA MOORE, the female skater, and Charles E. Lovett, have been engaged to do some fancy skating at the Fancy Dress Ball, to be given in New Haven, Conn., on March 9th. Carrie will carry herself on a two wheel velocipede, and perform a number of feats, in addition to her skating.

C. A. LEWIS, magician, opened a five nights' stay in Sioux City on the 15th, and was to go thence to Omaha.

A PAIR of sacred cattle, two blood hounds and twenty-five anaconda snakes, are advertised for sale in another column.

AT ST. PAUL, Minn., a correspondent writing from thence on the 12th inst., says:—"there are no shows or theatres of any kind here. Any sort of show would do well here." Some enterprising manager should up stakes and put for St. Paul.

SINGING LADY AND DANSEUSE is advertised for in another column by Geo. P. Goulding, for his Citizen Music Parlor in Buffalo, N. Y.

BEN. BROWN, song and dance man, now with Spalding & Manning's Minstrels, advertises in another column for a "sit."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON SHOW NEWS.—The pantomime season is beginning to evince signs of drawing to a close. At Drury Lane Shakespeare has given place to clown and harlequin ..... A new play called "Fettered," by Watts Phillips, is in active preparation at the Holborn .....Charles Seyton has been playing Lionel Brough's part in the "Gnome King" at the Queen's..... St. George's Hall is closed for dramatic entertainments. The drama of "Saved" is to be transported to the boards of the Lyceum Theatre..... The plot of the drama by Westland Marston, at the Lyceum, is laid in Scotland, and the principal female characters will be represented by Miss Neilson and Minnie Sydney..... The pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre was announced to be withdrawn on Feb. 20th, notwithstanding the success that attended it, arrangements having previously been made to produce several of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Phelps will, as heretofore, sustain the principal characters. Mrs. Howard Paul was to appear as Lady Macbeth on Feb. 22d, doubling the part with Hecate..... Ione Burke is said to have retired from

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—to be Incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same rates not to be inserted more than once.
IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer *in advance*.
ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.
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